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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

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VOLUME III.
NOVEMBER, 1875, TO NOVEMBER, 1876.

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MISS PENELOPE BOOTHBY.

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1875. NO. 1.

## ABOUT THE PAINTER OF LITTLE PENELOPE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

LITTLE Penelope Boothby looks at us all with such a friendly, innocent face, over the gap of a hundred years, that I, for one, felt I must ask the little girl, in some way, how the world had used her in that long-ago time. It was a brilliant, wicked world into which she had come, but with plenty of gracious, good women hidden, as now, in quiet homes. Did little Penelope grow into one of these wives and mothers, or was she among the famous dazzling beauties whose histories no child could read?

There is an old library near me that is a veritable Doomsday-book in itself,—a record of the lives of obscure, forgotten people. There, after diligent search one September afternoon, I found the story of the little lady, hidden in a brown old book, its leaves thin with age. I found in it this little girl's picture, which ST. NICHOLAS has now so beautifully engraved after Sir Joshua Reynolds' painting, and beneath, written by her father, "Penelope, ætat. s. iv." Her eyes, he said, were blue, and the hair under the queer old cap "translucent gold." There was a picture, too, of her home, Asbourne Hall, buried among trees, and of the quaint old church where the little girl knelt beside her mother on Sunday mornings; and there was much fond talk of how she watched at the gate for her father coming home, or sat at evening on his knee, and was, in a word, his one only child, too well beloved.

For the name of the book was "Sorrows," and it was the lamentations of a father, written at intervals during a long life, for the child who died when but seven years old. All that the age possessed of genius had come to his aid to preserve her memory: Sir Joshua had painted her; there was a marble statue by Banks of the child, as she fell, smiling, into her last sleep, her hands closed together under her chubby cheek; and a wonderful picture by Fuseli of the silent angel Death softly lifting the dear baby, still smiling, to her bosom.

So I was glad that little Penelope never changed into a great court beauty, or even into a happy wife and mother; but that the child went home just as we see her, to the land where there are so many children, and where He who loves them best of all never leaves them.

I am sure the children here who see to-day her friendly little face will be glad to know something of the man who has sent it to us across these hundred years. His story means, after all, more to us than that of Penelope.

One July morning in 1723, a baby was born in the schoolmaster's house in the English sea-coast village of Plympton Earl. The schoolmaster had six children already; the news, therefore, produced no great stir among the neighbors. Yet, although the village was nigh a thousand years old when the baby was born, and more than a hundred and fifty years have passed since then, it is only known to the world as the birthplace of this little boy, who was christened Joshua, and grew up with his eleven brothers and sisters, noticed by nobody, coarsely dressed and poorly fed. The children were fond of drawing, as all children are, but were too poor to own paper and pencils, and used char-



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coal instead, on the cellar walls. We have the name of the lady who gave them their first pencil, so great a possession did they hold it. Joshua's drawings were different from the others, in the scrupulous care with which they were finished. Many of the boys who read this can dash you off a tiger or a ship on a black-board so effective that their mothers are sure they will be great artists. Little Joshua did not work in that way. Before he was eight years old he had found a book on the rules of Perspective, and studied it. There is still to be seen a Latin exercise, *De Labore*, on the back of which is drawn a book-case in panels. Beneath, his father has written, "Drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." But the idleness was painstaking, most faithful work; for critics assure us that in this drawing are to be found the same conscientious care and delicacy which marked the great pictures of his later years. His brothers, as they grew older, sketched and daubed away vigorously; but Joshua *worked* at drawing. Before he was ten years old, he had studied so thoroughly Richardson's Treatise on Painting, that its theories worked like leaven in his mind all through his life. He copied faithfully, too, such books of engraving as fell in his way; studied, as other boys do Latin and arithmetic, the combination and rules of color. His pencil (we hope money was given without grudging for his pencils then) was seldom out of his hand. If he had no paper near, he sketched on his thumb-nail some face that struck him. One of these faces (that of a Latin master) he copied from his nail in a boat-house under the cliff, using a piece of old sail for canvas, and the wheelwright's coarse paints. The portrait still exists,—a forcible and remarkable drawing, according to Cotton.

Joshua's father, who had meant to make an apothecary of the boy, was touched by his diligence and faithfulness in the work he had chosen, and consented to enter him at sixteen as a pupil with Hudson, then the first portrait-painter of England. The price paid Hudson was about $800 for four years,—a heavy tax on the poor schoolmaster, with his swarm of children, and sometimes but one scholar. If Joshua in after years followed that branch of art which paid him best, and saved his pence that he might give guineas to his family, we should not blame him too hardly. He learned the value of money in sore experience, and through the many sacrifices which his family made for him.

Hudson taught the boy the rules of his art, but he also taught him the formal, stiff style of portrait-painting then in vogue: every lady wore the same glazed smile, every man carried his hat under his arm, and frowned under his fair wig. As long as young Reynolds copied his master's work, his pictures deserved little notice; but one day, venturing on his own theory of truth to Nature, he painted the portrait of an old servant-woman, and hung it up in the gallery. Hudson was honest enough to confess that it was better than any work he could do, but was too jealous of his pupil to allow him to remain any longer with him. Joshua then returned to Devonshire, and began the practice of his art in Plymouth as a portrait-painter. When he was about twenty-six years old, he formed a friendship with Commodore Keppel, and with him visited Southern Europe, remaining two years in Rome, studying his art, as he tells us, "with measureless content." One of his first pictures, on his return, was that of his friend, then Admiral Keppel, in which he carried out his idea of giving to the figure characteristic expression and an appropriate background. The gallant Admiral stands upon a stormy beach, his hair and mantle blown by the wind, his hand on his sword. This picture opened the door to fame and fortune for the artist.

Thereafter the history of Joshua Reynolds was a series of steady triumphs. He never married, his stately house always being a home for his sisters or their orphan children. All the poets, philosophers and statesmen of the time, all the beautiful women came to him to be painted, quite sure that if there were any latent nobility or charm in their faces which nobody had yet seen, he would discover it and make it immortal. Here, perhaps, lay the strength of Sir Joshua's portraits. He painted men and women as they ought to have looked in their best moment of life; hence, although his colors now in some cases have given way, his favorite lakes dulled, and the carmine turned purple, the faces look upon us from the canvas with a wonderful power and sweetness. We tell ourselves that these were not ordinary men and women who lived in that time; they must have been "gods and heroes who blazed across that sky;" and the man who painted them was surely of their kin.

The Royal Academy, founded during his life, elected the schoolmaster's son the first President; he was knighted immediately after; and, what was of much more value to him, he welcomed at his table as his friends the most noble and illustrious men and women of his time. At the age of sixty-six, while painting the portrait of the Marchioness of Hertford, he felt a sharp pain in his eye, and was conscious that his sight had failed. He laid down his pencil, never to lift it again; and five years later died, having been for nearly half a century "sole dictator in the realm of English art."

Boys who read this little story will notice that it was by no sudden "spurt" of genius, no spasmodic effort that he reached this place. He found

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out the work for which he was fitted, and gave himself to it patiently, both in brain and body. Sir Joshua himself tells it all in a line, in his advice to a young artist: "The man determined to excel must go to his work, whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon and night; and he will find it to be no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labor."

# THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

By Noah Brooks.

## Chapter I.

### HARD TIMES AT HOME.

"It's no use talking, Arty, there are too many of us. The pie don't go round."

Arthur smiled a little ruefully as he added to Barnard's complaint: "And Sam and Oliver wear their clothes all out before they can be made over for me."

Barnard — whose whole name, by the way, was Barker Barnard Stevens—showed his confidence in his younger brother's judgment when he said: "As we are a too numerous family, what is to be done about it? Kill off a few?"

Arthur was one of seven—great hearty boys all of them. His trousers were inherited from his elder brother Sam, and had been "turned" in the legs and were already inconveniently short. With an impatient little jerk at the knee of one of these objectionable legs, he said: "Let's emigrate!"

Barnard, five years older, and more cautious, asked: "Where to?"

"Oh, anywhere, so that we have a chance to strike out for ourselves. Father emigrated from Vermont with all of us young ones, and why should n't we put out for the Far West, I'd like to know? It is n't so far from Illinois to Somewhere-else now, as it was from Vermont to Illinois when we were brought here."

"A great deal you know about it, young Arthur boy. Why, you were only six years old when we came here."

"All right, Barney, but I'm fifteen now, and have not studied geography for nothing."

"Boys! boys! it's time to turn in. You've got to go down to Turner's to-morrow after those grain sacks; and your ma says there's no rye-meal in the house for Saturday's baking."

This was the voice of Farmer Stevens from the porch. The boys had been sitting on the rail-fence in front of the house while the twilight fell. The evening was tranquil but gloomy, and they had taken a somewhat somber view of family affairs, considering what cheery, hopeful young fellows they were.

But it was a fact that there were too many of them. There were four boys older than Arthur, two younger, and a baby sister. Since the Stevens family had settled in Northern Illinois, things had gone wrong all over the country. First, the chinch-bug came upon them and ate up their crop—and it was not much of a crop, either. Then they had a good year and felt encouraged; but next there fell a sort of blight on the Rock River region. It was dry in seeding-time and wet in harvest. The smut got into the wheat—and nobody planted anything besides wheat in those days. So, what with rust, mildew, and other plagues, poor Farmer Stevens was left without much more than grain enough to feed his growing boys. His cattle went hungry or to the butchers. From year to year things alternated between bad and worse. It was discouraging.

As the boys climbed down from their perch, Barnard said to his father:

"Arty and I are going to emigrate."

"Yes, to Turner's mill; and be sure you bring back all those grain-sacks, Arthur."

But the watchful mother heard the remark, and said, as the boys lumbered upstairs to bed:

"Barnard was cut-up to-night because he missed

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his piece of pie. Joe Griffin was here, and it did not go round."

"Well, I must say, mother," replied Farmer Stevens, "it's hard lines when the boys fall out with their provender; but Barney is dreadful notional, and he's out of conceit with Illinois."

"Yes, father, he is a restless boy, and he and Arty set so much by each other; when one goes the other will."

The poor mother laid her sleeping baby in the cradle, and sat for a moment looking out over the dim landscape beyond the open window.

Sugar Grove was a small settlement on a broken rise of ground. Behind stood a dense grove of sugar-maples, extending two miles east and west. In front of the few houses and the row of wheat-farms was a broad valley, belted with trees, and through which Rock River wound in big curves, now faint in the early Summer night. The crop was mostly in the ground, and the little farm looked tidy. But the fences were not in good repair, the house had never been painted, and the whole place seemed pinched and poor.

"This is n't the 'rich West,' after all," sighed Mrs. Stevens, sadly; and the tears gathered in her eyes as she thought of her noble boys growing up in such strait circumstances, with defeat and poverty continually before them. "So the pie would n't go round? Poor Barney!" The mother laughed a sad little laugh to herself, as she thought of Barnard's grim discontent.

Returning from Turner's, next day, Arthur brought the family mail which had been left at the mill by some of the neighbors down the road, on their way home from town. It was not a heavy mail; and, as Arthur jogged along on Old Jim, sitting among the grain-sacks, he opened the village newspaper. The *Lee County Banner* was published once a week, and the local news usually occupied half a column. This week that important part of the paper was led off with a long paragraph headed "Latest News from California! Arrival of Joshua Gates, Esq.!" Arthur held his breath and read as follows:

We take great pleasure in informing our friends and patrons, as well as the public generally, that Joshua Gates, Esq., our esteemed and highly-respected fellow-citizen, has just arrived from California, overland. Accompanied by a bold and adventurous band of Missourians, he has crossed the continent in the unprecedented time of sixty-five days, stopping in Mormondom two days to recruit. Our fortunate fellow-citizen brings ample confirmation of the richness of the gold discoveries of California. To say that he brings tangible proof of all this would be to put the case in its mildest form. Our hands have handled and our optics have gazed upon the real stuff brought by our enterprising fellow-citizen, who assures us that the half has not been told us, and that he proposes to return as soon as possible to what may now with extreme propriety be called the Land of Gold, where we are told that a "strike" of hundreds of thousands is a common thing, and any industrious man may make from $15 to $1,500 per day. We welcome our distinguished fellow-citizen home again, and congratulate him on his well-deserved success. We append a few of the reigning prices in California: Flour, $15 per bbl.; pork, $:.50 per lb.; fresh beef, $1.00 to $1.50 ditto; mining-boots, $50 per pr.; quinine, $50 per oz.; newspapers, anywhere from $1.00 to $5.00 each.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold."

Arthur did not stop to read the poetry; he folded up the paper with emphasis, jammed it into his pocket, pulled his straw hat tightly on his head, and said: "The very thing!" Old Jim, who had been browsing off the hazel brush as his young rider absorbed the news, looked around with meek surprise.

"Yes, you old rascal, that's the very thing! We'll go to California, my boy; and when we are picking up the diamonds and gold-dust, wont we tell Old Turner to go hang for an old hunks!"

Jim neighed and pricked up his ears, just as if he understood that the miller had taken more toll from the rye than young Arthur thought he was entitled to.

"Digging up gold in California! Hey, Jim!" and Arthur went cantering up the road as blithely as if he were already in the Land of Gold.

"Say, mother, Josh Gates has got back."

"Has that worthless, miserable vagabond come back to plague his poor old mother once more?" asked the plain-speaking Mrs. Stevens. "Well, well, he's the bad penny, that's certain sure."

"But he's rich—got lots of gold from California—and the *Banner* says he's a distinguished fellow-citizen," remonstrated Arthur, who suddenly reflected, however, that Josh Gates had gone off "between two days," when he departed from Lee County, and that he had been indicted for stealing hens, and that his former reputation in the town of Richardson was not at all fragrant.

Arthur was a little crest-fallen, but he handed Sam the paper, and said:

"Perhaps Gates is a liar, as well as a chicken-stealer; but you see the newspaper man says that he has seen his gold-dust; so there!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said his mother, returning to her wash-tub; "these gold stories about California are all got up to help the shipping people. They are selling their vessels, and advertising to take folks out at great prices. So the Chicago papers say!"

"But Josh Gates came back overland, ma," said the boy.

"'Tis my opinion that that scamp has never been farther west than Iowa," cried Sam, holding up the paper with a knowing air. "Hi Fender saw him over to Council Bluffs last Fall, sweeping out a billiard saloon. He went from there to St. Louis as deck hand on a steamboat. He aint worth shucks."

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Having so said, Sam went on mending his ox-yoke, as if the case were finally settled.

That day, Arthur and Barnard worked together in the field putting in a second crop where the first seeding had been winter-killed. They talked over and over again the chances of the journey to California, the story of the gold discoveries, the truth or falsehood of Josh Gates, and all the ways and means of getting across the continent. About this last branch of the subject there was a great deal of doubt. It would cost much money.

"But only think, Barney, how grand 't would be if we could come home in a year or two with lots of gold, pay off the mortgage, build a new house, and fix things comfortable for the folks during the rest of their lives! Would n't that pay?" And Arthur, in a great glow of anticipation, scattered the seed-wheat far and wide by big handfuls.

"Take care there, boy! you 're throwing away that grain," grumbled Barnard, who was twenty years old, and a little less enthusiastic than Arthur. But he added, "I do just believe there 's gold in California; and if we can only figure it out to satisfy the folks, we 'll go there, by hook or crook."

"It 's a whack!" cried Arthur, who was ardent, and a little slangy.

## CHAPTER II.

### GREAT PREPARATIONS.

"Now, if I was in a story-book," said Arthur to himself, one day, "I should find a wallet in the road, with one hundred and fifty dollars in it." One hundred and fifty dollars was just about the sum which the boys had found they needed to complete an outfit for California. Without any formal declaration of their intention, or any expression of opinion from father and mother, Barnard and Arthur had gone on with their plans; but these were all in the air, so far. The details worried them a great deal.

There was a spare wagon on the farm which might be fixed up and mended well enough to last for the journey across the Plains. Old Jim could be taken from the plow; but they must have another horse, some mining tools, harness, and provisions. From a New England newspaper they cut a list of articles considered necessary for the journey. It was fascinating, but formidable. This is the way it ran:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | Wagon | $125.00 |
| | Wagon Cover | 12.00 |
| 2 | Horses or Mules | 150.00 |
| | Harness | 60.00 |
| | Tent | 25.00 |
| 4 | Picks | 5.00 |
| 2 | Shovels | 4.40 |
| 4 | Gold-Pans | $1.00 |
| 2 | Axes | 5.50 |
| 8 | Cwt. Flour | 24.00 |
| 1 | Bush. Beans | 1.25 |
| 2 | Bush. Corn Meal | 4.75 |
| 1 | Cwt. Pork | 10.00 |
| 4 | Cwt. Bacon | 44.00 |
| 1 | Cwt. Sugar | 8.00 |
| 50 | Lbs. Rice | 5.50 |
| 60 | Lbs. Coffee | 10.80 |
| | Sundry Small Stores | 10.00 |
| | Ammunition | 12.00 |
| | Medicines | 5.00 |
| | Total | $523.20 |

"More than five hundred dollars!" Arthur would say, over and over again. "More than five hundred dollars, and we have n't five hundred cents!"

By degrees, however, the boys had managed to reduce the sum-total somewhat. The wagon, they thought, might be taken out of the list. So might one of the horses, if Old Jim could be put instead. Then the sixty dollars for harness could be brought down to less than half that amount. They could make some of the old harness on the farm available—with their father's consent. They could take less pork and more bacon.

"I hate pork, any how," said Barnard, who had worked one season of haying with a neighbor, and had been fed on fried pork and hot bread three times a day, for five weeks.

"But we can't have hams and shoulders," objected Arthur. "Don't they cost a good deal?"

"Side-meat 's the thing, Arty. No bones in it; easy to carry, and cheap. Nine cents a pound; and we've got a lot in the smoke-house, you know, that perhaps father will let us have some from."

"And this fellow has got down bacon at eleven cents a pound!" said Arthur, with great disdain. "And what he should put in 'Sunday small stores' at ten dollars for, is more than I know. What are 'Sunday small stores,' any how?"

"Ho, you goose!—those are 'sundry small stores.' You 've made an *a* out of an *r*; that 's all. 'Sunday small stores!' Well, that 's a good one! He 's guessed at the lot; and I guess it 's high for a little salt, spice, and such knick-nacks. Besides, there 's five dollars for medicine. Who 's going to be sick on the Plains, I 'd like to know?"

A multitude of such discussions as these, with much contriving and figuring, put the young emigrants where they could see their way clear to an outfit—if they had only one hundred and fifty dollars in cash. That was a big sum; and, even with this, they had calculated on obtaining permission to take from the farm many things which were needed.

The boys studied over the ways and means of getting to California with real enjoyment. Hubert, the big brother, who was employed in a store in town, and came home on Sundays, declared that Arthur carried the printed slip from the *Plow-*

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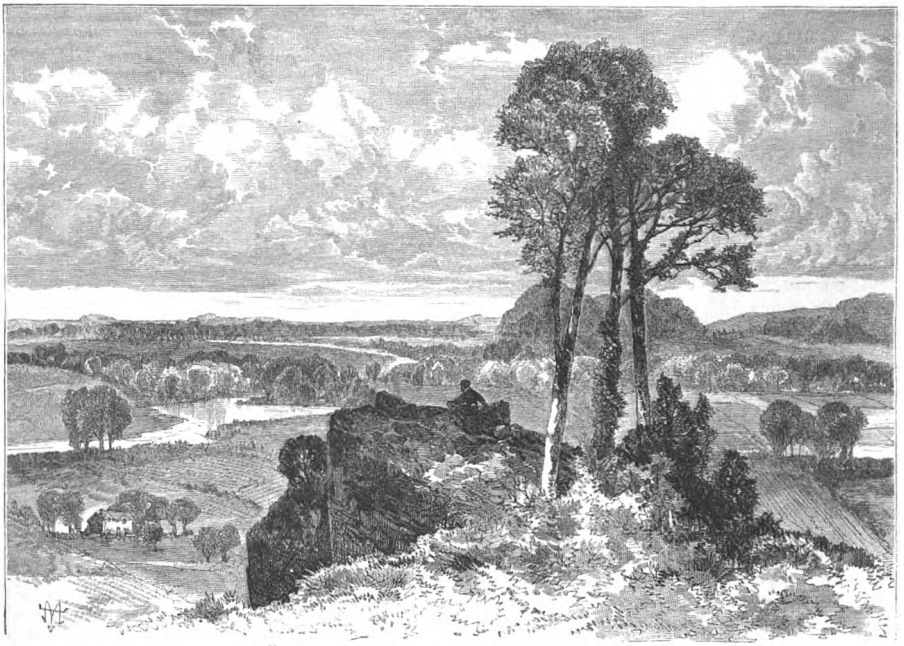
*man* to bed with him. Nevertheless, the whole family joined in the debate over the propriety of taking corn-meal on such a long journey, or the cost of extra boots and clothing for the travelers, with a glow of satisfaction. It was a novelty, and, though none but Barney and Arthur really thought anything would come of it, all the boys discussed the route, outfit, and dangers of the way, at morning, noon and night.

They made out new lists of things indispensable for the trip, and fingered these with a certain sort of fascination for the items and figures which was quite satisfactory. As Sam said one day, they had the fun of talking about it, even if nobody should go.

The care-worn mother looked on and listened. She could not contentedly think of these dear young fledglings of hers flying so far away from the home nest. There were dreadful tales of Indians on the way, disease, and death, and violence and crime in the gold-diggings. What would become of her boys, alone and unfriended, in that rude country, even if they should ever reach it? She looked at Arthur's golden head, deep in the mysteries of the cookery-book, which he was studying for future use; and she sighed and smiled together. Could she trust her boy to the chances of a roving life on the plains? Would he find there the romance and fun which he anticipated?

"If I was only in a story-book, now, I should find a wallet in the road with one hundred and fifty dollars in it."

Arthur had said this to himself a great many times. This time, as he lay at full length on top of the hill behind the house, looking off down the valley of the Rock, he built once more his golden dream. Beyond the brown, newly plowed fields, suggesting only hard work; beyond the tall cottonwoods that bordered the stream, and beyond the pale blue line where the valley of the Rock River melted into the sky, was the promised land. So far away it was! Yet he could see, he thought, the gay caravans pressing on to the golden shores of the Pacific. There were long trains of brave men with wagons, horses and arms. There were the rolling prairies dotted with buffalo, deer, and strange game. The red man lurked by the trails, but fled away to the snow-capped mountains as the white conqueror came on apace. The grand Rocky Mountains, whose devious line he had painfully studied on his school-map, rose majestically on the horizon, lying like clouds against the sky.



"LOOKING OFF DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE ROCK."

How mean and narrow the little farm below

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him looked! How small the valley and how wearisome the plowed fields! He remembered that his back had ached with the planting of that ten-acre lot; and he remembered, too, how his father had said that little boys' backs never ached; that little boys thought their backs ached, but they did n't. Arthur turned his eyes westward again with a vague and restless longing. Surely, there was a place for him somewhere outside the narrow valley, where he could make a name, see the world, and learn something besides plowing, sowing, harvesting and saving.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," he murmured once more, as his eye fell on Hiram Fender, slowly plodding his way through the tall grass below the hill. "Oh, Hi!" called Arthur, and Hiram, shading his eyes from the sinking sun, looked up where Arthur lay on the ledge. Everybody liked the cheery Arthur; and Hi Fender climbed the hill with "Well, now, youngster, what 's up?"

"Nothing, only Barney wanted me to ask you, whenever I saw you, what you 'd take for that white mare of yours. She is yours, is n't she?"

"Well, yes, I allow she 's mine. Dad said he 'd gin her to me on my twenty-first buthday, and that was Aprile the twenty-one."

"What 'll you take for her?"

"Don't want to sell. Besides, what d' ye want her for?"

"To go to California with."

"Be you fellers going to Californy?"

"Yes, if we can get up an outfit."

Hiram Fender looked languidly over the glowing landscape. He was a "slow-molded chap," Farmer Stevens said; and he never was excited. But the sun seemed to burn in his eyes as he said: "Will you take a feller along?"

"Who? You?"

"Sartin, sartin; I 've been a-thinkin' it over, and I 'll go if you fellers go."

Arthur jumped up, swung his ragged hat two or three times, and said: "Good for you, Hi! and the list is made out for four!"

Hiram looked on him with a mild query expressed on his freckled face, and Arthur took out of his pocket the well-worn list for the outfit and read: "The following list is calculated for four persons, making a four months' trip from the Mississippi to the gold diggings."

Hiram looked at it and said: "Five hundred and twenty-three dollars! Phew!"

Hiram's father was a thrifty Illinois farmer. The neighbors said he was "forehanded;" but he had brought up his boys to look at least twice at a dollar before spending it; therefore, when Hiram looked at the sum total of the list, he said "Phew!" with an expression of great dismay.

"But," cried Arthur, "it is for four persons, and we have figured it down so that we only want one hundred and fifty dollars. Can't you think of some other fellow that would go? Then we should have a party of four."

"I allow that Tom might go. He wants to go to Californy powerful bad; but I aint right sure that dad 'll let him."

Now, Tom was Hiram's younger brother and Arthur's particular aversion. So Arthur dubiously said: "Would n't Bill go?"

"Bill!" repeated Hiram, with great disgust. "Bill has n't got spunk enough to go across the Mississippi. Why, he 's that scared of Injuns that he gets up in the middle of the night, dreaming like enough, and yelling "Injuns! Injuns!" He was scart by a squaw when he was a baby, and he goes on like mad whenever he hears 'em mentioned."

Arthur laughed. "And he 's older than you, Hi?"

"Yes, Bill 's the oldest of the family. But there 's little Tom, now. Aint he peart, though? He can yoke up a pair of young steers, or shuck a bushel of corn equal to any grown man about these parts. And he 's only fifteen come harvest, too! He 's just afraid of nothing. He 'll go fast enough."

"That is if your father will let him."

"Yes, if dad 'll let him. And we can put in my white mare agin your Old Jim. But my white mare will kick your Old Jim all to pieces, I allow;" and Hiram grinned at what he thought was the great contrast between the two horses.

Arthur was very much elated at the prospect of reinforcements to the party, though he could not regard Tom Fender as a desirable recruit. Tom was an awkward, loutish lad, disposed to rough ways, and holding very contemptuous views of the manners of the Stevens family, whom he called "stuck-up Boston folks." Arthur had felt obliged to challenge Tom to open combat on one occasion, when that young gentleman, secure behind Old Fenner's corn-crib, bawled out "mackerel-catchers!" at Arthur and his brothers as they were jogging along to church one Sunday morning. The consequence was that both boys wore black-and-blue eyes after that encounter, and suffered some family discipline besides. They had since been on very distant terms of acquaintance.

"I don't care. Hi Fender is a downright good fellow," said Arthur, when Barnard opened his eyes at the information that the two Fender boys might be secured for their party.

"Yes, but how about Tom?"

Arthur hesitated. "Well, I want to get off across the plains. That 's a fact. I think I could

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get along with Tom, if you can. He is real smart with cattle and horses, you know."

"Oh, I don't care for Tom," said Barnard, disdainfully. "He 's only a little chap, smaller than you, and he wont worry me. Besides, his brother Hi is a mighty good fellow, even if he is rough. He is pretty close, I know, but we sha' n't quarrel about that. We 've all got to be economical, if we are to get across to California."

So it was agreed, and when word came up the road that Mr Fender had consented that his boys should go, there was great excitement in the Stevens house. It really seemed as if the boys were going to California. They had insensibly glided into the whole arrangement without taking any family vote on it. Neither father nor mother had once consented or refused that the boys should go with so much of an outfit as they might pick up.

"Oh, father," said Mrs. Stevens, "it is heart-breaking to think of those boys going off alone into the wilderness. I 'm sure I shall never see them again, if they go."

"Well, mother, I should like to keep them on the place; but they are getting restive, and I don't much blame them. They 've got the gold fever pretty bad; and if I was as young as they, I don't know but what I 'd go myself. It 's pretty hard pickings here." Farmer Stevens had a roving disposition, which he had not quite outgrown.

"But," remonstrated the mother, "they have n't money enough to give them a good outfit. It would be a frightful thing to let those thoughtless boys go out on the great plains without food and other things sufficient to take them through."

"Now, mother, I 've been thinking that we might sell the wood off the lower half of the wood-lot down by the marsh. Page has offered me one hundred dollars for the cut. That, with what the Fenders put in and what we have on the place, would give the boys a tolerable fit-out."

DEPARTURE OF THE GOLD-HUNTERS.

That wood-lot was the special pride of the family. "Timber," as every species of tree was called in those parts, was scarce. Wood was dear, and in some seasons the prairie farmers used corn for fuel, it was so much cheaper than wood; and it cost a great deal to get the grain to market. It was a great sacrifice to cut down those maples and sell them for fire-wood. But Farmer Stevens, poring over maps, estimates of provisions, and California news, with his boys, had been secretly fired with the gold fever. He could not go; but he was willing to give up the standing timber in order that

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Barnard and Arthur should have a good outfit. It cost him a struggle. But, old as he was, he sympathized with the boys in their adventurous ambition. He was not so sanguine about the gold of California holding out long. But it was there now. He had seen and handled Josh Gates' pile of dust; and Solomon Bookstaver, who went to the Columbia River, five years before, had just come back from California and had fired the entire population of Lee Centre with his display of golden nuggets, or *chispas*, as Sol called them.

When the father's determination to sell the wood off his wood-lot was made known the next day, in family council, Barnard's face glowed, and Sam said: "Well, I swan to man!" Arthur dashed out by the back door, turned five or six "flip-flaps" to calm himself, came back, and, putting his arm about his father's neck, whispered in his ear, "You are the best old father a boy ever had!"

So it was finally settled that the boys should go to California, across the plains, the party consisting of Barnard and Arthur Stevens, and Hiram and Thomas Fender.

Great were the preparations. The provisions available on the two farms were laid under contribution. The tent, a marvel of comfort and lightness, was made and set up before the house, to the great curiosity of the passing neighbors, who stopped their teams, and asked: "Gwine to Californy?"

In those days, groceries and clothing were cheaper than now, and, with the cash which the party had collected, they laid in a very fair supply, and had a little money left to use when absolutely necessary on the journey. The young fellows hugely enjoyed getting ready. The woolen shirts and jean overalls, wide hats and leather belts, which were to be their uniform, were put on with solid satisfaction. Tom swaggered around with a seven-barreled Colt's revolver, nearly as big as himself, slung on his hip. Those delightful days of packing flew quickly. The wagon was crammed full to the ash bows which supported the canvas cover. A sheet-iron camp-stove was tied on behind. Water-pail and tar-bucket dangled underneath. Thus equipped, one fine May morning, the gold hunters drove away. Old Jim and White Jenny trotted gayly down the road, their faces turned toward the West.

Father and mother stood at the gate. Hi Fender drove the wagon, the rest of the party trudging along by the side. Hubert, who had come over from town to see the departure, with Sam and Oliver, accompanied the young adventurers to the top of the divide, where they left them.

And so they were off. Behind them was home. Before them an unknown sea of privation, danger, want and adventure. The wagon disappeared over the ridge. The boys were gone.

*(To be continued.)*

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## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

*(Copenhagen, August 4th, 1875.)*

THERE is silence in the Northland, for one hath passed away
Honored of all, a veteran, weary for many a day—
Weary of earth, of suffering, of toil and cumbering care,
Eager to lay the burden down, but willing still to bear.
A silence in the Northland. Yet Denmark's soul is glad—
Glad for the honored veteran, the truest man she had!
Glad for the countless little ones who crowd about his bier,
Glad for the voice that evermore the listening world shall hear!

There is joy among the angels. To that bright company
One cometh as a little child—all gladly cometh he!
Our Lord hath lifted off his load, hath led him to the light,
And happy spirits, welcoming, lead up the pathway bright.
Now shall the ransomed poet hear the holy, glorious song,
The grand, eternal story he hath waited for so long!
O children! ye who love his name, wait on, and watch and pray—
In reverent thought still honor him the Lord hath called this day!

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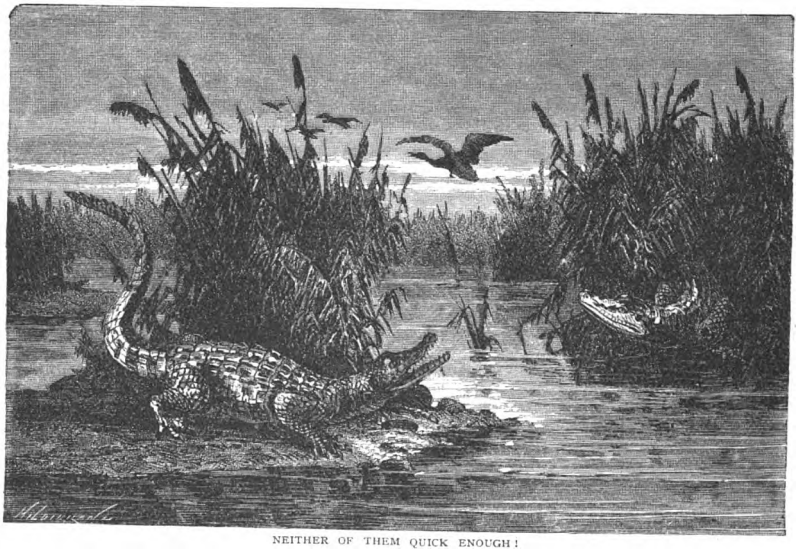
# A FEW ALLIGATORS.

BY FRED BEVERLY.



NEITHER OF THEM QUICK ENOUGH!

FLORIDA may be called the home of the alligator. Here he finds water and climate exactly to his liking. Further north, the rigors of Winter compel him to subside into the mud. His delicately organized system cannot endure cold.

Scattered along the Georgia coast, in the creeks and bayous, they are occasionally seen; but it is when sailing up that wonderful river of Florida, the St. John, that we meet them, in constantly increasing numbers, till nearly every stretch of sandy shore, every half-sunken log, shows one or more.

In the little-known creeks of the interior, and in the swamps of the Everglades, they fairly swarm. But there are not so many now as in former years, for travelers and hunters have reduced their ranks, and rendered them shy where once they were bold. To the hunter of hides, more than to the tourist, is due the diminution, as very few are killed by the latter. A great trade has arisen, and declined, in alligator hides, and a few years ago all the native hunters were engaged in killing alligators. Even the swarthy Seminole Indian was induced to bring in the skin of a reptile his ancestors held in reverence and awe.

Now, though there is little demand for their skins, they are made to yield a revenue to the natives, in various ways. Their teeth, beautifully carved, and mounted in gold, are offered for sale, and boots and shoes are made of the best portions of their skins; while the small alligators are captured, held in captivity until the departure of winter visitors, when they are sold and transported north.

The alligator, although it very much resembles its cousin the crocodile, as you will see by the picture on the next page, is a different animal, and is found nowhere but in America. It is said that a crocodile or two have been killed in our Florida waters; but even if this is true, such instances are extremely rare.

Let us commence with the alligator *ab ovo*, or from the egg, and follow him to maturity, noticing his peculiar traits and the methods employed in his capture.

The eggs are of the size and shape of goose eggs, though a little more rounded at the small end, of a yellowish-white color. They are laid in nests constructed of mud and vegetable substances, which produce heat by fermentation, thus aiding in hatching the eggs.

The maternal alligator always keeps watch near the nest, as the male parent is very fond of young alligator, raw or cooked, and it requires all her

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diligence to prevent the total destruction of her offspring. As it is, the old fellow generally contrives to snatch up a few, though the little ones follow close in their mother's wake, spreading out like the tail of a comet.

The young are very nimble, even on land, and when in the water very deceptive in appearance as to size. I remember catching one by the tail, which appeared in the water to be about a foot in length, but it was a three-footer that turned upon me when it was jerked out of the water.

The size of the largest alligator is a matter of much dispute. Every native Floridian has his story to tell of "that big 'gator," and statements vary, none exceeding twenty feet, most of them being satisfied with eighteen. Tolerably correct information has been obtained of the capture of one sixteen feet in length, but they rarely exceed fourteen.

For my part, though I have hunted in the wildest portions of Florida, I have yet to see an alligator exceeding a length of twelve feet. My guide and myself once captured one measuring twelve feet. We harpooned him as he lay at the bottom of the river, and it was as though we had hitched on to a whale. For half an hour he made the boat spin through the water as it never went before. It took three shots to kill him, but we finally did it, and a steak from his tail was upon our bill of fare that night.

Was it good? Well, I have eaten better meat, meat more to my liking, than alligator steak.

The alligator, at all times, and under any circumstances, emits a disagreeable, musky odor, and his flesh is strongly impregnated with it.

His food is—any and everything. He is as omnivorous, or all-eating, as a crow. Birds, fishes, hogs, dogs, and even chunks of wood, are swallowed by him. Whether the wood is swallowed for sustenance, or to aid digestion, the alligator alone can answer.

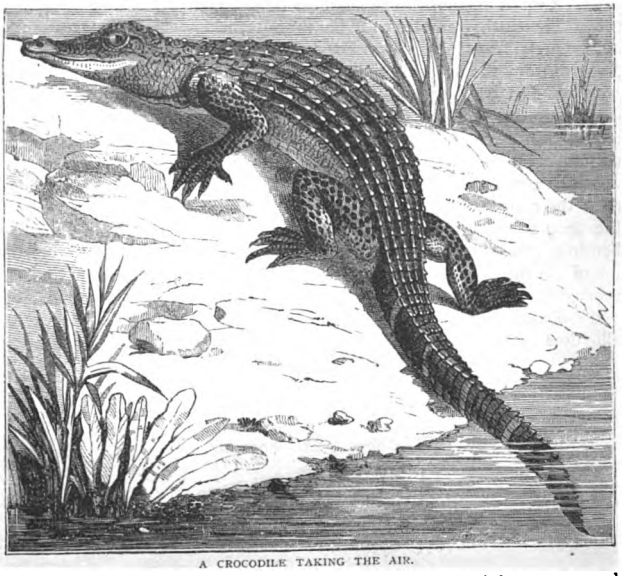
The vulnerable points of an alligator are greater in number than is popularly supposed. The statement that a rifle-ball will flatten out upon his side or back is now known to be incorrect. Contrary to the general belief, a rifle-ball will penetrate any portion of the body, if it strike fair.

Is the alligator dangerous? That depends upon circumstances. The only danger to be feared from an alligator, on land, is in his tail. He cannot run rapidly, and, conscious of his inability to escape, he either quietly submits or lashes out furiously with his tail.

They rarely leave their watery abodes, except from an insufficient depth of water or scarcity of food. They seem to scent a body of water a long way, for their trails to them are generally direct. Very few instances have come to my knowledge of any one being bitten by an alligator. One was of a man being seized by the hand, as he was stooping to drink from a pool. It was only by the opportune arrival of aid that he escaped.

They prefer negroes to white men, and hogs and dogs to either. An alligator will follow on the trail of a dog for a long distance, and it is difficult for settlers near the banks of an alligator-haunted river or lake to keep dogs at all.

I recall one of my adventures while hunting some rare water-birds. My friend and myself had penetrated a swamp, and had entered a place where the water was waist-deep, black with mud, and alive with alligators. It was a strange sight to me, and I rather shrank from proceeding any further; but my friend, who had been acquainted with 'gators for years, said there was no danger, and we went in. On every side were the knotty heads and evil-looking eyes of scores of alligators. They swam about us, seemingly more from curiosity than from



A CROCODILE TAKING THE AIR.

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any other motive, but they gulped up our dog with a rapidity that set my heart a-beating. I shot and shot, as fast as I could, with a breech-loading shot-gun, but failed to disperse them. That they did n't eat us I attributed to the abundance of food that, in the shape of young birds, literally dropped from the trees into their mouths. Many were the birds we lost, for as they fell into the water the alligators rushed for them and seized them before we could get them.

I do not think that an alligator will attack man unless he has him at a great disadvantage. They are cowardly, but know their power in the water, and probably would seize a man if they met him swimming beyond his depth.

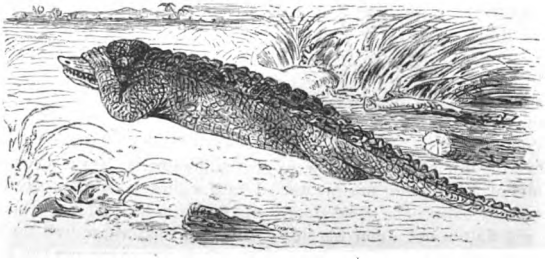
The following description is from the pen of Bartram, the botanist, who visited Florida a hundred years ago. Although he was known as an accurate writer, one cannot help surmising that here he drew the long bow a trifle:

"Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plated tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters, like a cataract, descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder, when immediately, from the opposite coast of the lagoon, emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discolored. Again they rise; their jaws clap together, reëchoing through the deep surrounding forests. * * * * My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting and the alligators gathered round my harbor from all quarters. My situation became precarious to the last degree, two large ones attacking me closely at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly, and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and devoured."

Such is the story of an encounter in 1773. I think, however, that actual adventures of this kind must have been rare even then. Bartram was probably among the first to penetrate the dismal regions which are the home of the alligator. Little was then known of it save by actual investigation, and with a pioneer in those vast, lonely tropical forests, such sounds and sights as those which the odious habits of this creature afford, might easily inspire an undue fear of it. Certain it is, at least, that a century later, we find the alligator possessed of a much milder temper. The decrease in their numbers may have made them more cowardly, but among people who have seen much of them, I think that they are at this day regarded with disgust rather than with fear.

Doubtless many of you have heard of "crocodile tears"—tears shed for effect only, not tears of real, genuine feeling. I do not know where or how the term originated. It may have been that the position sometimes assumed by the animal when lying upon a bank, of placing its fore-feet over or near its eyes, suggested the fancy to some facetious tourist. However, some old writers solemnly aver that the crocodile actually sheds tears. If he weeps at all, it must be to think that any one could tell such a story about him.

While I am sure that alligators never weep, it is probable that they are sometimes the cause of tears in others, especially people who own nice little fat pigs. Alligators are extremely fond of fresh young pork.



"HE GAVE TO MISERY ALL HE HAD, A TEAR."

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# A DOLL'S WEDDING.

By Lucy Larcom.

Says Ivanhoe to Mimi:
"It is our wedding-day;
And will you promise, dearest,
Your husband to obey?"

And this is Mimi's answer:
"With all my heart, my dear;
If you will never cause me
To drop a single tear;

"If you will ask me nothing
But what I want to do,
I'll be a sweet, obedient,
Delightful wife to you."

Says Mr. Fenwick, giving
His brown mustache a twist:
"I shall command you, madam,
To do whate'er I list!"

Miss Mimi answers, frowning,
His very soul to freeze:
"Then, sir, I shall obey you
Only just when I please!"

Says Ivanhoe to Mimi:
"Let us to this agree,—
I will not speak one word to you,
If you 'll not speak to me;

"Then we shall never quarrel,
But through our dolly-life
I 'll be a model husband,
And you a model wife!"

And now all men and women
Who make them wedding-calls,
Look on, and almost envy
The bliss of these two dolls.

They seem so very smiling,—
So graceful, kind, and bright!
And gaze upon each other
Quite speechless with delight.

Never one cross word saying,
They stand up side by side,
Patterns of good behavior
To every groom and bride.

Sweethearts, it is far better,—
This truth they plainly teach,—
The solid gold of silence,
Than the small change of speech!

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# THE KIND TURKEY-MAN.

BY SARGENT FLINT.

IT was the evening before Thanksgiving.

The sun had gone down behind the hills of Greenville, leaving them cold and bare against the dull sky. The squirrels were safe and warm in their own little houses, cracking nuts for their Thanksgiving dinner. The trees waved their tall, bare branches in the biting cold, but they knew that their roots were sheltered by the kind earth. The cold wind shouted a merry "good-evening" to everything, as he rushed over the frozen ground.

He raced over the bare hills; the squirrels drew closer together, and exulted over their crowded storehouse; the trees bowed a stately good-night, as he whisked away; but he calmed down as he met a little figure on the frozen road, and gave her time to draw her faded cloak tighter over her blue hands, before he rushed on again.

A wagon was heard. "Rattle, rattle!" Even the wagon is cold, the child thought, as she heard the loose spokes rattling in the wheels.

She stepped aside for the wagon to pass; the driver, a pleasant-looking man, stopped his horse, and asked her whither she was going.

"To the city," answered the child.

"To the city!" cried the man. "Why, you will never get there, unless you are blown there, or I take you."

"Will you take me?" she asked, not eagerly, but like one accustomed to refusals.

His answer was to reach down his hand to help her up.

"Now," said he, as he put her under the heavy buffalo-robe, "what 's your name?"

"Mary,—only Mary," she answered hastily.

"Mary," said the man softly, more to himself than the child, "I wish it had n't been *that*."

"Why, there 's lots of Marys," said the child.

"Yes, I know it," he said. "I had a little Mary last Thanksgiving. I—I don't like to see any one named Mary in trouble."

"I aint crying," said the child, smiling, "because I 'm in trouble, but 'cause I 'm so cold. I ought to have trouble, Granny says."

"Ought to have trouble, hey!" said the man, stopping his horse, and drawing from under the buffalo-robe a can of hot coffee. "That has n't been off the stove more than five minutes," he said, as he filled a little tin cup and handed it to her. "Take that, and drink to your Granny!"

"It is very nice," she said, when she had drank it all. She did not say, I have tasted nothing before to-day. Why should she, when there had been so many days like this in her short life?

The man replaced the can, pulled the robe up even with her chin, and told the horse to "get up" and "go along;" then he whistled awhile; then he said, "It is mighty cold. I hope it will keep so!"

"O, don't!" exclaimed the child; "'cos it makes turkey cost so much, poor folks can't have any."

"Don't you care anything for me!" cried the man, pathetically; "here 's my wagon full of turkeys."

"I did n't know you were a turkey-man," she said, gently.

"Yes, I am a 'turkey-man,' and I think even poor people can afford to buy a turkey once a year, if they *are* high. The turkey-men have been waiting a year for this day."

There was a twinkle in his eye she did not see; he looked down into the little pale face. "I am afraid you don't care for the turkey-men!" he said, soberly.

She hung down her head, started to say something, but stopped.

"Well, what is it?" he said, laughing.

"I do like you," she answered, earnestly; "but the poor people—I have known them always."

They rode on for awhile in silence. The hot coffee had worked wonders; the blue little hands had stopped shaking, and the child smiled as she saw the city lights in the distance.

"Now you are a little more comfortable," said the turkey-man, "let us hear where you are going, and what your other name is."

"My name is only 'Mary,' and I am going to find my cousin."

"Nonsense!" he said, a little sharply. "Of course you have got a name."

"They call me 'Mary Kent,' but I hate it, and I wont have it!" she cried, passionately.

"Why did they call you that?" he asked, gently.

"'Cause my father ran away, and left me in Granny Cole's house, when I was little. He pinned a paper on my dress, that said on it, 'Left to pay the rent.'"

The turkey-man whistled, and asked if Granny Cole were good to her.

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"Pretty kind," said the child, wearily. "Anyway, she did n't 'spise me like Sally did."

"Who may Sally be?" asked the turkey-man.

"She is Granny Cole's daughter."

"Did Granny Cole send you alone to the city?" said he, watching her suspiciously.

"She told me the other day," said the child, mournfully, "if I ever come home and found her gone, to go to the city and find my cousin. Yesterday she sent me off with Sally, an' when I come back Sally ran away from me, an' I could n't find Granny."

"Are you quite sure you can find your cousin?"

She looked up in his face, and laid her thin hand on his sleeve.

"I never saw my cousin," she said, calmly. "If Granny has run away from me, I have n't anybody I know."

"Why, then, did you come to the city?" said the turkey-man, wondering where he could leave her.

"I know the city best," she said; "Granny used to live there, till a week ago. It is so dark in the country, when you have to stay alone! There are the market-men,—see how bright they are!"

It was the night before Thanksgiving, in the city as well as in the country; the markets shone as they always do the evening before the great feast. Never were garlands more green, never apples more red, or gobblers more plump.

The turkey-man drove up and stopped.

"Here is as far as I go, little one," he said, as he lifted her out and stood her safely in the bright light of the market.

She was a pretty child, but pale now, with blue lips and shaking hands.

"Poor little thing!" he muttered; "I wish they had n't named her Mary;" and he entered the market.

The market-men beamed on everybody. They rubbed their hands as customer after customer vanished with the cold form of some kind of fowl neatly covered, all but its feet, in brown paper.

It was growing late; the turkey-man had sold out; he waited only to get a hot supper before starting for home. He had been thinking entirely of dollars and cents; but as he walked out of the market, he thought of his home, his wife waiting alone for him in the great white house, and his little Mary safe in God's home above—he had forgotten the homeless child left alone outside the market.

A heavy hand was laid on his arm "Stand back a moment!" whispered a voice. He looked up, and saw a large policeman watching a child at a barrel of red apples.

It is his little fellow-traveler!

"That 's a sharp youngster!" half laughed the policeman, under his breath. "This sort of thing is going on here all the time. Nothing is safe for a moment."

The little blue hand was already on an apple. It faltered a moment, then grasped it tightly, then dropped it.

She hid her face in her hands. The turkey-man stepped up to her and touched her shoulder gently. She had not seen him; but, without looking up, the child knew who it was—it was the only friend she had.

"I could n't do it! Oh, I could n't!" she sobbed. "But I 'm so hungry!" and she fell against the barrel.

The stars were shining cold and clear. The turkey-man's wife was looking out, and wishing the thermometer could go up, without the price of turkeys going down. "It is so cold for John riding from the city alone!" she said to herself. She opened the door, hoping to hear the wagon; but the cold wind sent her back to the blazing fire. She thought of a year ago, when she did not sit waiting alone. She imagined she heard the little voice, though it had been hushed nearly a year—how plainly she saw the sweet face, though it had been covered so long! She wiped the tears from her eyes as she heard the rattling wheels; John must not see her sad. She opened the door, holding the lamp high above her head.

The turkey-man came in, with something wrapped in the buffalo-robe; he laid it on the big dining-table. "Don't say no!" he cried; "let us do something for Mary's sake, this Thanksgiving!"

"Are you crazy?" she exclaimed, as he uncovered the pale face.

"Wait till I tell you all," said the turkey-man.

When he had told his story, he said, earnestly, "How could I go to church to-morrow and thank God for His care of us, if I, with no little one to care for, had left this child alone in the great city?"

"You did right, John," said his wife; "you always do."

With these words, the woman—good, practical soul!—hastened to wash the little girl's face and hands. Then she warmed and comforted her, while the kind turkey-man went to take care of his horse.

"I remember this house," said the child, as she looked out of a large blanket before the bright fire. "I saw it one day with Granny Cole; I stopped and looked through the fence, and threw stones at the turkeys. I did n't know he was a kind man

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then. Granny hates rich men—I wonder where Granny is—I 'm sorry I threw the stones—but they was n't so very big." The little head fell lower and lower; the pale lids closed; the little hands grew quiet; but the little voice repeated in sleep, "I did n't know he was a kind man."

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# NIKOLINA.

By Celia Thaxter.

O TELL me, little children, have you seen her—
The tiny maid from Norway, Nikolina?
O, her eyes are blue as cornflowers 'mid the corn,
And her cheeks are rosy red as skies of morn!

O buy the baby's blossoms if you meet her,
And stay with gentle words and looks to greet her;
She 'll gaze at you and smile and clasp your hand,
But no word of your speech can understand.

Nikolina! Swift she turns if any call her,
As she stands among the poppies hardly taller,
Breaking off their scarlet cups for you,
With spikes of slender larkspur, burning blue.

In her little garden many a flower is growing—
Red, gold, and purple in the soft wind blowing;
But the child that stands amid the blossoms gay
Is sweeter, quainter, brighter even than they.

O tell me, little children, have you seen her—
This baby girl from Norway, Nikolina?
Slowly she 's learning English words, to try
And thank you if her flowers you come to buy.

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# ARNELD AND HIS VIOLIN.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A melancholy little Swiss boy was Arneld, for he felt himself all alone in the world. His father and mother had been lost in the shipwreck from which he himself was rescued to find a home at last with a warm-hearted American farmer. But kind though every one was, nobody was his own, nobody remembered the same things that he did, or loved the same things; and so slow was he in learning a new tongue, that to nobody could he speak of any one of all the thoughts that labored in his little breast.

He did his best to please the farmer, though, who gave him many a kindly toned word and many an encouraging slap on the shoulder, while the good motherly farmer's wife set aside for him now a custard and now a turnover, and little Rosa used to take her own custard and go and stand beside him to eat it in concert, as if that might lessen a little the loneliness which she knew he must be feeling. She undertook, too, to be his especial instructress in our language; but as she did not know it very well herself, her pupil did not make progress enough to be proud of, and was, in fact, more likely to teach Rosa his own dialect than to learn hers.

He could, indeed, signify simple wants and call simple names; but he wanted to tell of other things. He wanted to tell of the terrible wreck, and the black waves where his father and mother went down. He wanted to tell Rosa of his little sister Marie, with her eyes like Alpine violets; of the echoes among the hills, the pictures in the lakes, the valleys full of the roar of waterfalls; of the white-tipped mountains melting into heaven; of all the thoughts they used to give him,—but nothing could he say. And when, on some clear, bright day, he chanced to look upward and see the white angle of the house against the blue of the sky,—or higher yet, and see a snowy cloud reposing on that blue,—then the remembrance of some mountain-side shining white against the sky at home would rush over him and bring the tears to his eyes: some snowy mountain-side that he never knew he loved so till he had lost it. Then little Rosa would come and slide her hand into his, and look at him so wistfully that Arneld would long more than ever for some way of telling her what it was of which he thought so sadly and longingly.

"If I only had my violin that went down on the great ship," he would sigh to himself, "then she would know!" And with that thought he began to count the coppers that had been given him from time to time, to do little odd jobs for more, to get a penny here and a half-dime there, till one day he spread them all out before the farmer and signified by some pantomime, a little English, and a great deal of what the farmer called gibberish, that he should like to go into town with him when he went to sell his vegetables. And as soon as the farmer

"THE VALLEYS FULL OF THE ROAR OF WATERFALLS."

got at his meaning, he took Arneld by the shoulders and swung him into the cart, and they plodded along together. Arneld told the farmer a great deal that morning of what he had wanted to have and how he intended to get it, and what he would certainly do with it; but though the farmer nodded and nodded, not one word did he understand; and when at last he set the boy down in the market-place and saw him dart away, he felt very much as an old robin must feel who by accident has had a young cuckoo hatched in his nest.



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It was just as the farmer was ready to mount into his wagon again for a good rattle home, that Arneld made his appearance with a little fiddle tucked under his arm. He looked at the farmer, and stood a moment grinning from ear to ear; then he tucked the little fiddle under his chin, and began to play a tune,—a good lively tune, such as the peasants might have danced by. Clear and strong he drew it out, and presently the farmer was laughing and nodding and beating time; and not the farmer only, but all the others in the market-place, and the boys were crowding round him and the people were throwing him coppers. Arneld looked at the coppers, amazed; he had only meant to show the farmer what he could do. But he took them, after a moment or two,—they would buy strings and varnish and rosin for the beautiful new violin he would make; and he took off his cap and made a great bow to the people. It was his first appearance in public; but it was not his last. Then he climbed into the wagon with the farmer.

"Bad, very bad," said he, tapping the little fiddle, as they went their way.

"Good, very good," said the farmer, slapping his back heartily; and thereat Arneld, though wincing a little under the good-natured blow, began to tell the farmer volubly, in an indistinguishable swarm of English and foreign words, how he should now make an excellent violin himself, the very least murmur of which would be enough to win his soul out of him the way the Lurley's voice won the fisherman into the stream,—and not making a syllable of it understood, though he went on unhindered, for "It does him good, and does n't hurt me," said the farmer.

When the farmer had finished his out-door work that night, he came into the kitchen, saying, "Now, Arneld, my boy, let us have a tune," suiting the action to the word, and sawing away with the edge of his right hand on his left arm, and stopping surprised to see the table covered with strings and pegs and fragments of cherry-wood that had been once cut into odd shapes, and with great sheets of brown paper, on which Arneld was drawing strange lines, stout Roman curves, long lovely Greek ones, whorls, volutes, measuring and comparing and reckoning like an old astrologer.

Little Rosa hung over his chair, her face still wet with her tears. "He has torn his pretty fiddle all to pieces!" she cried to her father. And for a moment her father felt really angry, because, never having been in the habit of spending much money, the fiddle had seemed to him a great acquisition, and its ruin was a wanton destruction of property. Arneld looked up eagerly, though, and began, "Bad—very bad!"

"He means that it was a bad fiddle," cried little Rosa, "and that he is going to make one very good,—very much better."

"Better," said Arneld, "very better," catching the spirit of what she said; and there came another confusion of unknown tongues to explain to the farmer why cherry-wood was not as good to carry the vibration of the tone as maple and pine; why this was so thick here as to dull the sound, and so thin there as to break it; why this piece of wood, if you struck it, resounded in a key very different from the key of that piece, instead of resounding in tune with it; why such a line should be longer, and such a one should be shorter, for the sake of elasticity in conducting the sound; and how there was nothing like a good fiddle any way for beauty of perfect curves,—just a true lover's knot of lovely lines; how those lines represented waves,—and music itself was waves,—and just as the shell repeated the murmurs of the sea, so the violin repeated the murmurs of the air, and made itself a voice; and much more that he had learned at home, where his father had made the bows of violins, and his little sister Marie had picked the long and even hairs for him to fasten under their flat plate. And the farmer said, "Hm, hm, hm," as if he knew what it was all about, although he had n't the least idea; and having said "Hm, hm, hm," felt that he was compromised by a passive sort of consent, and must not interfere with Arneld's future operations.

And what operations they were! What a rummaging in the great garret and in the barn chambers, after it had been discovered that permission was wanted, and it had been granted! What a gathering of sections,—of here a broken bureau, and there a useless table-top; and in another place an ancient fire-board, a ruined spinning-wheel, an unprized box! Then what a splitting, and shaving, and planing! what a hollowing of tiny vault and arch with knife and chisel! what a bending of one wood and another over the steam of the tea-kettle! what a setting away in the sun, bound into shape and turned over and over every day! what a mixing of gums and rums for varnishes, and what a varnishing of all the farmer's furniture, till nearly everything in the house was sticky, and at last the very varnish of all was hit upon! And then what a drawing of designs, what a calculating of curves, what a delicate whittling into form, what a slicing, and paring, and mincing, till the beautiful wavy maple of the bottom was all in shape, till the long, narrow "ouies" were exactly in place in the old seasoned pine of the top, till the light willow was bent for the sides, and for the ledges that little Rosa called the pipings, till the rolling volute at the end of all was carved! And then what a breathless putting together of the parts, Rosa

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hanging over the table and handing Arneld everything in the very place, and delightedly telling all who were near that she and Arneld were making a violin. And at length it was ready for the varnish,—that varnish which he had gotten with so much trouble, taking such pains that it should not be too tough and hard, and so hinder the elastic wood from carrying its sound; that it should not be too thin, and so leave the instrument unprotected from the changes of the weather; that it should not be of glaring tint, and so spoil the beauty of the wood. With what loving strokes he laid that varnish on, while Rosa held the little jar for him! And then at last the new violin was put away to mellow like an unripe pear.

"Every day," said Arneld to Rosa,—and she really thought she understood him,—"every day it gains a little richer color, and every day all the woods put themselves one little bit more in tune together."

And then they used to go and look at it; and although old Jacob Steiner might have laughed at this little Arneld violin, they would not have exchanged it for one of the precious violins which that old Tyrolean made for the Twelve Electors of the Empire! To these children that rude little fiddle was a part of themselves; days, weeks, months had passed in its manufacture; while at work upon it, Arneld had almost ceased to be lonesome, for the whole house had been interested in it; little Rosa had been one soul with himself, and she had meantime learned something of his tongue, and he could in a way make himself understood in hers.

"It wants but a single thing,—its bridge over which the strings shall pass," he would say, as he and Rosa went to look at it; and as he was not particular whether he said it in his native patois, or in his lingo that was half his patois and half Rosa's,—for Rosa's English was not the very best in all the world,—I will translate it for you:

"And that must be a bit, a tiny tiny bit, of old Swiss pine," he said, "if we can ever find it. And then you shall hear it hum! It is thinking now what it will say,—how it will tell us of the life it used to live before it was a violin, the life it used to live when it was in the forest, when the willow in it set its feet in the spring brooks, when the maple in it burned scarlet in October, when the pine rustled all its pins together to hear the soft snow falling. It will tell us how storms sound up in the very tops where it used to rock, how the birds sing to one another in the branches,—once it lived the life of the woods, you know, but now it is like their risen soul."

And so Arneld would run on, always ending with a sigh that he could not find a bit of old Swiss pine for his bridge,—perhaps he thought it would whisper of his mountains to the strings as they passed over,—and if Rosa had understood no more, she could not in the frequent hearing have helped understanding that; and she was as eager as Arneld for that bit of Swiss pine.

One day the farmer's wife, in a search for something she wanted, opened a drawer from which she produced various treasures,—things she had valued when a girl,—keepsakes, and trinkets, and her wedding ring, which she held far too precious for every-day wear. Among the rest was a little carved box that kept her mother's string of gold beads; and no sooner did Arneld's eyes light upon that box than Rosa saw them sparkling with new light; and when he asked to take the box in his hands, and turned it over and over, and gave it back with a long sigh, she knew that the little box, with its cover carved in a group of goats, was made of the Swiss pine,—old wood, with the right grain, seasoned many years.

That afternoon Rosa brought to Arneld a bit of dark old wood,—it was the bottom of that box.

"I knew she would not give it to me, and so I took it; and you can make another bottom that will do just as well," said Rosa, whose eyes had become so blinded by the vision of the violin, that she could not see right from wrong.

Arneld looked at her a moment in amazement, when he comprehended her; and then he looked at the little piece of old brown wood, and looked and looked again, longingly. But presently he seized Rosa's little hand and led her back to the spot from which she had taken it, and began to put it in its place again, explaining to her, in his broken lingo, that the stolen wood must make a discord in the music that he, at any rate, would always hear. And while he was doing this, the farmer came into the room, and with a single glance took in the situation,—the wrong way.

"So, sir! so, sir!" cried he, with a blazing face, "you are teaching my daughter to steal, are you?"

And Arneld hung down his head and never said a word, though the farmer was whirling him round by the shoulder, and Rosa was looking on with a white, scared face.

But directly her mother, drawn by the loud tone, was coming into the room, and Rosa ran and hid her face in her mother's apron, crying:

"Oh, I did it! I did it! And he would n't; he said No; and he was putting it back; oh, he was putting it back!"

And two minutes after that, the precious piece of coveted wood was in Arneld's hands,—his own, his very own,—and Rosa was in the great dark best room, that was seldom used except for funerals, hearing some heart-breaking words from her

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mother; and then Arneld, forgetting all else, was at his table in the long kitchen, carving away, with all his heart, upon the lovely outlines of the bridge, as delicate as the contours of a flower. At last the bridge was in place, the strings were drawn over it, the bow was freshly rosined,—the violin was in tune,—the magic moment had come!

Softly Arneld passed the bow over the strings and drew out one long, slow tone to satisfy himself the thing was done, hesitatingly, half afraid to be heard, lest, after all, it were a failure. But in another moment he had forgotten all about whether he was heard or not, as tone after tone came leaping from the strings almost as if they chose to crowd and come without his effort; he had forgotten Rosa, and the farmer, and the people,—he thought only of the sounds that came bounding underneath the bow, so silvery, so strong, so clear, in a wild and joyous flight, as though they had been so long imprisoned that now they rushed into the free air as gladly as the rivers rush and run when the sun loosens their icy fetters.

What visions filled the long, low room as he played! He saw the dews dropping among the singing pines; he saw the brook darken beneath the swaying shadow of the willow; he heard the birds warble in the maple; he heard the wind brush all their tops together. All the sweet sounds that he had ever known seemed to send their spirits into the music that he drew from his violin,—the hum of bees in the blossoms, the laughter of children frolicking on the meadows; all the half-forgotten tunes of home, the yodle of the shepherds echoing through the deep, dark, starry blue from peak to peak, the gay jangling of marriage peals, the slow toll of a passing bell;—and it appeared to him, as he played, that he saw the elves rocking in the flower-bells, Lurley singing as she swept along the tide, the Wild Ladies riding on the wind.

And then the melody grew slower and softer,—he was remembering a tune his mother used to sing; there came the tinkle of the little altar-bell in the chapel among the crags, the praising voices of the choir; and then the little chapel opened out into wide darkness, and Arneld was playing to himself the wild music of the storm, the crying wind, the rushing billows of shipwreck, till the sound seemed to rise from all the troubled chords and discords to the sweet and silver sonority of the voice that can say to the waters, "Peace, be still!"

"Wife," said the farmer, as they sat in the best room and listened,—at the close of the lecture to poor little sobbing, repentant, and forgiven Rosa,—"my mother used to tell me never to turn a beggar from the door, as I might entertain an angel unawares. Do you hear yonder?"

"I thought," said the farmer's wife, "that I heard the rustle of an angel's wings beside me."

And the next day the farmer drove into town and took Arneld to the parson; and the parson took him to the organist; and the organist taught him all he knew, till Arneld could better teach

"HE SAW THE BROOK DARKEN BENEATH THE SHADOW."

him. And now, if you go to evening concerts, some time when you see a tall, fair-faced man, with flowing hair and dreamy eyes, begin to play, bending his head down lovingly to his violin, to play so that the violin seems to sing with a human voice and a human soul, you will know that it is Arneld,—though it is not the little rude fiddle that he and Rosa made, with which you will hear him work his wonders, but a dark and perfect instrument two hundred years old; while as for that magic wand, his bow, I should not dare to tell you how many diamonds there are in it that kings and queens have given him.

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## FIFTH OF NOVEMBER: GUY FAWKES' DAY.

By L.

Now all who fear a sudden shock
  Of rhymes, must stand from under!
The tale I tell you smells of smoke,
  And mutters low of thunder!
It is a tale of England old,
  In times when thrones spoke louder
Than nowadays,—of England old,
  King James, Guy Fawkes, and powder.

King Jamie was a prudent king,
  Though more in plan than action;
Yet well his prudence needed was,
  For many a traitorous faction
Held England in "those good old days"—
  So called in modern fashion,
When present deeds and present men
  Put some one in a passion.

Well, children! Guy Fawkes was employed
  By some disloyal schemers,
To blow up those who made the laws.
"Men of perdition! Dreamers
Of evil!" their stern critics said;
"Their every *canon* loaded
With fell destruction to the land;
  Such men should be—exploded!"

At last a plan grew ripe for deeds;
  But one conspirer yielding,
For auld lang syne's sake, warned a friend,
  In covert letter shielding
His meaning with ambiguous phrase
  (He dared not breathe it louder).
The friend put James upon the scent,—
  The royal nose smelt powder!

And so was caught the traitor Fawkes,
  Who served the plot's igniting;
Though in the cellar dark he thought
  To do another lighting,—
Waiting a sign to thunder forth
  A Parliament's last meeting,
The members of a lordly House
  For evermore unseating!

But he was taken, and then soon
  This traitor knave disloyal,
And all his mates, were put to death
  By James' own mandate royal!
'T was very long ago, yet this
  Great treason to remember,
The English boys in effigy
  Hang Fawkes with each November.

## HOW PLANTS COME FROM SEEDS.

By Annie J. Mackintosh.

We are going to assist you in finding out for yourselves some of the wonderful things connected with the life and growth of plants; and if you will try the simple experiments here mentioned, you will surely be interested, and, besides, will learn a great deal that you ought to know.

Let us begin at the beginning, then; and as most plants grow from seeds, we shall talk first about seeds.

We will suppose that you have collected a few seeds, such as may be easily obtained—peas, beans, grains of wheat, corn, &c. Of course, you have a penknife in your pocket; and if, in addition to the knife, you can have a small magnifying glass, many of your lessons will be much more interesting.

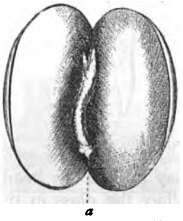

FIG. 1.—A SPLIT BEAN.

Take a bean first (Fig. 1), and with your knife remove the skin, which is called the seed-coat. You find that the bean separates into halves as soon as the covering is removed. Now, each part is called a lobe, and seeds which naturally split in two are called two-lobed.

Take a grain of corn, and

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treat it in the same way. It does not split; if you want to part it, you must cut it. Seeds which do not split in two are called undivided; and you will find that all seeds belong to one or other of these classes.

Now examine those from which you have removed the seed-coats, and you will find at the end of each a small worm-like object (Fig. 1. *a*, and Fig. 2, *a*), which may easily be removed with the point of the knife. If you look carefully at the specimen removed from the bean, you will be able to see that it bears somewhat the appearance of a little plant. Such in truth it is—the germ, or baby plant. But put your germs aside for awhile, and let us look at the rest of the seed. You will find in the corn that it resembles dry flour or starch, while in the bean it looks more like a mixture of flour and water which has become dry. This is the food of the baby plant, and consists mostly of sugar and starch. Upon this the germ lives till old enough to obtain nourishment from the earth and air.

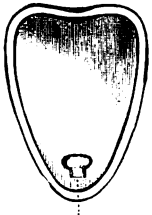

FIG. 2.—A SPLIT GRAIN OF CORN.

Perhaps you think it strange, if the plant and its food are both contained in the seed, that it is necessary to sow seeds in order to have them grow. But the plant cannot appropriate the food until it has been moistened. But if moisture can be obtained in any other way than from the ground, the seed will begin to grow just as if put in the earth: and you may prove this for yourselves.

Fill a tumbler with water, and cover the top with cotton-wool, on which you may place a few beans or some seed of the kind. Place the glass in the window, and in a few days you will find that your seeds have sprouted; and they will continue to grow until the nourishment is exhausted.

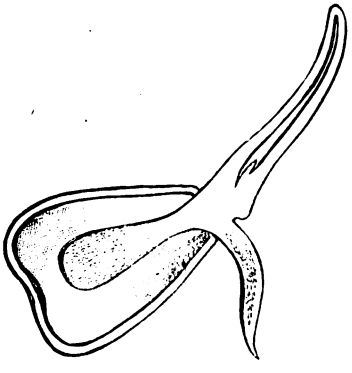
FIG. 3.—A GRAIN OF CORN BEGINNING TO GROW.

But let us return to the germs. Place them under the magnifying-glass, and you will find that some have a root, stem, and two leaves, while others have a root, stem, and but one leaf. You will also notice that all those having two leaves have been taken from two-lobed seeds, while those having only one leaf have come from the undivided seeds; and you will find, when they begin to grow, that they present the same differences. The two-lobed seeds put out two leaves at first, the undivided only one. So that, by looking at a young plant, you can tell at once from which class of seeds it has sprung; or, looking at a seed, you will be able to foretell the appearance of the plant.

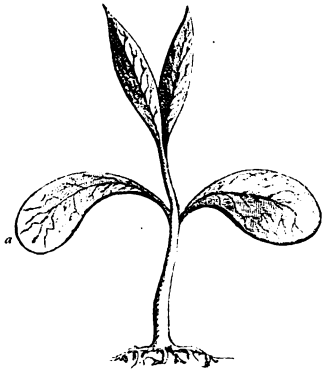

FIG. 4. A BEAN GROWING.

Now we shall require the plants in the tumbler, and such leaves as you may be able to collect.

Observe first, that although you may have placed the seeds in various positions upon the cotton, still in every case the leaves have shot upward into the air, while the roots have passed downward through the cotton into the water. Some of them have had to do a good deal of twisting in order to accomplish it. It has been hard work, but they have succeeded. It is one of Nature's laws that leaves must go up, roots down. But how or why the plants should know what this law requires of them, we cannot tell. Experiments made upon this point prove that, rather than break the law, plants will sometimes slowly transform their parts; that is, the branches of trees which have been planted upside down, will in time become roots, while the roots will turn into branches.

Now take the leaves which you have before you, and examine the veining of each, by holding it between your eye and the light. In some of them —maple, oak, and beech leaves, for instance—you

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will find the veins, or fine lines of the leaf, running in every direction; while in others, as the leaves of the calla, lily-of-the-valley, grasses, &c., they are parallel to each other—that is, they run side by side, extending from the top of the leaf to the bottom, or else from the outer edge to the stem, which passes down the middle. The blades of grass and lily-of-the-valley leaves are examples of the first: the calla leaf of the second.

Look at the plants in the tumbler, and you will find that the leaves all come under one or other of these two classes; they are either net-veined or parallel-veined.

Next consider the seeds; those that are two-lobed have all produced net-veined leaves, while the leaves growing from the undivided seeds are all parallel-veined.

Let us sum up what we have learned in this way. Two-lobed seeds: Two leaves at first, net-veined leaves. Undivided seeds: One leaf at first, parallel-veined leaves.

If you will commit these two short lists to memory, you will often find it an advantage, as one point will immediately recall the others.

But let us look once more at our young plants. You will notice that in the case of the two-lobed seeds, the lobes have grown up with the plant, and are now to be found one on each side of the stem (Fig. 4, *a*, *a*). They have changed not only their appearance, but their name, since our last lesson, and are now called seed-leaves. Perhaps by this time they may have turned green; but they will never resemble the other leaves in anything but the color. By and by they will begin to look shriveled, as they part with the nourishment which is stored in them, and when it is all gone they will drop off.

Perhaps you are wondering what the plant is going to do after it has exhausted the food contained in the seed, but by that time it is quite able to support itself, by drawing upon the earth and the air. From the earth it obtains earthy matter and moisture; from the air, some of the gases of which it is composed; and these three things constitute the food of the plant.

A little later we shall tell you something of the manner in which the food is obtained and prepared.

ALL THUMBS!

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# "MOTHER'S BOY" AT SEA.

By Cyrus Martin, Jr.

Barry very much liked being called "Mother's Boy." I am not so certain that he would not have also liked the name of "Father's Boy," if that title could have been given him. But it so happened that Barry's father was a sea-captain, and was off on foreign voyages so much that Master Barry sometimes said, with a pout, that he might as well have no father. So he was called "Mother's Boy," and he was tolerably well contented.

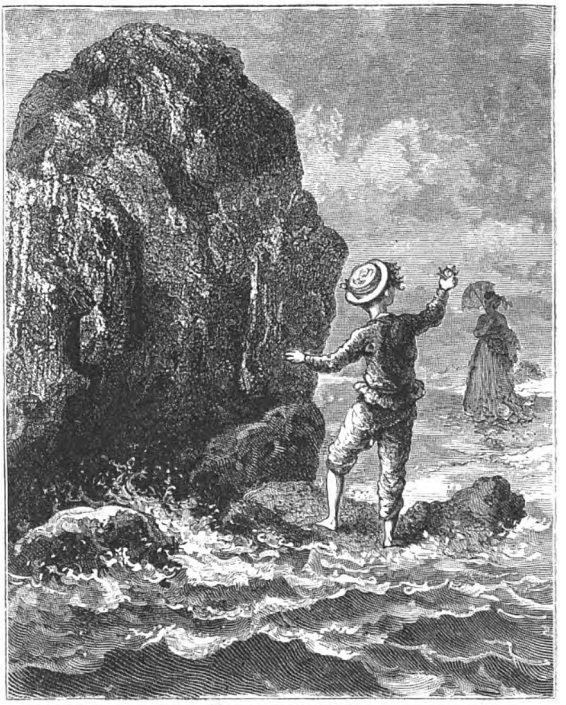
But when Barry went to Sagadunk with his mother the case was different. At home, in the city, he went to walk or ride with his mother, and together they visited the galleries where pictures and many other beautiful and curious things were to be found. At Sagadunk, where the coast is very rocky, the water deep, and the pastures boggy, Barry would have had great delight if his mother could only climb and wade as he did. But the fact was that his mother could neither climb nor wade. I am sorry to add that she could not swim a stroke. Evidently her early education had been neglected.

In the city, you see, the fact that this lady was so ignorant and incapable had never been brought out. It was a great surprise to Barry when he discovered it. And as he lay on the rocks, one day, looking wistfully out to sea, he said softly to himself:

"My gracious! to think that my precious mamma can't swim!"

He had thought that his mother could do everything; and he added, by way of explanation to himself: "I don't believe women were made to swim, anyhow." On the subject of wading he was not quite so clear. It was possible for her to wade; but evidently she did not like it.

Now, Mrs. Dingle was not willing that Master Barry should go wandering about the cliffs by himself, scrambling into places where she could not climb, and wading out to the rocks where the limpets, sea-weed and kelp grew so lovely and thick. You have seen a hen stand on the brink of a pond when her little ducklings paddle away from her on the smooth surface? Pretty little Mrs. Dingle used to laugh to herself and think of the mother-hen's distress, as she called after Barry when he waded out to the reef, in the bright sea-water, and secured such a prize as a comical little crab, or a coral-like star-fish, hiding in the crevices of the rock. She would cry out:



BARRY ON THE REEF.

"Yes, yes, it is very curious, Barry; bring it here. I am afraid the tide is rising."

Barry was a duckling who sometimes preferred staying in the water.

I don't know what Barry thought about it, but his mother often felt that "Mother's Boy" was growing out of her reach. He had been brought up at her side. It gave her a little pang to see him restive when she tried to keep him there. And it must be said that when Barry climbed up to the

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ledge called the "White Boar," and sat looking off on the ocean, he had a vague longing to be out on that lovely sheet of water, shining in the sun, tumbling into bright green waves, and stretching so

BARRY AT THE WINDOW.

far, so far, down to the sunset, where the red rays blurred out the horizon. Somewhere beyond that crystal gate in the south was his father's big ship—sailing among the spice islands, may be; or gliding by shores where strange birds and beasts and painted savages were dotted along, as in the pictures of a geography.

The Sagadunk fishermen used to go out of the harbor early in the morning and return late at night. Barry sometimes saw them from his chamber window as he dressed himself at sunrise. They spread their sails like wings; the soft morning breeze sprang up; and so they sailed away and disappeared down the far-off horizon. They seemed to sail into the sky.

One day, Barry privately inquired of "Old Kutch," who was a famous fisherman of Sagadunk, if he ever saw his father's ship, the Flying Fish, out at sea. The old fisherman said: "Never, so far as I knowed of," which was not satisfactory to Master Barry. He thought that "Old Kutch" must see the whole world when he got below that dim horizon.

"I know my papa's ship, and if I were to go with you I might show her to you, and find my papa," said Barry.

Old Kutch laughed. "But your mar would n't let you go so far away, my little man."

Barry's countenance fell, but he explained:

"She would be so glad if I brought back my papa, that she would n't care if I did go without her knowing it."

Barry was on dangerous ground for "Mother's Boy."

After many mysterious talks and movements, which took several days, Old Kutch agreed that Master Barry should get up early some fine morning, and steal away to the boat at the wharf. At night, Barry scarcely slept at all; and when he dreamed, it was of curious and often frightful sights in foreign lands. When day broke, he was in such haste that he scarcely dressed himself. He might have gone out at the door; but, creeping past his mother's chamber, he got out by the hall-window, stole down through the orchard, scrambled over the stone wall, slid down the bank, and was soon on board the Polly Ann, commanded by Captain Kutch.

It was a great adventure. He was going to sea in search of his father. His heart was a little heavy when he looked back at the old farm-house where he had left his mother. But the Polly Ann was under way, and, with a curious sort of feeling in his throat, he watched the village fade away. He was at sea.

It would not be pleasant for me to tell you of all the troubles that befell Master Barry that day. In the first place, he was very hungry; and he ate a great deal of a nice luncheon which one of the fishermen produced from a big basket, strangely like one of his mamma's. Then, when he had satisfied his hunger, his luncheon did not agree with him at all, He felt very queer. Everything seemed going around. His stomach was all in a

"WHEN HE DREAMED."

whirl. He was sea-sick, and he lost all interest in what was going on about him. The Polly Ann was very lively, and, although she was anchored on the fishing-grounds, she bounced about at a

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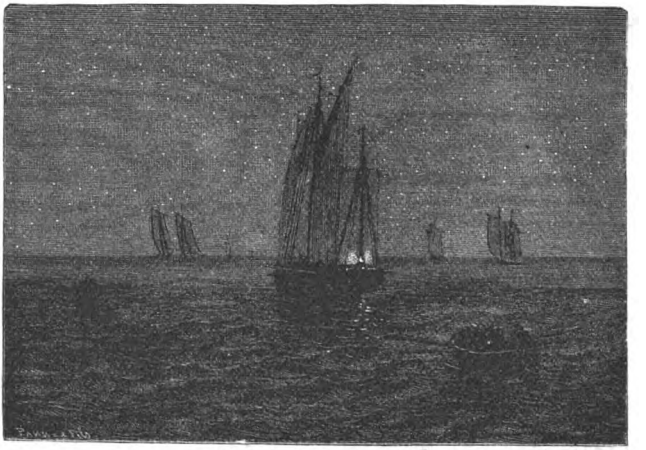
great rate. The sun was hot, and, as Barry looked over the edge of the bulwark where he lay, he saw nothing but horrid, tumbling waves everywhere. No land in sight, unless a low cloud on the dull, gray horizon were land. He was homesick; and if he cried silently behind the ill-smelling tarpaulin that screened him, I do not think any of my boy-readers should laugh at him. I have been in just such a plight, and probably did just as Barry did.

What was worse, there was no sign of the Flying Fish, or anything that looked like her. Once in a while, a brown sail crept up from the horizon, drifted along against the sky, and melted away into the dim distance. It was "a Down-East coaster, loaded with lime," Old Kutch would say, unless he was too busy with his fish to say anything. Barry only wanted to get home once more.

"Oh, what will my poor, dear mamma say?" he moaned.

"You oughter thought of that afore," Captain Kutch made answer. And so he should have.

Meantime, was Mrs. Dingle going up and down the beach, crying out for her "Mother's Boy?"



"AS THE POLLY ANN DRIFTED UP SAGADUNK HARBOR."

Strange to say, she was doing nothing of the sort. She sat at the gable window that overlooked the sea, and, as she sewed or read, she glanced out over the sapphire waters of the bay, and over the shining waves that rippled toward the sunset as brightly and silvery as though there were no such thing as sea-sickness and discomfort in all the world. She was possibly thinking of the hen and her willful duckling.

That night, when the stars came out and the Polly Ann drifted up Sagadunk harbor, the most tired, weary and homesick little chap you ever heard of, scrambled out into the small-boat which was to take him ashore. Mrs. Dingle, somehow, happened to be on the landing; and when Barry jumped into her arms and cried, "I could n't find papa!" she only hugged him tight and whispered, "Mother's Boy!"

It seemed an age to Barry since he had been gone. The familiar little bed, with its blue-and-white check cover, looked like an old friend from foreign parts; and the hollyhocks in the parlor fire-place were fresher and brighter by candle-light than any hollyhocks he ever saw.

I need not tell you how Barry settled affairs with his mamma. When he found Old Kutch, after that, one leisure day ashore, that venerable skipper asked him when he proposed going again on a voyage of discovery. Barry replied:

"I shall not be so naughty and run away again, for I am 'Mother's Boy,' you see."

"Why, she knowed it all the time."

And so she did; and when she let Barry go off in charge of Old Kutch, she was trying two experiments—one on herself and one on "Mother's Boy."

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## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

By Joel Stacy.

V'RY little grape, dear, that clings unto a vine,
Expects some day to ripen its little drop of wine.
Ev'ry little girl, I think, expects in time to be
Exactly like her own mamma—as grand and sweet and free!
Ev'ry little boy who has a pocket of his own,
Expects to be the biggest man the world has ever known.
Ev'ry little piggy-wig that makes its little wail,
Expects to be a great, big pig with a very curly tail.
Ev'ry little lambkin, too, that frisks upon the green,
Expects to be the finest sheep that ever yet was seen.
Ev'ry little baby-colt expects to be a horse;
Ev'ry little pup expects to be a dog, of course.
Ev'ry little kitten pet, so tender and so nice,
Expects to be a grown-up cat and live on rats and mice.
Ev'ry little fluffy chick, in downy yellow drest,
Expects some day to crow and strut, or cackle at its best.
Ev'ry little baby-bird that peeps from out its nest,
Expects some day to cross the sky from glowing east to west.

Now ev'ry hope I've mentioned here will bring its sure event,
Provided nothing happens, dear, to hinder or prevent.

## IN THE POND AND ON THE MARSH.

*(Translated from the German.)*

By Abby S. Alger.

### Chapter I.

#### THE DOLL UNDER THE BRIAR-BUSH.

There was once a little girl, whose name was Beata. She was only five years old, but she was a good, clever little girl. On her birthday, her old aunt made her a present of a doll who was a real beauty. There was not a fault to be found with the dear creature, except that perhaps her left eyebrow was drawn up a tiny grain too high.

"It's just as if she were frowning a little bit with one eyebrow. Is n't she pleased?" asked Beata, when she first took her into her arms.

"Oh, yes," said aunty, "but she does n't know you yet. She always raises her eyebrow a little when she tries to examine any one carefully. She only wants to see if you are a good little girl."

"Yes, but now she sees that I am; for I think her brows look just alike," said Beata.

The doll grew very dear to her, almost dearer that even little Marie and Louise. although they were her best friends.

One day she went into the yard with her doll. She had given her a name now, and they had become trusty allies. The doll was called Beata too, because that was the little girl's own name, and because aunty was called Beata. It was Spring time, and in one corner of the yard, round a pond, there was a nice green plat, with thick, soft grass; and in it grew a low, bushy willow-tree covered all over

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with the yellow tassels which, you know, German children call goslings. And they do look like goslings, for every one has soft yellow down on it, and will float on the water, but then they can't move. So big Beata—to be sure she was only five years old, but still she was much bigger than the other—and little Beata agreed that they would pull the goslings from the tree and throw them into the pond, for they knew they would like it as well as the big goslings did, which they had seen swimming about there. It was really big Beata who made the proposal, but little Beata said nothing to the contrary; for no one can think how intelligent and good-natured she always was. So big Beata climbed up into the willow-tree and gathered the cunning yellow goslings into her white apron, and then she counted them, and when she had counted as far as twenty-two, she said that now she thought they had enough, and little Beata never said a word against it. She came down again, and that was very hard work, because she had to hold her apron together with one hand all the time. She fancied that little Beata called out to her to drop the goslings down on the grass, but she dared not, for fear they would hurt themselves in the fall.

Then they both ran to the pond, and big Beata helped her friend to fasten her legs close between two of the palings round it, so that she could stand there comfortably and watch the dear little goslings swimming about in the water. One gosling after another slipped in, and as they approached the water, they seemed to come to life and begin to move a little. That was fun! Big Beata clapped her hands at the darling wee little downy birds, and when she just helped little Beata a tiny bit, she clapped her hands too. But soon all the goslings lay quite still and would not stir. That was very stupid, and Beata asked her little namesake if she did not think she (big Beata) could lean over the edge of the pond a little and blow on them, for then she truly believed they would come to life again. Little Beata did not answer.

So big Beata bent over the pond and blew on the nearest ones. Yes! that was right—they began to move at once. But those which were farthest away lay quite still. "Some of them are very silly!" said Beata, and she leaned far, far over the edge; her hand slipped on the wet railing and—plump! she fell right into the water; it was very, very cold, and it closed over her head and carried off her straw hat; she had no time to hear whether little Beata screamed, but she felt sure she did. When her head rose above the water again, she saw her dear friend little Beata standing, mute with alarm, staring at her, with her right hand extended over the water. Big Beata hastily grasped it, and little Beata made herself as stiff as she could and stood fast between the palings and held her dear friend up. So she kept her face above water long enough to give a shriek of terror, and her father and mother both came running to her; they were pale with fear and pulled her out. She was dripping wet, the water streamed from her, and she was so frightened and cold that her teeth chattered. Her father was going to carry her right into the house; she begged him for mercy's sake to take little Beata too, lest she should fall into the pond also. "For it was she who saved me," she said.

Beata was put to bed, and little Beata had to lie beside her. When she grew sleepy and had said her "Our Father," she patted her little friend and said: "I can never thank you enough for saving me from the horrid, deep pond, dear little Beata. Of course I know that our Lord helped you to stand fast between the pales and to make yourself stiff; but still it was you and no one else, who reached me your hand, so that I did not sink to the bottom, and for this you shall be my best friend as long as I live, and when I grow big you shall stand god-mother to my first daughter; she shall be named little Beata like you." Then she kissed the little one and fell asleep.

But big Beata had a brother, who was still bigger than she; he was eight years old, and was a wild, unruly fellow. His name was Viggo; he had read in an old history book about a horrid, bearded Viking, who had the same name, and who sailed from land to land and killed people, and often took prisoners, and all the gold and silver he could find, on board his ship. And so Viggo got himself a little axe, such as he read the old Viking had, and told his sister that henceforth she must call him Viggo *Viking*, for that was what he meant to be when he grew up. He chased the hens and ducks in the yard and tried to cut off their heads with his axe; they shrieked and ran away, which made the little Viking all the bolder. But when he went into the goose-fields with his axe on his shoulder and raised his war-cry, the old gander grew angry, bent his long neck and snapped at Viggo Viking's legs so savagely that he dropped his axe and ran howling away. For the old gander knew that Vikings had no right to cut off heads in their own country, not even on the farthest side of the goose-pond.

One day Viggo Viking came to his sister, looking very fierce; he had a paper helmet on and was scowling furiously.

"Now, I 'm going to carry off somebody. I 've come out on purpose," said he. "You are too big, but I shall certainly take little Beata. I shall carry her a great way off, at least to the plowed field, and perhaps as far as the pasture. And you will never see her again as long as you live."

"You 're a bad boy, and do nothing but mis-

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chief; mother said so, too, only the other day," replied his sister. "Little Beata never did a single thing to plague you; she never even said a cross word to you."

"Not done anything to plague me!" said the Viking. "Did n't she stand down in the yard under the big geranium in the flower pot, when I came and fastened my wooden horse there? Don't you suppose I saw how she pushed the horse so that he fell down and broke his left hind leg? If I did my duty I should cut off her head," said the Viking, trying the edge of his little axe with his finger.

"Oh! you really are a dreadful boy," cried Beata, "but I shall contrive to hide little Beata so snugly that you can never set your bloody hands on her. You may trust me for that."

Then she went straight to her little friend and told her with great distress what a wicked villain Viggo was, and that he meant to murder her, and that she, big Beata, dared not keep her in the house another day. "But I know where I 'll hide you, so that he never can find you."

She took the little one and went across the field to a great pile of stones. On the top of this grew a briar rose in full bloom, the flowers drooping to the ground on all sides. It formed a sweet-smelling little bower of green twigs, and there little Beata was to live securely, sitting on a grassy couch; and that she might not be wet when it rained or dew fell, her big friend laid a green grassy turf over her. There little Beata had to sit alone, but it was no great hardship, for she had her cloak, which she could put on at evening when it grew cold, and a sugar-cake on a little mound beside her, and the roses smelt sweet about her. Then big Beata bade her good-bye and good-night, and told her to be quiet, and to be sure not to stir out, for fear Viggo Viking should set eyes on her; big Beata promised most faithfully to visit her next morning to see how she had slept and how she was getting on.

LITTLE BEATA HOLDS HER DEAR FRIEND UP.

Next morning Beata only stopped to wash her little face before she ran to her friend; she hardly took time to braid her hair. She was very much afraid that little Beata had lain awake and been frightened, because she was alone in her leafy hut at night. Beata hurried as fast as she could and reached the bush quite breathless and exhausted. But imagine her horror! Outside the bower lay little Beata, her head was chopped off and lay at her feet. Viggo Viking was the guilty one, as Beata but too plainly saw; for he had left his little axe behind him on the heap of stones. Big Beata had never been so wretched in the whole course of her existence. She burst into tears, snatched up her little friend and kissed her again and again. Then she dug a grave beneath the briar rose and laid her in it. She set her head on her shoulders

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again, and spread the grassy turf which had sheltered her in life softly and lightly over her. And after that she went slowly and mournfully home.

Who would be her best friend now? who would never have any will but hers? and who would stand godmother to her first daughter, when she grew big?

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FLOATING ISLAND.

BEATA had now grown two whole years bigger, but she had never found a doll to equal little Beata. None were so good and obedient, and none so neat and pretty—all her dolls were too rosy-cheeked, or else they had no idea of dressing themselves properly; they were all stiff and unnatural when they tried to move their arms or legs, and it was almost useless to try to have any conversation with them. They were like the dolls in a story she had read, whose mothers had to whip them every Monday morning to keep them good through the week. But Beata had a lovely doll-house now, with chairs and tables and a chest of drawers in one corner.

It was Saturday, and on Sunday Beata expected her friends Marie and Louise to make her a visit, so she wanted to make the baby-house look as pretty as possible. All the furniture was set in order, and juniper and yellow dandelions were strewn on the floor; but still she needed a few trifles to set on the chest of drawers.

THE MONDAY MORNING WHIPPING.

Beata knew what she would do. She remembered seeing on the hill behind the house the loveliest little snail shells imaginable, round and smooth, and spotted with yellow and brown. They would look splendidly on the chest of drawers, if she could only find some that had n't any snails in them. She ran to the spot and crept about among the hazel bushes and under the walnut trees on the hill, and found empty snail shells by the dozen. But the best of all was, that she heard a bird cry out very oddly right down in the marsh; she peeped out between the green branches and saw a big, big bird swimming there; it had a long blue neck and white breast, but its back was bright black. It swam away over the marsh so fast that it left a wake in the water behind it, and then suddenly it dived down under the water and disappeared.

Beata stood gazing at the water, watching for it to come up again, but she waited and waited, and no bird came. She began to be afraid that the dear thing was drowned; then she saw it pop up far away, almost midway out in the water. It beat its wings about so that great rings spread around it wider and wider on the smooth surface. Then it swam again, very slowly, toward a wee little green island, which lay there. When it reached the island, it stretched its neck in the air and looked about in every direction, and then crept into the tall reeds which overhung the edge. Beata stood and looked at the beautiful little island; it was lovely and small, and oval in shape, with tiny bays running into it here and there. There were ozier bushes on the grass in spots, and at one end grew a slender white birch. Beata thought she had

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never seen anything so charming as this little green island out on the smooth, dark water.

At last the evening breeze began to blow and to ripple the water. Then Beata knew that she must hurry home; she stooped to pick up a few more snail shells to give to Marie and Louise, for there were some right at her feet; she looked up again and peered through the bushes to bid the island good-night—only fancy! the little green island was gone! She could not believe her own eyes; she thought that she must have moved without knowing it, so that the bushes hid the island from her; but no, she was in the self-same spot. She thought of mermaids and fairies and ran up the hill as fast as she could. But when she reached the top she looked around again. She was even more astonished than before, for now she caught sight of the little green island, but far from the place where she first saw it; it was sailing slowly across the marsh in the southerly breeze, and the little white birch was the sail.

As soon as Beata reached home she told Anne, the nurse, what she had seen. Anne knew the floating island well; it had been in the marsh for many a year. Every year a loon built her nest there, and Anne had her own opinion, both about the loon and the island; but when Beata teased to know more, old Anne only shook her head; for she was not one to tell all that she knew. At last she yielded, and said that if any one stands on the floating island, and takes the loon's egg from the nest for a moment, and wishes something, it will surely come to pass, if the loon does not forsake her nest, but hatches the egg in peace.

"If the loon sits on her nest till Autumn, even if you wished to become an English princess, it will certainly happen," said old Anne. "But there is one thing more to be remembered. That you must not say a single word about it to any living creature."

"Not even to your father and mother?" asked Beata.

"No," answered Anne, "nor to any mother's son or daughter."

Beata thought of nothing but the island the whole evening, and when she fell asleep she dreamed of nothing else all night.

As soon as she was up in the morning, she begged her father very prettily to row Marie and Louise and herself out to the floating island when they came that afternoon, and he promised to do so. But he also asked what made her think of it, and what she wanted to do there. At first she was going to tell him all; but she remembered Anne's words, and did not tell him all, but only that she longed to go there, because the little green island looked so cunning.

"Yes, it is pretty, and you shall see a loon's nest there too," said her father, stroking her brown hair.

Beata grew quite red in the face and tears came into her eyes; for she knew about the loon's nest very well, and felt that she had deceived her father, and that she had never done before.

In the afternoon her father took the three little girls to the marsh.

The water was calm, dark and bright; the pine wood on one shore and the green hill on the other were reflected upside down in it. Here and there were broad green leaves, and big, shining white marsh flowers, swimming on the dark water. Beata's friends thought it was the most delightful sight in the world, and begged her father to stop and fish up some of the lovely flowers for them. But Beata only longed for the floating island.

There it lay in the midst of the marsh, and when they approached it it looked as if there were two small islands, one above and one below the water, the last almost more beautiful than the first. The father rowed close up to it and around it, and when they came to the other side the loon jumped suddenly out of the rushes into the water and dived down.

"Here is the loon's nest," said the father, and steered the raft that way.

The girls bent over the raft while the father held them, one by one, and they were indeed delighted; the nest was right on one corner of the island, among the grass, and on the bottom of it lay two big grayish-brown eggs with black spots, bigger than any goose-egg.

Marie and Louise shouted and laughed, but Beata was very still and shy. She begged her father to let her stand on the island, only for one minute and take one of the loon's eggs in her hand, "so that she could see it better," she said.

Her father would not refuse, lifted her in his arms and placed her on the floating turf, but told her that she must only touch the egg with her finger tips, for else the bird would know that some one had meddled with it and would never hatch the young one out.

So there stood Beata at last on the green floating island! and she grew pale with excitement as she stooped to pick up the grayish-brown egg. She took it between two fingers. Now she could have whatever she chose! What do you think she wished? To become an English princess? No, she knew something much better than that; her lips moved and she murmured softly:

"*I wish that little Beata was safe and sound, and sitting under the briar rose again!*"

But just at that moment the loon rose up close by her; and when she saw Beata standing by her

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nest with an egg in her hand, she gave such a shrill, shrill scream, that, in her alarm, Beata dropped the egg. It fell into the nest right upon the other, and—crash! they both broke in two, so that the yokes spirted out.

Beata stood petrified, with the right hand, which had held the egg, still upraised, until her father lifted her on to the raft again. Then the tears gushed from her eyes and she told him the whole story; but she promised faithfully that it should be the last time, as it was the first, that she would be so naughty a girl. Her father said that that was a good resolve, which he hoped she would always keep, and then he rowed them to shore.

But the loon forsook her nest from that time forth, and the green island has grown fast to the land.

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## THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. V.)

LITTLE Dutch Gretchen sat in the kitchen,
  Eating some nice sauerkraut,
When the little dog Schneider
Came and sat down beside her,
  And little Dutch Gretchen went out.

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# A DARK BIT OF HISTORY.

By Donald G. Mitchell.

You have all heard, I dare say, of the French Revolution. But do you know how it came about, and what its terrors were?

It came about because there had been a great many wicked kings and wicked nobles in France, who had lived only for their own selfish ends, and had considered the people as beasts of burden to be used to help them forward for pleasure-seeking and for money-getting. If they wanted war for any ambitious purpose of their own, whole regions were desolated, and sons and fathers and husbands swept away down the bloody path that war always makes. If they wanted service of any kind—whether honest labor or vile labor—children were torn from parents, and new-married wives from their husbands. But the poorest of the French people were so ignorant, and had lived in a state of slavish dread of those who were above them in rank for so long a time, that perhaps they would have borne their trials longer if it had not happened that very many among the richer people and the better educated ones suffered too, by reason of quarrels with the nobles, or quarrels among themselves, or abuses from the king or his courtiers. Among the most fearful of these abuses were those which were committed under the authority of what were called *lettres du cachet*, or letters with the royal seal. Throughout the reigns of Louis XIV. and of Louis XV. this sort of tyranny was common. Thus, if a noble bore a grudge against some neighbor, or had a fierce quarrel with some old-time friend, and wished to take him out of the way, he would apply to the king or to a royal minister and beg or buy an order with the royal seal upon it, and send a file of soldiers or an officer to seize—under authority of this royal order—his enemy, and thrust him into a prison of the state, where he might languish for years, without any communication afterward with wife or children or friends. Friends or family would not know, indeed, whither he had gone; and so secretly would the work be done, that they would not know when or by whom he was torn away. Sometimes an old, white-haired man, who had been almost forgotten, would suddenly appear among his friends again, after twenty years of dungeon life.

If you should ever read Mr. Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities,"—and it is one of the strongest stories he wrote, and well worth your reading,—you will find a most thrilling narrative of such a long imprisonment of a French physician, who was torn away from his young wife, and for sixteen long years never heard if she were alive or dead. No wonder that his mind gave way, and that when he found liberty at last he was a poor decrepit shadow of a man.

There is also another terrible story of abuse under these *lettres du cachet*, which is said to be wholly true, and which appeared in a book called "Letters from France," by Helen Maria Williams, an English lady who passed much time in France before the Revolution, and who was herself a prisoner in the Temple under the rule of Robespierre. Her story was about a black-hearted father, who, under cover of one of these kingly orders or letters, caused his own son, who had offended him, to be snatched away from his family, and to be buried in a dungeon for years. In fact, there was hardly any crime against persons that might not be permitted under shelter of one of those terrible "letters" of the king.

What would you think, pray, if General Grant, or General Sherman, or Mr. Fish, might issue a letter, with the State seal affixed, which would empower any marshal or politician, or whoever might gain possession of the letter, to seize upon any enemy of his at dead of night, and bear him off to prison, and keep him there so long as he might choose? Would not such a power, unchecked by any courts of justice or by law, make of our country, or of any country, a very doleful place to live in?

And can you wonder that those poor people in that far-away country of France, and in that far-away time (nearly a hundred years now), should have chafed under it, and talked bitterly and threateningly, until after awhile their angry and threatening talk grew into a great tempest that swept through the Paris streets like a whirlwind?

No wonder they were maddened; no wonder their passion got the better of their judgment; no wonder the population, led on by enraged fanatics, worked deeds of cruelty which made all Europe shudder. Very great and disorderly wrongs are almost always balanced, sooner or later, by very great and disorderly avengement.

When that tempest of madness I was speaking of just now first swept through the streets of Paris



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(in the reign of Louis XVI.), it drove the crazed people in herds to glut their vengeance upon those who were keeping captives in chains within the great prison of the Bastille. It was indeed a grim and dismal-looking building upon the borders of Paris, with sluggish water around it, and its door was entered by a draw-bridge. Toward the frowning walls of this prison (there is only a tall bronze column upon the spot now) the populace of the city rushed headlong, with whatever weapons they could lay hands upon. Butchers took their cleavers, stable-men their forks, carters their heavy oaken stakes, carpenters their axes; and there were thousands with guns and cutlasses, and there were brawny women with heavy pistols. The soldiers who guarded the prison were so frightened by the sights and sounds of this tempest of the people's fury, that they could hardly make any opposing fight at all. The governor of the prison, seeing what mad rage he must encounter, would have blown up the huge building altogether, and had actually laid the match to do so, but the soldiers rebelled and forced him to surrender. Then the raging mob flowed in, and those who wore the uniform of the king were smitten to death, and dungeon-gates were unlocked, and prisoners staggered out who had not seen the day for dozens and scores of years.

A beautiful girl was caught sight of flying down one of the great stair-ways, and she was straightway seized upon by those who believed her to be a daughter of the governor, and would have been burned in the court-yard had not a few generous soldiers stolen her away and secreted her until the sack was over. As for the governor, who was a marquis and the king's friend, they cut off his head and bore it bleeding from the top of a pike-staff all down the street; and all down the street poured the mad, rejoicing rabble, slaying many another as they went, and carrying the trophies with them —gory heads on pikes, or gory heads on chafing dishes carried by women.

As it was that day so it was on many a day thereafter, and for many a week and month; and for years whoever was a noble, or friend of the hated nobles,—or rich, or friend of the hated rich,—lived, if he lived at all in that city of revolution, in great dread and danger.

There was not much feeling at the first against Louis XVI., for he was a far better king than those who had gone before him. He was kindly at heart, and what we might call nowadays a gentlemanly, amiable man, with not much force of character, and disposed to yield to the opinions of those who had been his old advisers. These, by their obstinacy, brought him very soon to grief. The people forced him to trial, and there was a forced condemnation. His head, too, fell before the fury of the enraged people, and was held up by the executioner upon the scaffold for the thronging mob to look upon.

This poor king had left behind him in the prison a son, whom he had taught, as he best could in those dreary prison hours, arithmetic and geography. Do you think the boy ever forgot those lessons, or ever forgot the sorrow and the loud wailings of his mother, the queen, when the king went out to his bloody death?

A little after this, those crazy ones, who were governing France so madly in this time, gave over this prince boy to the care of a shoemaker and his wife, to whom they furnished a lodgment in the prison for this purpose; and they did this in order, as they said, that the bringing up of the boy might be as low as that of the lowest of the people. Poor boy! poor prince!

A little later, Marie Antoinette, the queen, was taken out of her dungeon to go to trial. They called it a trial, for the sake of decency; but I think they knew how it would end before they called on her to appear. If the judges before whom she stood had said she was innocent and must go free, I am sure that the wives of the wine-sellers, and the fish-women, and the hags of Paris would have snatched her away and carried her off to execution, if they had not slain her with their own bread-knives in the street.

These mad people had such a thirst for blood!

It was better, perhaps, that the judges should say the Queen must be beheaded (as they did), than that these wild women should cut her in pieces.

She certainly died an easier death by the guillotine.

You don't know what the guillotine is?

It is simply a great knife sliding in grooves between two upright posts, which by its fall severs the head from the body in an instant; and it is the most humane way of executing capital punishment—if there be any humanity about it.

The machine was called *Guillotine*, after a Dr. Guillotin, who, in the French Assembly in 1791, proposed a better way of cutting off people's heads than the old way of doing it by an axe; which he said was a clumsy way, and clumsy headsmen sometimes made bad work of it. But Dr. Guillotin was not the inventor, as some books will tell you; nor did he lose his own head by it, as other books will tell you.

In 1792, the question of finding some new way of execution was referred to Dr. Antoine Louis, the Secretary of the College of Surgeons, and he advised such a method as had been hinted at by Dr. Guillotin the year before. So, then they had

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a machine made for trial by one Schmidt, who was a knife-maker. And they tried it on a body or two, and found it worked so well that they adopted it; and people called it at first "Louisette." But Dr. Louis said he did n't invent it or make it. (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which is so rarely wrong, makes a mistake in saying he did invent it.)

So the people went back on the name of Dr. Guillotin—all because a poet of that day had made some jingling rhymes, in which the honor had been referred to him.

The real truth is, that a machine like it had been used in Italy, at Genoa, two hundred years before; and in England, at Halifax, and in Scotland, at Edinburgh, more than a hundred years before. The Scotch people had called it "The Maiden."

It is a dreadful machine, and does very quick work, as I know; for I have myself seen a man's head taken off by it; and I never wish to see such a sight again.

And now, why do you suppose I have run over this bloody bit of history? Only as a sort of introduction to two of your good friends—a man and a woman, who lived in Paris through all this time of blood, and who yet have written the two most charming and pleasant stories for children that are anywhere to be found in the French language.

You know them both in English. Who the writers were, and what the stories were, I must tell you some other month.

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# BASS COVE SKETCHES.—YOUNG JOE AND THE DUCKS.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

One day, a good many years ago, young Joe Scoville, of Bass Cove, went up to town to sell some wild ducks he had shot. Old Joe (that was his father) had said to him, early in the season, "When I see you come a-luggin' home a couple o' dozen ducks to oncet, then I 'll let you go and try your hand sellin' on 'em;" and young Joe, having bagged that morning his two dozen and upward, had now for the first time in his life come alone to market.

And very proud was young Joe, I assure you. He drove smartly into the Square, and cried, "Whoa!" and "Here 's yer nice fine ducks, gentlemen! walk up, gentlemen!" and nodded respectfully to customers, and felt and acted very much like old Joe, his father.

He thought everybody appeared greatly pleased with him. Some looked at his freckled face, long hair, and old coat that had been his father's (and had seen I don't know how many Atlantic storms), and smiled approvingly. Some appeared delighted with his manners—so fresh and natural, you know. Others regarded his little old one-horse wagon, and queer little pony,—with his unkempt mane about his face and eyes, which gave him a striking resemblance to young Joe with his long hair,—as if they had never seen anything so agreeable. "What pleasant folks these city folks be!" thought young Joe.

"Walk up, gentlemen, and take a look! Don't cost nothin' to take a look, whether ye buy or not!" he called out. "How d'e do?"

He said "How d'e do?" to about the handsomest, best-dressed, and fattest man either he or anybody else ever saw. He had a cane in his hand and a cigar in his mouth, and was altogether a nice, plump, shiny fellow, from his hat to his boots. He did not say in reply, "Pretty well, thank ye; how are you?" as Joe, who had been taught good manners at home, thought he ought to have done; but, with his hat tipped airily on one side of his head, and his cigar sticking up jauntily out of one corner of his mouth, he came along and looked carelessly into the wagon.

"Hello!" said he, when he saw the ducks. He took the cigar out of his mouth, and said "Hel-lo!" again, more emphatically than before, and looked up at young Joe. "Where did you get these?"

"Shot 'em; where d' ye s'pose?" said young Joe, proudly.

"*You* did n't shoot 'em?—a boy like *you!*" said the fat man.

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"Mabby I did n't," replied Joe, indignantly; "and then, ag'in, mabby I did; and it's a little more I did than I did n't, this time, I guess!"

"Bless my heart! if I aint surprised!"

Now the handsome and well-dressed plump gentleman happened to be no other than Mr. Augustus Bonwig, the confectioner, whose celebrated candy-shop was well and favorably known to every good boy and girl in town. He looked almost as if he had been made of candy himself—clear white and red, and a great deal of it. There was one thing he was remarkably good at, but on which he did not pride himself at all, and that was—his business. There was another thing he was not so good at, but on which he naturally prided himself a good deal (for that is the way with some of us), and that was—gunning. He did n't care whether you praised his sweetmeats, or not; but if you happened to say, "Bonwig, people tell me you are a fine shot," that pleased Mr. Augustus Bonwig. It was this ambition of his which caused him to regard young Joe with sudden interest, and to exclaim again, very emphatically, after having examined him and the ducks once more, "Bless my heart now! I *am* surprised!"

"Do—you—want—to—buy—them—ducks?" demanded young Joe, ungrammatically, but very distinctly, beginning to distrust Mr. Bonwig. "If you don't, you need n't feel obliged to handle 'em any more, that's all."

"No, I don't care to purchase; but I 'll give something for a chance to shoot a few such birds," said Mr. Bonwig—and blessed his heart again.

"Oh! that's it! Wal, you come down our way some time, and I 'll show ye a chance. Ye can shoot as many black ducks and coots and old wives as ye can carry away on yer back. And I wont charge ye nothin' for 't, neither. Takes gumption to git 'em, though, sometimes!" said Joe.

JOE AND HIS DUCKS.

"I guess if *you* can get 'em *I* can, fast enough!" said the smiling Augustus. "Where do you live?"

"Bass Cove. Ask for old Joe Scoville—that's my father. Stage-driver 'll set ye down right by the door. Hope you 'll bring a good gun. I ha'nt got much of a gun, nor dad ha'nt, neither;—sometimes I take mine, and sometimes I take his 'n, and sometimes I take both;—flint-locks; miss fire half the time; but we manage to make 'em do, seein' we 've got the hang o' the ducks."

This speech greatly encouraged Mr. Bonwig,

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who thought that if such a green youth as Joe, with an old flint-lock, could bag wild ducks at Bass Cove, surely he, Augustus the sportsman, with his fine double-barreled fowling-piece and modern accouterments, must have great success there, and astonish the natives at their own game. He named an early day for his visit, and already imagined himself shooting ducks by the dozen.

"'Arly in the mornin' 's the best time for 'em," said Joe, who accordingly advised him to come down the evening before, and stop overnight.

To this Mr. Bonwig agreed, and walked away in fine spirits, with his hat on one side, swinging his cane, and puffing his jaunty cigar. Then, having sold his ducks for a good price, and bought a new fur cap for Winter wear, and a glass of very small beer for immediate consumption, and a rattle for the baby, and a paper of brown sugar for the family, all with the duck money, young Joe turned about and drove home, with a pretty good handful of small change still jingling in his pocket.

One evening, not long after, the stage-coach rolled up to old Joe's door at the Cove, and a stout sporting gentleman got down over the wheel, from the top, and jumped to the ground. It was Mr. Augustus Bonwig, looking plumper than ever, in his short hunting-jacket, and handsomer than ever, to young Joe's fancy, in his magnificent hunting-boots (red-topped, trousers tucked into them), and with the fine double-barreled gun he carried.

"Oh, a'nt that ——!" exclaimed Joe, poising the gun. He did not say *what*—no word in the language seemed adequate to express the admiration and delight with which he regarded the beautiful fowling-piece. "And what boots them are for wet walkin'! And ha'nt you got the splendidest game-bag, though! And what a huntin'-cap!—it don't seem as though a man *could* miss a bird, that wore such a cap as that! Come in," said Joe, his respect for Mr. Bonwig greatly increased, now that he had seen him in such noble sporting rig. "Father's to home. And I'll show you our guns—old-fashioned queen's-arms, both on 'em."

"Bless my heart!" said Augustus, smiling. "Well, now, I *am* surprised! You don't mean to say you shoot ducks with *those* things? Well, well! I *am!*"

"My boy there," said old Joe, filling his pipe and cocking his eye proudly at the youngster, "he'd shoot ducks with 'most anything, I believe. He'd bring 'em down with a hoe-handle, if he could n't git holt o' nothin' else. He's got a knack, sir; it's all in havin' a knack." And old Joe, who had been standing with his back to the fire, turned about and stooped to pick up a small live coal with the tongs. "Then ag'in,"—he pressed the coal into the bowl of his pipe, and took a puff,—"ducks is"—puff, puff—"puty plenty,"—puff,—"and puty tame on this here coast, about now." And the old man, having lighted his pipe, and replaced the tongs in the chimney-corner, stepped aside, to make room for his wife.

Mrs. Joe swung out the old-fashioned crane, hung the tea-kettle on one of the hooks, and swung it back again over the fire. Then she greased the iron spider, placed it on the coals, and made other preparations for supper.

"Sed down, sed down," said old Joe; and Mr. Bonwig sat down. And the children crowded around him, to admire his watch-chain and his red-topped boots. And the amiable Augustus, who had come prepared for such emergencies, pulled out of one pocket one kind of candy, and another kind out of another pocket, and still a third variety from a third receptacle, and so on; for his hunting-suit seemed to be literally lined with pockets, and all his pockets to contain more or less of those celebrated sweetmeats so well and so favorably known to the good boys and girls in town. And Mr. Bonwig was pleased to observe that human nature was the same everywhere; country boys and girls were like city boys and girls, in one respect at least—all liked candy.

"O, a'nt it good!" said Maggie.

"Prime! I tell ye!" said Joe, who had his share, of course.

"Goodie, good!" said Molly.

"Goo, goo!" crowed the baby.

"Oh, my!" said Tottie.

And they all sucked and crunched, with cheeks sticking out and eyes glistening, just like so many children in town, for all the world. And Augustus was happy, thinking just then, I imagine, of three or four plump little darlings at home, of whom he was very fond, and whom he never left for a single night, if he could help it, unless it was to go on some such glorious hunting frolic as this.

It was a poor man's kitchen. I don't think there was a carpet or a table-napkin in the house; the ceiling was low, the windows were small, the walls smoky, and everything was as plain and old-fashioned as could be. But Mr. Bonwig, nice gentleman as he was, appeared delighted. He prided himself on his sportsmanlike habits, and so the rougher he found life down on the coast, the better. He admired the little smoky kitchen, he liked the fried perch and cold wild duck for supper, and he was charmed with the homely talk of gunning and fishing, and storms and wrecks, which took up the evening, and with the bed of wild fowls' feathers on which he passed the night.

The next morning young Joe came to his bedside, candle in hand, and awoke him, before dawn.

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"Hello!" said Mr. Bonwig, rubbing his eyes open. "Hel-lo! I *am* surprised! I was having such a splendid time! I thought I was hunting ducks, and I had got a whole flock in range of my two barrels, and was waiting for a few more to light; but I was just going to shoot, when you woke me. I wish I had fired before!"

"Wal, you come with me, and mabby your dream 'll come to pass," said young Joe, leaving him the candle to dress by.

Mrs. Scoville was already cooking their breakfast; "for, like as not," she said, "they would n't be back till noon, and they must have a bite of something to start with."

Mr. Bonwig was sorry she had given herself so much trouble; but he afterward, as we shall see, had good reason to be thankful that he had taken that "bite."

At daylight they set out, Mr. Bonwig with his fine, stub-twist, two-barreled fowling-piece, and young Joe with both the old queen's-arms, his own and his father's.

Mr. Bonwig wished to know what the boy expected to do with two guns.

"They may come handy; they 'most alluz does," said Joe.

"But I've *my* gun this time," said Augustus; "and I shall want you to carry the birds."

That was a somewhat startling suggestion; but Joe thought he would take both guns, nevertheless.

"I a'nt goin' to come in the way of your shootin'; but I'll jest take what you leave—though I don't suppose that will be much," said he.

It was a cool Autumn morning. The air was crisp and exhilarating. The morning light was breaking, through dim clouds, over land and sea. Joe led the way over the short wet grass, and rocks and ledges, of a rough hill back of the Cove. At last he pulled the eager Augustus by the jacket, and said:

"Be sly now, climbin' around them rocks yender! There's a beach t' other side, and a little stream o' water runnin' acrost it. Black ducks can't git along, as some kinds can, with salt water alone —they alluz have to go to fresh water to drink, and we're apt to find 'em around Beach Brook here, 'fore folks are stirrin'. 'T was on this beach father shot the twenty-five, to one shot, he told ye about last night."

"Was that a true story, Joe?" Augustus asked, growing excited.

"True as guns," said Joe. "Ye see, they all gether in a huddle along by the brook, and you've only to git in range of 'em, and let fly jest at the right minute; sometimes there'll be a flock of a hundred, like as any way, and ye can't miss 'em all if ye try."

"I should think not!" said Mr. Bonwig, taking long, noiseless strides in his hunting-boots, and holding his gun in the approved fashion. "Only show me such a chance!"

"I'll wait here in the hollow," said Joe. "You crawl over the rocks, and look right down on the beach before ye, and —— By sixty! there's a flock lightin' now!—see 'em?"

"Bless my heart!" said Bonwig, in no little trepidation.

He took the route Joe pointed out, and soon disappeared behind the ledges. Then all was silence for several minutes, while Joe waited to hear the double report of the destructive fowling-piece, and to see the frightened flock of ducks—or such as were left of them after Mr. Bonwig's shots—fly up again.

Bonwig in the meantime crept along behind a pile of rocks Joe had described to him, and, looking through an opening, saw a wonderful sight. Before him spread the broad, smooth beach, washed by the surf. There must have been a high wind off the coast during the night, for the sea was rough, and long, heavy breakers came curling and plunging magnificently along the shore. The morning clouds were reddening over the agitated ocean, which faintly reflected their tints.

But the sight which most interested Mr. Augustus Bonwig was the game that awaited him. The brook, which cut out afresh its channel across the beach as often as the tide, which filled it with sand twice in the twenty-four hours, receded,—the little brook, from the rocks to the surf (it was now half tide), was alive with ducks, and more were alighting.

Mr. Bonwig silently blessed his heart two or three times—and well he might, for it was beating with very unsportsmanlike rapidity at that exciting moment. His hands shook so that it was well that Joe, if he was to retain his high respect for him as a gunner, did not see them. In fact, Mr. Bonwig, who fancied himself a sportsman because he had been sometimes successful in firing at a mark, found this a very different business. He hardly knew whether he took aim or not. That one barrel went off prematurely in the air is quite certain. At the report,—the like of which ducks on that coast had made acquaintance with before, and knew that it meant mischief,—the entire flock of a hundred or more flew up at once, with a sudden noise of wings which could be heard above the roaring of the breakers. Then the other barrel went off. Then young Joe came running up in high glee, to offer his congratulations and to help pick up the dead birds. He looked, expecting to see the beach strewn with them.

There was n't a bird on the beach, dead or alive!

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In utter amazement, Joe turned and looked at Mr. Bonwig. That gentleman stood with his portly form erect, his head thrown back, and his mouth and eyes open, staring at the sky, into which his fine covey of ducks were rapidly vanishing.

"Well, well!" said he. "Now, now! If I *aint* surprised! Who ever saw anything happen like that? BLESS—MY—HEART!"

"Not a darned duck!" said Joe.

"O, I must have wounded some! I must have wounded about twenty!" Augustus declared. He looked critically at his gun; then he turned his gaze once more at the sky; then he looked at young Joe, who was beginning to grin. "I think my shot must be too fine," said Mr. Bonwig.

Joe asked to see his lead.

"'T aint no finer 'n what *I* use. Feathers on a loon's breast are so thick them shot would n't go through 'em; have to fire at a loon's head, when he 's facin' ye. But I don't see how ye could let fly into a flock o' loons even without knockin' over a few."

"It 's a very remarkable circumstance!—very singular!—*very* surprising!" observed Mr. Bonwig, wounded in his tenderest point,—his pride as a sportsman,—and betraying a good deal of chagrin and agitation. He was very much flushed. He took off his cap and wiped his forehead. "Just let me try that thing over again, that 's all!"

"Best way now will be to go off to the island," said Joe. "That 's our dory. Jest help me shove it off, and we 'll have some fun yet!"

"Yes, yes—so we will!" said Bonwig.

And so they did; but we shall have to postpone our account of it for a future number of ST. NICHOLAS.

LAST DAYS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

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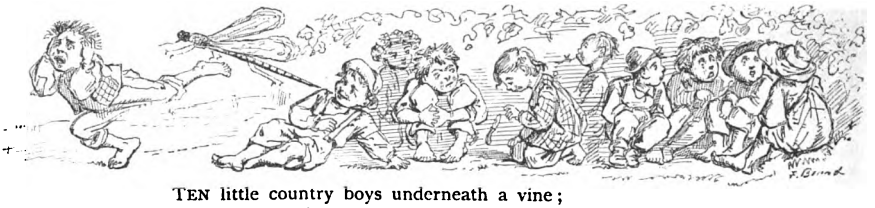
# TEN LITTLE COUNTRY BOYS.

*(An old song to a new tune.)*



TEN little country boys underneath a vine;
A darning-needle frightened one, and then there were but nine.

Nine little country boys swinging on a gate;
One turned a somersault, and then there were but eight.

Eight little country boys learning about heaven;
One fell fast asleep, and then there were but seven.

Seven little country boys, full of monkey tricks;
One rolled down the hill, and then there were but six.

Six little country boys going to rob a hive;
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were but five.

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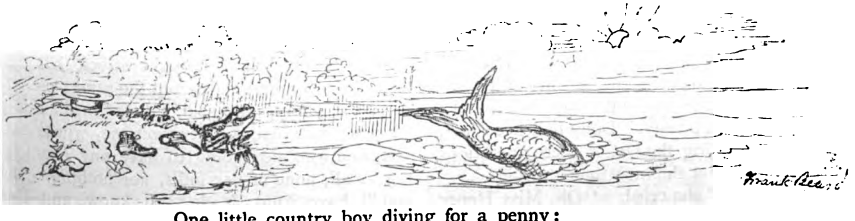
Five little country boys asking for some more;
One burst his little self, and then there were but four.

Four little country boys climbing up a tree;
The farmer came and whipped one, and then there were but three.

Three little country boys, gayly dressed in blue;
One tumbled overboard, and then there were but two.

Two little country boys, both named John;
One knocked the other down, and then there was but one.



One little country boy diving for a penny;
A little fish swallowed him, and then there was n't any.

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# THE FORTUNES OF A SAUCER-PIE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT was on the day before Thanksgiving that the saucer-pie came into being. Miss Hepzitah made it. All the grown-up pies were done and in the oven. The Indian pudding was mixed and flavored, waiting its turn till all the other things should be drawn out, when the oven door would be shut and it put in and left to slowly bake all night long, and come out in the morning brown as a chestnut and spicy as—well, as an old-fashioned Indian pudding. There is nothing else in the world spicy enough to be compared with it.

Rows of loaves, brown and white, stood covered with towels on the shelves of the buttery, which smelt delightfully, and not of fresh bread alone, for in the corner, under a tin pan, was the huge jelly-cake, a miracle of light sponge, and jam, and pink and white frosting. Apple sauce and cranberry sauce were simmering over the fire in little kettles. On the window-sill stood the great chicken pie, set out to cool, while beside it to-morrow's turkey lay trussed and ready, its drumsticks and wings meekly folded over a well-stuffed breast. There was no end to the good things, thought little Dolly. It was as exciting as Thanksgiving-day itself, just to stand by and watch and see, and smell the fragrance of the impending feast.

A morsel of paste remained on the board after the big pies were finished, and at the bottom of the bowl a little strained and lemon-flavored apple sauce. Miss Hepzitah stepped to the dresser and took down a small blue and white saucer. Dolly's eyes grew round as the saucer with expectation when she saw this. To and fro went Miss Hepzitah's roller, and presently the paste had become a smooth, flat sheet, which was laid over the saucer and neatly trimmed about the edges. Then the apple was poured in, covered with another sheet of paste, three little fork-holes were pricked in the middle, and lastly, "sizz, sizz" went Miss Hepzitah's "jigger," and behold, in one second of time, a pretty scalloped border grew into shape and rounded the pie into perfect beauty. Dolly had been holding her breath during the last of these operations, but now she felt that she must speak or die!

"Is it for me?" she cried. "Oh, Miss Hepsy, is it for me?"

"Wait and see," replied Miss Hepsy. The pie *was* meant for Dolly, but, like many grown persons, Miss Hepzitah enjoyed baffling children and putting them off when they asked questions. She had never had much to do with any child till Dolly came, and did not understand how little hearts set themselves on little things, or how hard it is for little patiences to "wait and see" when they are bidden to do so.

With anxious interest Dolly watched the saucer-pie shoved into the oven. You may be sure that she managed to be on hand to see it come out. Miss Hepsy had never made a saucer-pie before since Dolly had lived with her. That was almost a year. Dolly was beginning to forget the time that went before—the time when she lived with mamma, and was petted with baby-talk, had treats and surprises, and spent the pennies given her in candy instead of putting them into the missionary box, as Miss Hepsy made her do. Miss Hepzitah meant to be very kind to Dolly, but her sense of duty was strong, and she thought a good deal more of what was good for Dolly's character than of what Dolly happened to be wishing and longing for at the moment. This sometimes led to misunderstandings between them.

Dear little Dolly! Her pink and white fat face was full of anxiety as Miss Hepsy lifted the saucer-pie from the oven and set it on the table to cool.

"Now you 'll tell me if it 's for me, wont you?" she said.

Miss Hepsy relented, and was just going to say "yes," when, unfortunately, somebody knocked at the door. It was little Kitty Blane who knocked. Kitty was the child of a neighbor not quite so well off as Miss Hepzitah was. Mrs. Blane happened just then to be laid up with rheumatism, and Miss Hepsy had promised her a pumpkin pie, which Kitty was now come to fetch. It stood on the table, already packed in a basket with a mold of cranberry jelly, and Miss Hepzitah proceeded to tuck a clean napkin neatly about it.

Suddenly a bright thought struck her. She turned sharp round and seized the saucer-pie.

"Now, Dolly," she said, "I *did* mean this pie for you; but here 's Kitty, you see, whose ma is sick, and who aint going to have any Thanksgiving at all, none of her folks, nor nothing. Now, you 'll have Aunt Jessie, you know, and Uncle Jim, and grandma, and all the cousins, and a good dinner and a first-rate time generally; so I

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think you 'd better give this little pie to Kitty! You 'd rather, would n't you? You don't want to feel selfish about it, I 'm sure, do you, Dolly?"

Miss Hepzitah thought that to make this little sacrifice would be good for Dolly's character, you see; so she was much disappointed when, instead of cheerfully replying, like a little girl in a book, "Yes, indeed, Miss Hepsy, let Kitty have it," Dolly burst into tears, and sobbed out, "Oh, was it for me? I don't want to give it away. I don't, Miss Hepsy! I don't want to!"

"Dolly!" cried Miss Hepsy, sternly, "I am ashamed of you! Here, Kitty, take the little pie and go. I 'm sorry that Dolly should behave so naughty, that I am."

"Oh, please, Miss Hepsy," faltered Kitty, "don't give me Dolly's pie. I 'd a great deal rather she had it; indeed I would."

"It is n't hers. It 's your pie!" declared Miss Hepsy, with a stamp of her foot. "I never gave it to Dolly at all. There, Kitty, I 've put it in the basket. Go home, now, and tell your ma I 'll look in sometime to-morrow, and see how she 's getting along."

Kitty cast a sorrowful look at the sobbing Dolly. But it was never of any use to oppose Miss Hepsy, so she took the basket up and went away without another word. She liked little pies very much; but this, she felt, it would be impossible to enjoy, because, while she ate it, she should be thinking of poor Dolly, left behind pieless and tearful.

Arrived at home, she gave Miss Hepzitah's message to her mother, set the pies and the jelly away in a cool place, mended the fire, hung on the kettle for tea, and then sat down on the broad stone door-step to rest for a little while. The sun was setting, making haste to go to bed, as sleepy suns do on November afternoons. The air was mild, with just a faint bright touch of frost, which seemed to add freshness to it rather than chill. Kitty always liked to watch the sunsets, they were so pretty, from the kitchen door. All the leafless woods turned into beautiful colors; the pond, which shone in the distance, gleamed golden and still, like a big burnished mirror. Odd, unexplained fragrances came from the forest, as though the ghosts of the dead flowers had come back to haunt the spot. A belated bird hopped by. Above was a dome of pure yellow sky, with here and there a little fleck of crimson cloud drifting over it, like a tiny, rapid boat. Surely no summer evening could be more beautiful. Frost and winter, all unlovely things, seemed just then impossible and a long way off.

Presently Kitty left off looking at the sunset, to watch a small figure which came into view on the road, dodging behind fences, and kicking up dead leaves with a pair of brown little feet. It was a girl about Kitty's own age, a girl with a thin, dark face, tangled hair, and a ragged frock, which only half hid her limbs. Behind her ran a dog, which barked and snapped at the leaves which the girl kicked up with her toes.

When the girl saw Kitty sitting there she stopped and looked for a minute, as though she would turn and run away. Then she sidled slowly nearer, glancing shyly out of her large black eyes, and not speaking till Kitty spoke.

"Is that your dog?" asked Kitty.

"Yes," said the girl, "he 's mine. His name is Spot."

"And what 's your name?" was Kitty's next question.

"Dono what 't is now. Mother used to call me Nance sometimes."

"But don't they call you Nance any longer?" asked Kitty, surprised.

"No. Nobody don't call me no name at all, only just 'Come here, you,' or 'Get out, you limb!' or something like that."

"Why, what horrid people they must be! I would n't stay any longer with people who called me names like that," cried Kitty, opening wide her eyes.

"Where would you stay, then?" demanded the girl.

This was a poser!

"I 'd—I 'd—run away, or—something. I 'd go somewhere else," said Kitty.

"Yes,—but where? Nobody wants a tramp-child like me about. 'Most always at nice clean houses like this they drive me away. Once a boy set his dog on me, but Spot was the biggest, and he gin it to 'em, I tell you. Jack, and Spelter Sal, well, they aint so very kind, I 'spose, but they gin me a meal of vittles whenever they has any theirselves, and I sleep under the tent with 'em; and it 's better than outside. 'T aint so easy as it sounds to go hungry, I can tell you."

"Oh, I *am* so sorry for you!" cried Kitty, with tears in her eyes. "Wait here just a minute, and let me ask mother if I may n't give you some supper. I 'm sure she 'll say yes." And in she ran, leaving the poor little vagrant at the gate, with Spot jumping and barking at her heels.

"Here," cried she, coming back with a mug and a plate of bread in her hands, "I knew mother 'd let me. Here 's some bread-and-milk for you, Nance. Sit down on the step and eat it all up. Poor Nance! it 's dreadful for you to be so hungry. Why, I never was hungry in my life,—not so hungry that I could n't wait, I mean," she added, correcting herself.

Nance evidently had reached the point of hun-

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ger when it was not easy to wait. She attacked the bread-and-milk like one famished. But, half-starved as she was, Kitty observed that she stopped every now and then to throw a bit of bread to Spot, who sat on his tail watching with wistful eyes each mouthful that went down his mistress's throat. When Kitty saw this, she ran for more bread, and fed Spot herself. Her tender heart was full of pity for the forlorn creatures; she longed to help farther, to do more for them. A sudden thought crossed her mind.

"Shall I?" she asked herself. "Yes, I will." And without farther delay, she hastened indoors once more, and came back with a happy flush on her cheeks, and in her hand the saucer-pie!

"Here," she said, "look at this dear little pie. Is n't it cunning? Miss Hepsy gave it me for my own, and I 'm going to give it to you. I wont give you the saucer, though, because *that* does n't belong to me. Don't touch it till I come back. I 'm going to get a knife and some paper to wrap it in."

You should have seen Nance's face as Kitty carefully loosened the edges of the pie, turned it out, and folded it in the paper! I suppose such a treat had never lighted upon the poor little waif before in the whole course of her life. Spot appeared to understand that something of unusual importance was going on, for he stood on his hind-legs, barked wildly, careered about, and behaved generally like a distracted dog. When the pie was placed in her hands, Nance looked at it silently, and then she looked at Kitty. She did not *say* "Thank you"—I suppose no one had ever taught her to do so, but her eyes made up for the deficiencies of her tongue, and Kitty missed nothing. "Spot! Spot!" called Nance, and, squeezing the precious pie very tightly in her hand, she smiled once more into Kitty's face, and walked away. Kitty watched her go, with a warm, happy feeling at her heart. It was a great deal nicer that poor Nance had the pie, than if she had eaten it herself,—this was the thought in her mind, when at last she went in and shut the door.

Nance, meanwhile, was making the best of her way toward the gypsy tent, which was a long way off in the woods. She had no idea of keeping the pie till she got there, because then Jack and Spelter Sal would, she knew, take it from her; but she wished to enjoy the pleasure of possession till the last possible moment. As she walked, she every now and then lifted the parcel to her nose for a rapturous sniff, but she did not undo the paper until nearly a mile was passed, and she and Spot were almost within sight of the tent. Then she sat down under a tree, untied the string, and after feasting her eyes for a moment, raised the pie to her lips, and took a great bite. It was even better than it looked,—the best, the very best thing, Nance thought, that she had ever imagined. "Oh, if it would only last forever, and never be eaten up!" she thought, as she took the second bite.

Now, Spot had seated himself also at the same time with Nance, and exactly in front of her. He, too, smelt the pie, and admired its looks. When she took the first mouthful, he writhed himself about, and his tail rapped sharply in the dry leaves beneath him. His mouth watered, his red tongue hung out from his jaws, and waved to and fro suggestingly. At last he gave a short reminding bark. Nance stopped eating. She held the pie a little way off, and looked first at it and then at Spot.

"Yes," she said at last. "You shall have some, Spotty, 'cause you 're the only friend I 've got. Poor Spotty, dear Spotty, don't wag so—you shall have a bit." She gave a little guess of self-renunciation, broke the pie bravely in two, and held the smaller piece out to Spot. It was a large piece—almost half of all that was left! Spot seized it joyfully. Munch—crunch—down his throat it went in large morsels. Munch—crunch—Nance's share was also disappearing. In a very short time there was no pie left—not a crumb; and which of the two who shared the feast enjoyed it the most thoroughly, it would indeed be hard to say.

So Dolly, and Kitty, and Nance, and Spot, each and all, had a saucer-pie. Were these four pies, then, or was it but one, multiplied and made many by the blessed arithmetical rule called golden, which consists in giving each to the other? And which of those who gave enjoyed the giving most, think you,—Dolly, who parted with the pie against her will; Kitty, who gave from pity and tenderness of heart; or Nance, who lovingly shared her little all with her dumb and only friend?

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## TO A YOUNG GIRL

*With a Spray of Autumn Leaves.*

THOUGH Autumn winds are sighing in your future, Mary dear,
Their music may be sweeter than the early Spring-time cheer;
As the fleeting moments ripen in the fullness of your prime,
There 'll be tints and shadows richer far than those of Summer-time;
And, so, these leaves prophetic made me dream, my girl, of you
As they trembled in their gladness, with the sunlight shining through.

M. M. D.

## A FAMOUS VICTORY.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

AFTER all, it was n't much of a thing to fight about; but, then, if every one should refuse to quarrel till there was a good reason for it, how could there be famous victories?

It happened in this way. Everything has a beginning, and the beginning of this victory dated back to the corn-husking. Not an old-fashioned, social husking-bee in a big barn, with a big supper afterward, such as we sometimes read about; but a modern husking, where several men stand or kneel all day in the frosty Autumn weather by the "stouts" of corn, and, taking ear by ear, pull off the husks, leaving some fast to the stalks, and scattering others over the ground. It was these scattered husks which made one of the parties to the battle.

The corn had all been husked, the bundles of stalks carried and stacked beside the barn, and the corn itself had been sorted and stored in the cribs; so the wide corn-field, lying on the south side of a hill, and still further sheltered by a thick maple grove on the hill-top, would have been left all alone had not a number of large yellow Pumpkins and the loosened Corn-husks have staid to keep it company.

Now one would think that, under these circumstances, the Corn-husks and the Pumpkins would have been the best of friends. But it is n't always circumstances that make good friends of people or things; it 's the kinds of natures they have. A Corn-husk is naturally light-minded and vain.

Pumpkins, on the contrary, are not very brilliant (I never yet heard of one of them making an after-dinner speech, although they are often present on festive occasions, and much liked), but they are quite content to be useful, good-natured members of the community.

One morning, an hour or two after the sun had kissed the hill-side field awake, the Corn-husks began a pleasant chat with the Pumpkins,—that is, the chat was pleasant to the Husks because it was all about themselves; and it was not disagreeable to the Pumpkins because they were good-humored enough to take an interest in whatever subject would best please their friends.

"Neighbor Yellow-face," exclaimed an uneasy Husk, fairly jumping up and down in his excitement, "how *can* you bear to spend your life in lying there so quietly, week in and week out? Why, I could n't endure it for an hour! Look at me now. I stay at home a little while, then coax a friendly wind to give me a lift in his carriage, and take me to call upon some of my brothers and sisters on the other side of the field; then I may go down to the road-side and amuse myself looking at the passers-by; then I may go up by the grove and listen to the gossip of the trees—very entertaining it is too; and then, in the afternoons, we all get together to have a dance. We Corn-husks are constantly going about, always having a good

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time, always improving our minds by intercourse with the world; while *you* —— Oh! dear neighbor Yellow-face, I think your life must be dreadfully monotonous. Don't you often wish you were a Husk?"

"Well," smiled the Pumpkin, rolling himself a very trifle more to one side, "I don't know that I ever wished that. I think my life is very pleasant. I dream of a great many happy things, and don't find the days long or dull. A great deal passes before my eyes, and I 'm so busy thinking that the time seems short. In fact, there is but one thing that troubles me, which is that by thinking so much I 'm a little afraid that my head is swelling. Do you think I shall die of it?"

"Die of what?" snappishly answered the irritated Husk. "Your head *is* swelling, but it 's all because you lie here all day in the sun and do nothing but eat and drink. I should n't wonder one bit if you died of laziness. You 've no ambition at all, or you would try to rise in the world!"

"O yes, I have!" said the Pumpkin as placidly as ever. "Yes, I have an ambition to do as well as I can what I was sent in the world to do, and that is to think of happy things, and grow so full of them that people shall learn always to think of peace and happiness when they see my face."

"Hear him now!" shrieked the little Corn-husk, in his hasty temper not half hearing what the Pumpkin had said. "Only hear him! Old Yellow-face here says that we were all sent into the world just to eat and drink and sleep, as he does, from morning till night!"

With this arose a great rustling and a confusion of many voices. Up sprang the Corn-husks, every one of them indignant at the presumption of the Pumpkins.

THE BATTLE OF THE PUMPKINS AND CORN-HUSKS.

"They are all alike," cried the Husks. "The lazy, stuck-up things! The ignorant, conceited lot! Husks of our position should never have noticed them! Let us make war upon them."

And with this the Husks began to throw themselves upon the Pumpkins, to rain down blows upon them, and at the same time to pelt them with words.

"What in the world is this about?" exclaimed the astonished Pumpkins. "What have we done to deserve this?"

But for answer they received only more blows and hard words from the now furious Husks.

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In the midst of the turmoil, both parties might have seen, if they had not been too busily engaged to do so, the farmer and his ox-cart slowly approaching.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the farmer. "I do believe those Husks think they're really hurting my Pumpkins! Ho, ho! Things that are worth the least always think the most of themselves."

And he began tenderly lifting the Pumpkins one by one into the cart.

As this was slowly creaking out of sight again, and not a Yellow-face was left upon the ground, the field felt lonely, and sighed for its late friends. But the Corn-husks called a convention, and passed resolutions and issued reports, to prove to all the world that they had gained a famous victory.

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# THE REFORMER.

By Mrs. M. C. Pyle.

A GOODLY sound has that word "Reform,"
And with it this age keeps its virtue warm,
But many reformers, well we know,
Spend their strength showing *others* the way to go;
With zeal and knowledge telling each one
How his neighbors' duty can best be done,
While neglecting to prove to all beholders
How such loads would be borne by their own strong shoulders.
The guide-post maxim keeping in view,
"Do as I say and not as I do."
Remembering this, we must duly prize
One hero who acted otherwise,
To whom these words of honor are due,
That he showed the duty and did it too.

Our poultry-yard was a cheerful place
With its tenants of various hue and race:
Geese, and turkeys, and waddling ducks,
Motherly hens with anxious clucks,
Speckled Dominiques, Polanders dark,
Guinea fowls with their queer "*Pe-trarch;*"
But the proudest and grandest of all the flock
Was Gobble, our gorgeous turkey-cock;
Strutting about with stately tread,
With wattles of scarlet and tail outspread,
He seemed to feel himself set to guard
The morals of all in the poultry-yard.
He meddled with broods which the mothers reared,
In every squabble he interfered,
His swelling importance seeming to say
"Do as I do; 't is the only way."
At last, his ideas expanding yet,
He would teach the very hens to set,
Since his views on the subject no setting hen
Had properly showed to the world till then.
From each nest that he found in the fragrant hay
Its anxious tenant he drove away,
Settling himself on the warm, round eggs,
With his awkward and sprawling wings and legs,
And looking about for the admiration
Due to such lessons in incubation.
But as such a genius none could ask
To bind himself to so dull a task,
When the mother crept back he was always gone,
And the nest and the eggs were as cold as stone.

But Nemesis comes surely if never fast,
And our Gobbler was brought to grief at last,
When Aunt Peggy's burning wrath was hurled
On this work of reform in the chicken world.
Sternly she vowed herself "bound to fix
That meddling turkey, and cure his tricks!
That he should hatch out, by hook or by crook,
The very next brood that he undertook!"

So said so done; for that very day
He drove off old Dorking the usual way
From the nest she had set on two weeks and more,
Well hidden just back of the tool-house door;
Then, tiring soon, would have sallied out,
But he found Aunt Peggy waiting without!
Close by the door she had taken her stand,
A paddle she wielded with strong right hand;
Again to the nest, with resounding thwack,
She chased the astonished reformer back;

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And again and again, in the self-same way,
She taught him that there he was bound to stay.
Vainly, peering with outstretched head,
He crept from the tool-house with stealthy tread;
The vigilant watcher was there before him,
The terrible paddle was flourished o'er him,
And its very sight made him judge it best
To scuttle hastily back to the nest,

The stars pass over,—the sunset's glow;
How on dancing boughs and on waving grass
The sunbeams and shadows would come and pass.
The proud hens cackled, the pigeons flew,
The summer breezes fitfully blew,
Ripe mulberries dropped from the low-hung limb,
All things in nature tempted him,

"BUT THE PROUDEST AND GRANDEST OF ALL THE FLOCK WAS GOBBLE, OUR GORGEOUS TURKEY-COCK."

Conning the lesson severe and surprising,
That doing is harder than criticising.

So there, at morn, and night, and noon,
Poor Gobble sat through that week in June,
Till Dorking's appointed time had run,
Till the chicks hatched out and his task was done.

He saw, through the tool-house window low,

So, sadly sitting in doleful thought,
A change in old Gobble's zeal was wrought,
And he learned, as a lesson strange but true,
There was something in setting he never knew.

With rumpled feathers and drooping crest
He came at last from that hated nest;
No more a teacher longing to be,—
A sadder and wiser fowl was he.

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# POSTAGE-STAMP COLLECTING.

ABOUT ten years ago, when the passion for collecting postage-stamps had just begun, all that was known of them could be told in a few pages of ST. NICHOLAS. But at the present day, postage-stamp collecting, in many parts of this country and Europe, has so increased, that a name—"Philately"—has been given to the pursuit, and much attention has been paid to it in various ways. In some of our cities there are shops where nothing but foreign postage-stamps are sold, and in Paris there is a regular postage-stamp exchange on the Champs Elysées.

The collecting of postage-stamps is not always such a frivolous pastime or occupation as many people imagine.

These little bits of colored paper, ornamented with portraits, or coats-of-arms, or peculiar devices, have a great deal of information in them. They tell of the rise and fall of princes; of the history of republics; of the manners and customs of the people; of the peculiar characteristics of the country. The French and Spanish stamps are epitomes of the histories of their respective countries; the English colonial stamps are a geography in themselves; the South American stamps present a fine display of mottoes and devices; from the West Indian stamps we learn something of the peculiar characteristics of these islands; while in the stamps of our own country, in common with others issuing from other quarters of the globe, we have national portrait galleries.

While postage-stamps are being collected, or when they are put into their albums, they are examined and studied. The map is consulted to find the location of the country issuing them. The history is opened to find whose portraits are figured on them. The cyclopedia is brought out to get some idea of their value. Some learned friend is questioned to find the meaning of the peculiar inscriptions or legends. And, little by little, this research goes on until the collector often finds himself, in a manner, getting hints of almost everything of interest going on in the world. If Russia and Turkey are quarreling over Montenegro, he can discuss the cause of the troubles. He found it out when examining the Montenegrin stamps in his album. When a young boy is placed on the throne of Spain, and the collector's attention is called to this country, stamps show him the many changes in that unfortunate country; and Amadeus, and Don Carlos, and Isabella, and the proud and haughty nation which unveiled a new continent, pass before him as a panorama. The Centennial is spoken of; our young collector takes out his album, and sees Franklin with his kite, Washington at Yorktown, Perry on the Lakes, Jefferson

New South Wales, 1850.

Orange Free States, 1868.

Paraguay, 1870.

Virgin Islands, 1868.

Turkey, 1862.

Western Australia, 1872.

Cashmere, 1867.

British Guiana, 1850.

Naples, 1858.

Egypt, 1867.

SOME NOTABLE POSTAGE-STAMPS.



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and Louisiana, Jackson behind the cotton bales at New Orleans, Scott on the plains of Mexico, and Lincoln with his emancipation proclamation.

In stamp-collecting the judgment is sharpened in endeavoring to detect the good stamps and to discard the counterfeit; the eye is drilled to appreciate the harmony and contrast of colors, in the proper arrangement of the stamps; patience is acquired and taste cultivated in the efforts to produce fine effects; and cases are known of foreign languages being studied simply to enable the collector to decipher the legends and inscriptions on the stamps. A pursuit which is productive of so much good should not be decried as a mere childish pastime.

The introduction of the postal system, as it at present exists in all countries on the globe, has been credited to England, when, in 1840, covers and envelopes were devised to carry letters all over the kingdom at one penny the single rate. This plan was adopted through the exertions of Sir Rowland Hill, who has been aptly termed the "father of postage-stamps." It now appears, however, that there is another aspirant for the introduction of the stamp system. In Italy, as far back as 1818, letter sheets were prepared, duly stamped in the left lower corner, while letters were delivered by specially appointed carriers, on the prepayment of the money which the stamp represented. The early stamp represented a courier on horseback, and was of three values. It was discontinued in 1836. Whether Italy or Great Britain first introduced postage-stamps, other countries afterward began to avail themselves of this method for the prepayment of letters, although they did not move very promptly in the matter.

Great Britain enjoyed the monopoly of stamps for three years, and, though the first stamps were issued in 1840, she has made fewer changes in her stamps than any other country, and has suffered no change at all in the main design—the portrait of Queen Victoria. In other countries, notably in our own, the Sandwich Islands, and the Argentine Republic, the honor of portraiture on the stamps is usually distributed among various high public officers; but in Great Britain the Queen alone figures on her stamps, and not even the changes that thirty-five years have made in her face are shown on the national and colonial postage-stamps.

The next country to follow the example of England was Brazil. In 1842 a series of three stamps was issued, consisting simply of large numerals denoting the value, and all printed in black. Then came the cantons in Switzerland, and Finland, with envelopes which to-day are very rare, and soon after them, Bavaria, Belgium, France, Hanover, New South Wales, Tuscany, Austria, British Guiana, Prussia, Saxony, Schleswig Holstein, Spain, Denmark, Italy, Oldenburg, Trinidad, Wurtemburg, and the United States. Other countries followed in the train, until, at the present moment, there is scarcely any portion of the globe, inhabited by civilized people, which has not postage-stamps.

In looking at a collection, one is struck with the variety and peculiarities of the designs. You would not suppose that Cashmere, noted for the beautiful designs of its shawls, could ever sanction such a stamp as the one shown on the preceding page. And it would puzzle a hieroglyphist to decipher the queer device unless he stretched his imagination to see some resemblance between it and the Cashmere goat. These stamps are printed from ivory blocks, which accounts for their daubed appearance, the figure in the cut being decidedly superior to the stamps themselves. The stamps for the Virgin Islands are very significant. The first that appeared represented a virgin holding in her hand a lamp, and surrounded by eleven lamps. Collectors at once put their heads together, and agreed that Columbus, who discovered these islands, having regard to their number, named them in commemoration of the celebrated eleven thousand virgins of Cologne. The truth is, however, that Columbus discovered these islands on the Virgin's day, and accordingly named them after the Virgin Mary, and that the twelve lamps represent the twelve primitive Christian charities. The Virgin Isles are a group of small rocky islands north of the Caribbees.

We know of a postage-stamp issued in the Isle of Reunion (formerly the Isle of Bourbon), in the Indian Ocean, which, originally worth a few cents, cannot now be bought for one hundred dollars, although this is by no means the highest price which has been paid for a postage-stamp.

The British Guiana stamp, represented in our cut, though ugly enough, is one of the rarest stamps known. Perhaps there is not a complete set in any one collection.

We might proceed in this way, describing the peculiarities of postage-stamps, the reasons for the numerous devices and changes, and find a pleasure in the recital; but the young collector must have something left for his own industry, and it is better, therefore, to leave this part of the subject, and say something about the proper way of keeping the stamps.

It is a disputed question whether prepared albums should be used or not. Although there may be a certain measure of usefulness in them, they leave no room for the exercise of individual taste. That the prepared album should be entirely discarded is the opinion of nine out of every ten collectors, and

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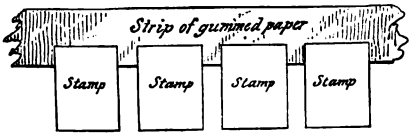
our advice would be, therefore, to use books made of heavy paper, with perfectly blank pages. On these the stamps may be arranged to suit the collectors' fancy.

The principle of mounting the stamps now adopted by amateurs is that known as hingeing. Several methods have been advocated, but the one we name is superior to all others in convenience and adaptation to the purpose. First, then, as to the paper used for the hinges. There is a kind of fine, foreign letter paper, strong, thin, and almost transparent, called by stationers "onion-skin," which answers the best. Sheets of this should be washed on one side only with a weak solution of pure gum arabic, just thick enough to flow easily, and to not crack when dried. The sheets, when dry, must be cut into strips of about one-half inch in width. The stamps, having been freed from all adhering paper, should be placed side by side on the strip, one edge of which has been previously moistened to the depth of one-eighth inch, as illustrated in the following figure:




Then, with a pair of scissors, separate the stamps, and trim the adhering portion of the strip, when it should look like the following:

Fold the strip backward upon itself, and by the application of a little water from a camel's-hair brush, the stamp is ready to be placed in position. The great advantage of this plan lies in the fact that a stamp once mounted can be easily removed from the page without injury to stamp or page, by moistening the hinge, the paper being so thin that a slight touch of water will loosen the hinge from the page.

A word or two on the subject of counterfeits may not be amiss. Stamp-dealing is quite a lucrative pursuit, and the profits are certainly large enough to induce the dealer to sell only genuine stamps; it is a sad fact, however, that many persons counterfeit nearly every rare stamp, and palm off their cheat upon the young collector, and even upon the experienced amateur, as a valuable original.

Young collectors should be careful to collect none but genuine postage-stamps, and to have no dealings except with respectable and honest persons.

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# TRIP AND TOM.

By J. B L.

'LET 'S do it," said Trip.

"Let 's," said Tom; and two little white figures popped out of bed.

What could they be up to? Not ten minutes before, they had repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep," and received mamma's good-night kisses. Yet now here they were, drawing on stockings and shoes, aprons and coats, and acting decidedly as if "to sleep" was the last thing they had lain down to do.

The "Swiss Family Robinson" was at the bottom of the mischief. Eight-year-old Miss Trip had just devoured that story of delightful adventure, and six-year-old Tom had listened admiringly to her narrations and entered heartily into her plans.

An early and secret leaving of the paternal roof, in search of personal adventure, was the project with which Trip's busy brain had teemed all day. To accomplish this more successfully, they had decided to re-dress.

When mamma looked in upon them before retiring, instead of two white-robed children, there was Tom in his top-boots, trousers, and coat; Trip with her dress half-buttoned, her shoes on the wrong feet, her apron fastened at the top; and

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over all, tightly clutched in four little hands, was the bed-spread, drawn up to hide from mamma's prying eyes anything curious below. Mamma understood at a glance.

"Let 'em go," said papa, in answer to a "what shall I do?" "They wont go far, and they 'll find out for themselves how much fun there is in it."

So two uncomfortably dressed children tossed and tumbled all night.

"I 've wondered all day what Trip was up to," said mamma.

"She 's been making preparations, I guess. We shall find her provisions hidden away somewhere."

A little search brought to light, under the bed, the family valise and market basket. In the valise were a pillow, a blanket, a knife, two forks, one plate, a teacup, a coffee-pot that had suffered the loss of a nose, a syrup pitcher, a spoon, Trip's work-box, "Mother Goose's Melodies," an old jacket, two dolls, two aprons, and a neck-ribbon. In the basket were some cold corn-bread, a tiny bag of flour, some salt, a huge paper of saleratus, a parcel of sugar, two beets, a turnip, a dozen raw potatoes, and a slice of uncooked ham.

On the floor lay Tom's agricultural implements and weapons of war,—his spring-gun, his glittering sword of tin, a tiny hoe, a hatchet with a split clothes-pin for a handle, and a four-bladed jack-knife (that is, one that had long ago been four-bladed, but, as far back as Tom's memory went, one very rusty, very jagged, and very short blade was all it could boast).

The early dawn found Trip and Tom astir.

"It 's dark," said Tom.

"Oh, come on!" said Trip.

"It 's all smoky," said Tom, looking dubiously out into the dull gray of the early morning.

"Oh, Tom Nelson! If I would n't be ashamed to back out! Come! You take the basket, and I 'll carry the bag," said Trip.

Clatter, clatter, bump, bump, and Trip and Tom, basket and bag, were down-stairs, through the hall, out of doors.

Mamma cautiously peeped from her window and saw two wretched little figures, in the mist of an uncomfortable, drizzling morning, starting out toward the great elm in the back-yard.

Trip staggered along under the weight of her valise, dragging an umbrella behind her; while Tom brought up the rear, his gun slung over his shoulder, his sword dangling from a clothes-line belt, his hoe and hatchet carried *à la* tomahawk, and his precious knife in the deepest recess of his deepest pocket.

Mamma Nelson dressed herself and two-year-old Katie, who had not been taken into the conspiracy on account of her inexperience and extreme youth, and went down-stairs to be ready for developments.

"Rap, rap!" at the door.

"Mum," said a small voice, making desperate attempts to speak *large*, "can you lend me a few kindlings this morning?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said mamma, briskly. "Very happy to accommodate you. You are moving, I see!"

"Shipwrecked," said Tom in a deep bass, glancing at the griddle-cake preparations for breakfast, as if famine were added to the ordinary horrors of shipwreck.

ON THE DESERT ISLAND.

"An unpleasant morning for your furniture to be exposed," said sympathetic mamma.

"Goin' to build a house," said Tom, disappearing with his kindlings.

"Rap, rap!"

"I would like to retain a few matches, if you please, ma'am," said the smooth voice of Trip, whose curious mixing of the Queen's English was

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the family joke. "My stove don't draw well, and I can't exceed in starting a fire."

"I suppose you lost your flint and steel in the wreck, and a sun-glass is a failure such a cloudy morning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Trip, glancing at the griddle-cakes.

Mamma slyly helped little Katie to an extra nice-looking one, just as two hungry-looking black eyes gave their last backward glance.

Trip put some more kindlings into or under her primitive stove, which certainly bore much more resemblance to the fire-places our great-grandmothers loved than to the cooking-stove in her mother's kitchen.

Tom looked solemnly into the battered tin pail, in which six grimy potatoes were supposed to be cooking.

"It's a nasty old thing!" said Tom, crossly. "They wont never cook 'n the world."

"Well, we can eat our brown bread if they don't, and put lots of sugar on it, too," said Trip, philosophically, her eight-year-old pride rebelling against giving up her pet plan.

So the children spread their umbrella, and sat down to wait for breakfast.

"Oh, Tommy! see these dear little incident birds!" said Trip, vainly endeavoring to cheer the drooping spirits of her fellow-adventurer. "Aint they pretty?"

"No, they aint," said Tom, snappishly. "Their backs are all humped up, and they can't walk,—they just hop, hop!"

"Let's tell stories," said Trip, beginning without waiting for Tom's assent: "Once there was a beautiful princess, and she lived in a beautiful palace, and a wicked witch did n't like it, and she put some dreadful stuff into the water that the min'ster sprinkled on her, and she could n't walk on the ground, but they had to fly her, just like a kite."

"Oh, what a stor-ee, Trip Nelson! Now I shall tell mamma!" said Tom, with virtuous indignation.

"No you wont, either! 'T aint a story. Mamma's book said so!" said Trip, whose good-nature, like many an older housekeeper's, was not quite proof against the combined misfortunes of domestic experience and the growling masculine element in the domestic atmosphere.

"My feet are all wetted, and my froat 's sore," said Tom, beginning to whimper, "and I want some griddle-cakes, too."

"Well, Tommy," said Trip, "don't you cry. We 'll play there 's a ship in sight, coming to take us off, and then we 'll run home, and s'prise mamma, and get some breakfast, too. I 'll shake my apron, to make 'em see us, and you scream 'Ship ahoy!' just as loud as you can."

But, alas! what solitary, uninhabited corner of the globe ever was free from some dangerous monster? Lions prowl around, tigers spring upon their unwary prey, and terrible cannibals silently approach.

So just behind our little adventurers stood a threatening foe. Old Billy, the neighbor's goat, had passed some minutes in quiet examination of that strange object under the elm.

All of a sudden—rush, whang!—and two frightened children were tumbled over on their faces, while poor Billy and the umbrella had it all to themselves.

Tom screamed lustily, according to the programme, and Trip stopped signaling and joined in the screaming. In a moment, mamma hove in view, bearing down gallantly to the rescue of the distressed family.

Soon after, two little children, with dry shoes and stockings, very happy faces, and very empty stomachs, might have been seen stowing away a sufficient quantity of provision, in the form of smoking and well-buttered griddle-cakes, to last through any ordinary experience of shipwreck and famine.

Here is Tom's letter to his dear friend Winchester Hardy, telling what he thought about his recent dangerous experience:

DeeR WiN. TRip
AND Mee @IT ReeKT THe
TATOSDiDNT KioK SoFF
Wee WAS SUMhUN@RI
A BEEST KAM
We WASRESKUDE
TOM NELSON
PS Wee DiDNTTRULY
He WAS A @OTE
TAINTMUCH FUNN
YUDE BeTeR NoTT
Doo SOe.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A NEW VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS!

Now this very morning I heard the pretty schoolmistress speak of thunder as a "volume of sound," and a few moments afterward she remarked that the new volume of ST. NICHOLAS would be, in many ways, the most fascinating and wonderful that had yet been issued. So, my children, if a volume of sound is thunder, you may well imagine that a third volume of ST. NICHOLAS will be something tremendous. How is your Jack to make himself heard in all the delightful commotion, I wonder?

That reminds me: Am I a real Jack-in-the-Pulpit? you have asked—a true plant, growing and preaching out in the sunshine? Well, perhaps no. Perhaps yes. This much is certain: I *do* live in the sunshine; I *do* try to grow; and I *do* love to talk to the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS—to open their eyes and their minds by pointing out all sorts of queer truths here, there, and yonder—and to put into their hearts grateful, loving thoughts toward the Giver of all good.

So, my darlings, if you're satisfied with this explanation, I am. Now we'll talk about

PROLONGING LIFE.

"IT can't be done," said Deacon Green, in Jack's hearing, one morning. "There is n't a man living, doctor or no doctor, who can prolong his life for a single day. The most that can be done is not to shorten it! Let 'em look out not to do that, sir! Let every man, woman and child take care not to do anything to shorten life, and their days will lengthen out, in God's good providence—hearty, happy days, and just as many of 'em as is right and possible."

Deacon Green always hits the nail on the head, I'm told,—though, never having seen him when he's hammering, I can't speak from any positive knowledge. But he's a right, smart good man, I'm sure, and knows what he's talking about. He is a new-comer in my neighborhood, and he lives in the red cottage across the road from the schoolhouse, a little toward the west. If I hear him say anything more, I'll let you know.

JACK MAKES AN OFFER.

Now, my chicks, I warn you that I'm about to tell you an absurd story—"just for larks," some of you would say; but I don't say it, for I have n't the slightest idea of amusing the larks at this moment. Now listen sharply:

"One day a brown thrush was resting on top of a post-and-rail fence, enjoying the cool morning air. Pretty soon a crow came hopping along the same fence, and the thrush quickly flew away. A beautiful pigeon, that was calmly hopping about in a neighboring door-yard, picking up crumbs, did not see the crow, or he, too, would have hastened to take his departure.

"Not so with a busy little sparrow in a maple tree on the other side of the field. He, too, saw the crow, but not being in the least afraid, he soon sought the cool grass at the maple's roots, and walked about as unconcernedly as possible. Soon he was joined by a fine young robin, and, strange to say, the crow, after eying them curiously for a moment as they walked about together, soared into the air and was seen no more."

A simple story enough, is n't it? And yet there are four mistakes of fact in it—mistakes which almost any really observing boy or girl should be able to detect at once. What are they? No grammarians or spelling-matches need apply. This, as I have said, is simply a question of fact. The first boy or girl who writes me a letter (in care of Editor of ST. NICHOLAS), correctly pointing out my four mistakes, shall have a book—yes, the pretty schoolma'am shall send that clever chick a book as wise and pretty as herself!

THE AUTHOR OF 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

TWO little girls sat in my meadow the other day, reading "Alice in Wonderland." And how they laughed! It must be a very funny book, thought I, and its author must be a jolly, rollicksome sort of fellow One of the little girls had just told the other that he was an Englishman who had been called Lewis Carroll, but that nobody knew his real name. Now, as I'd seen Englishmen before, I could see this one in my mind's eye very clearly. Yes, there he stood, plain as day (though he was n't there at all, you understand), a great, florid, jolly, portly Englishman, with plaid trousers, and red side-whiskers—Mr. Anonymous Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland."

But dear, dear! how mistaken one can be! In less than ten minutes, and while the little girls still sat reading and laughing, the pretty schoolma'am came along. Both children jumped up eagerly—

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She had once visited England. Had she ever seen the author of "Alice in Wonderland"? they asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Oh, do, do tell us all about him!" cried the little girls in a breath.

"I can't quite do that," said the pretty school-ma'am, laughing, "but I can tell you a little. His name is Dodgson—Rev. Charles Ludwig Dodgson. He is a youngish-looking man, with a very pleasant, earnest face, and a kind, gentle voice. He is rather small and thin, and so shy and modest that if his own Alice had met him in Wonderland, she would have said, in her simple way: 'Oh, don't stay here, sir; everything and everybody are so very strange that you'll be quite uncomfortable. You wont understand them at all, sir, I'm sure you wont.'"

### EARLY BIRDS.

THERE 'S an early morning song, I 'm told, that belongs especially to cities and factory-towns. It is not a bird song exactly, but it is high and shrill and early birds with tools and aprons and kettles gather at its call. They are not yellow birds, nor blue birds, these early ones,—they have grimy faces and hard hands,—but they are strong and cheery, knowing well enough that fine feathers don't always make fine birds.

Have ever you heard this morning song? And do you not honor the early birds who flock at its call, and do so much of the world's work?

### LIVE POTATO-BUGS WASHED IN BY THE SEA.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Let me tell you of a wonderful thing. Yesterday some ladies and gentlemen went to Rockaway, on the shores of Long Island. They took me with them, because one of the ladies was my aunt.

We enjoyed it very much. It was great fun to see the big waves come rolling up the beach, but the most astonishing thing was to see great quantities of potato-bugs all in a broad line along the beach, just as they had been washed in by the sea. They were alive, and as we took up great handfuls of them, we had very good evidence of the fact, though potato-bugs are not as lively as crickets. One of the gentlemen of our party is called an agriculturist, and he cultivates a large farm. He said they certainly were potato-bugs. I can't tell you how many thousands of them we saw. I picked some up myself from the top of the water. The agriculturist said he had read many accounts of dead potato-bugs lately being found on the sea-shore; but these were alive. Water did n't even seem to wet them.

Now, dear Mr. Jack, I 'd like to know if any other of your boys have seen a sight just like this.—Your affectionate friend,

Newark, August 25th, 1875. HIRAM G——.

### FORBIDDEN LEAVES.

A KIND, good soul, who evidently has your interest at heart, sends a letter, my chicks, which she begs me to give you, so here it is. You should have seen it earlier, but as this number of ST. NICHOLAS will appear about the 20th of October, many of you may yet profit by its good advice:

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Every year I hear of somebody who is dreadfully poisoned while gathering the beautiful Autumn leaves. Let me tell you, then, how to avoid this danger. You may gather the long, pointed, serrate (or saw-edged) leaves of the sumach that has velvety-hairy stalks, and great bunches of purple-black berries sour to the taste. The berries are used by country people sometimes for making a dye for woolen cloth or yarn. The leaves of this sumach are very handsome, and it is perfectly harmless.

But you must not touch or go near (since its very effluvium is dangerous) the poison sumach, or dogwood, though its leaves are far more brilliant in scarlet and yellow than those of the harmless kind that they so closely resemble. You may know it by its loose clusters of yellowish-white fruit. It generally grows in swampy grounds, while the harmless sumach is oftenest found on rich hill-sides. It is a pity that the poison sumach should ever have been called dogwood, since the real dogwood, which is a high tree with very large and showy white blossoms in Spring, and with lovely purple leaves in Autumn, is perfectly harmless.

You may gather the crimson five-cleft leaves of the Virginian creeper, or American ivy, that has small blackish berries, and that climbs by fixing the ends of its tendrils like little suckers to its supports; but beware of the poison ivy, that has three leaflets, and that climbs by loose, thread-like rootlets. It is very beautiful, but very poisonous You may know it by some one of its several other names: poison elder, poison oak, or mercury vine. The latter name is applied to several other poisonous vines, in various parts of the United States. Let them all alone.

The beautiful Autumnal woods are offering you such variety in form, color, and shade, that you need not gather leaves of these two forbidden sorts. M. B. C. SLADE.

### BLUE JAYS TAKING PILLS.

JACK has received a letter from an old lady in South Carolina, in which she tells a *true* story for the benefit of my boys and girls. She says that she had been making some "home-made pills," and after they were all nicely shaped she put them out on the window-sill to dry. Pretty soon some blue jays came along, and not having anything better to do they swallowed every pill. The old lady went to the window just in time to see the last dose disappear, and so, as she says, she just had to make the best of it. Watching the jays, and wondering what effect the pills would have upon them, she saw them tumble about in a sort of confused state, and finally hide themselves away as best they could. In the morning they were found dead in her garden. The old lady felt very sorry for them, but she says she "could n't help thinking that perhaps it was all for the best, as the pills contained opium, and may be there was something wrong about them."

Jack thinks so too. There *is* apt to be something wrong about home-made things that contain opium. Better, however, to lose a few blue jays than to have a nice old lady killed in that way.

### HOW CERTAIN WOODPECKERS PACK THEIR TRUNKS.

Nordhoff, Ventura Co., California.

DEAR JACK: Do you realize how many little persons in all parts of the country eagerly read your sermons of life and nature? Have any of your messengers ever told you how the thrifty woodpecker of California stores away his food? His favorite diet seems to be acorns. He selects his tree, I think preferring a redwood or white-oak; then bores or pecks the bark full of holes of the size of the acorn. When his harvest is ready, he immediately brings an acorn and tries until he finds a place where it will fit in nicely (if not put in tightly it would drop out), inserts the smaller end, then pounds it in with his bill. It is interesting to watch him. His little red cap bobs to and fro until his store is safely packed.

We have a very large white-oak in our yard, which is inhabited by a colony I should think. The body or trunk and every large limb are perforated with these holes, the most of which are now full.

Yours, with good wishes, JENNIE LANNER.

### SHIP AHOY!

NEXT month, I 'm told, ST. NICHOLAS is to have a high-popolorum, full-rigged, double-decker of some sort by the Little School-mistress herself. And there 's sharp work expected from you, my youngsters! There 's a prize, too. Deacon Green has a hand in it, I have n't the slightest shadow of a doubt.

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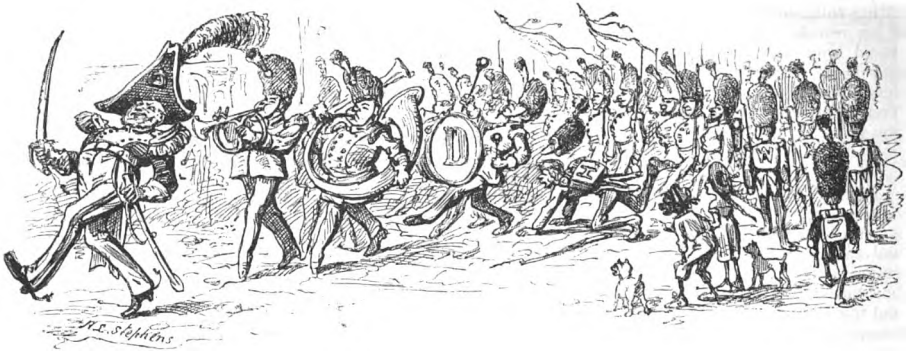
# AN ALPHABET FROM ENGLAND.

By Christina G. Rossetti.



**A** is the Alphabet, A at its head;
**A** is an Antelope, agile to run.

**B** is the Baker Boy bringing the bread,
Or black Bear and brown Bear, both begging for bun.

THE COMICAL CAT.

**C** is a Cornflower come with the corn;
**C** is a Cat with a comical look.

THE ELOQUENT EARL.

**D** is a dinner which Dahlias adorn;
**D** is a Duchess who dines with a Duke.

**E** is an elegant, eloquent Earl;
**E** is an Egg whence an Eaglet emerges.

**F** is a Falcon, with feathers to furl;
**F** is a Fountain of full foaming surges.

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THE GANDER, THE GOSLING, THE GOOSE.

**G** is the Gander, the Gosling, the Goose;
**G** is a Garnet in girdle of gold.

**H** is a Heartsease, harmonious of hues;
**H** is a huge Hammer, heavy to hold.

**I** is an Idler who idles on ice;
**I** am I—who will say I am not I?

**J** is a Jacinth, a jewel of price;
**J** is a Jay, full of joy in July.

A HAMMER HEAVY TO HOLD.

**K** is a King, or a Kaiser still higher;
**K** is a Kitten, or quaint Kangaroo.

**L** is a Lute or a lovely-toned Lyre;
**L** is a Lily all laden with dew.

A JAY FULL OF JOY IN JULY.

**M** is a Meadow where Meadow-sweet blows;
**M** is a Mountain made dim by a mist.

**N** is a nut—in a nutshell it grows;
Or a Nest full of Nightingales singing—oh, list!

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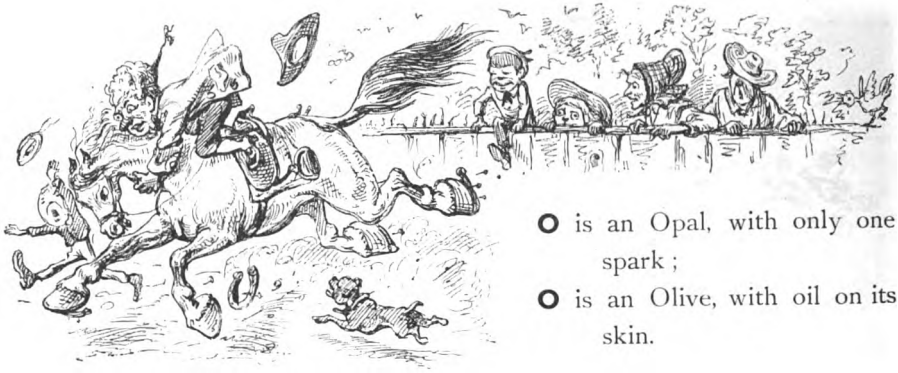

A PONY, A PET IN THE PARK.

**O** is an Opal, with only one spark;
**O** is an Olive, with oil on its skin.

**P** is a Pony, a pet in a park;
**P** is the Point of a Pen or a Pin.

A RED-BREASTED ROBIN.

**Q** is a Quail, quick chirping at morn;
**Q** is a Quince quite ripe and near dropping.

THE UMBRELLA.

**R** is a Rose, rosy red on a thorn;
**R** is a red-breasted Robin come hopping.

**S** is a Snow-storm that sweeps o'er the Sea;
**S** is the Song that the swift Swallows sing.

**T** is the Tea-table set out for tea;
**T** is a Tiger with terrible spring.

**U**, the Umbrella, went up in a shower;
Or Unit is useful with ten to unite.

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POLICEMAN X EXERCISED.

**V** is a Violet veined in the flower;
**V** is a Viper of venomous bite.

**W** stands for the water-bred Whale;
Stands for the wonderful Wax-work so gay.

**X**, or X X, or X X X is ale,
Or Policeman X, exercised day after day.

**Y** is a yellow Yacht, yellow its boat;
**Y** is the Yucca, the Yam, or the Yew.

**Z** is a Zebra, zigzagged his coat,
Or Zebu, or Zoöphyte, seen at the Zoo.

"SEEN AT THE ZOO."

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# THE LETTER-BOX.

LIBRARIAN.—"The Pretty School-mistress," to whom we referred your letter, writes in reply:

There is good authority for Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit's remark that Leonardo da Vinci invented the wheelbarrow. I found the same statement in an Italian Life of this great painter, published in Milan in 1872, the author of which had the privilege of examining Leonardo's own manuscripts. Also, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on the "Lives" of this painter, after naming many useful things invented by Leonardo da Vinci, designs for and descriptions of which are found among his still existing manuscripts, adds—"And finally, last but not least, among the many things moved by wheel, the common wheelbarrow."

To be sure, the honor of this invention has been claimed for others. Some authorities give it to a certain Sieur Dupin, in 1669; others claim it for Pascal, somewhere in the middle of the same century; and a surprising statement is to be found in the "Dictionnaire de Mobilier." In this work Viollet-le-Duc gives a *fac-simile*, as "Librarian" truly says, of a picture taken from a manuscript of the end of the thirteenth century, representing an odd-looking man wheeling what appears to be the bust of a king in a wheelbarrow!

The only way in which we can explain this matter, without directly doubting the evidence of Leonardo himself, is by supposing that in the old days, before telegraphs and rapid transits of any kind were known, a wheelbarrow, or any other needed thing, may have been invented and used in one place for even a century before it was heard of three hundred miles away. So there may have been half-a-dozen worthy and honest inventors of this useful implement; in fact, it would hardly surprise me to find the wheelbarrow trundled back through the ages till it reached the workshop of the earliest inventor known to men—the "cunning worker," Tubal Cain.

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THIS beautiful poem, written by Mrs. Browning as a tribute to Hans Christian Andersen, cannot fail to interest all lovers of the noble old poet, and is therefore republished here. It has also another claim upon us, that it is the last poem written by the great poetess:

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

I.

"Now give us lands where olives grow,"
Cried the North to the South,
"Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row!"
Cried the North to the South.

"Now give us men from the sunless plain,"
Cried the South to the North,
"By need of work in the snow and the rain
Made strong, and brave by familiar pain!"
Cried the South to the North.

II.

"Give lucider hills and intenser seas,"
Said the North to the South,
"Since ever by symbols and bright degrees,
Art, child-like, climbs to the dear Lord's knees!"
Said the North to the South.

"Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,"
Said the South to the North,
"That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,
While affirming of God, 'He is certainly there!'"
Said the South to the North.

III.

"Yet, oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!"
Sighed the North to the South,
"For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire!"
Sighed the North to the South.

"And, oh, for a seer to discern the same!"
Sighed the South to the North,
"For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree and the flower by its name!"
Sighed the South to the North.

IV.

The North sent, therefore, a man of men
As a grace to the South;
And thus to Rome came Andersen,—
"*Alas, but must you take him again?*"
Said the South to the North.

NEXT month we shall publish in the "Riddle-box" a beautiful and original prize-puzzle. The prize will be something that our boys and girls will consider splendid, and we may print a picture of it. Full announcements will be made in our next number.

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THE following answers have been received to the question in the September number regarding the course of a ship from New York to Liverpool:

Lansingburgh, N. Y., August 30th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister sends the answer to—Why does a ship crossing the Atlantic, and sailing in a straight line from New York to Liverpool, sail a hundred miles further than a ship sailing from New York to Liverpool on a curved line up toward the north? Because you cannot go direct, as you have to go around Ireland; therefore it would be nearer to go on a curved line than on a straight line. LAURA S. BENEDICT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A ship sailing from New York to Liverpool in a straight line would sail farther than in a line curving toward the north, because the arc of a great circle between two points is greater than the arc of a small circle between the same points.

DARLIN L. AMES.

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Parkersburg, W. Va., August 31st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: James S., in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS, wishes to know why Baltimore was so named, and if there be any city of the same name in the Old World? I do not know of any Baltimore in the Old World. About 1624, Sir George Calvert, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whose title was Lord Baltimore, wishing to provide an asylum for the Catholics then persecuted in England, asked for a grant of land in America upon which to establish a colony. Charles I., the king, readily agreed to grant his request; but before the papers received the royal seal, Calvert died. The charter was then issued to his son Cecil, who, by the death of his father, succeeded to the title of Lord Baltimore. The first immigrants came over in 1634, and commenced founding cities, one of which was called Baltimore, after Lord Baltimore.—Yours respectfully,

HATTIE A. WELLES.

We have also received answers to Jamie's questions from Mabel Hoskins, Mark W. C., "J. J.," J. C. Beardsley, "Namlig," and "Comus," all of whom agree with Hattie as to the origin of the name. But the second question must have been a hard one, for almost all the answers to it are incorrect. Mabel Hoskins, Mark W. C., and J. C. Beardsley assert that there is no Baltimore in the Old World, while "Comus" adds, "unless it be a small village." But that is just what it is,—a small seaport village in the south of Ireland. The American city of Baltimore certainly received its name in the manner described by Hattie, but the title of the peerage held by Sir George Calvert may have been derived from the name of this little Irish town.

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HERE is a story by a very little girl:

MAGOR.

Magor was a large dog. He had a kind little master, so Magor was ever well off. He knew Merry every since he was a puppy. One day Merry and he were at play near the pond. Merry had quite forgoten what mama had told him not to go near the pond. Magor thout it would be nice to have a swim; in he went. The little boy thought Magor was going to get very damp and cold. He was standing on the very edge of the pond, saying "Come back." He put out one fat hand. He gave a little cry—a splash. Merry had fallan. He had rose frist time when Magor caught him. Caried him home to mama. What do you think she did? Why, she took Merry, did him up in blankets, put him in her own soft bed, and kissed his pale face many times. It was one week before Merry was himslfe agin. Six times Magor saved the little boy's life. Do you not think Magor ought to be loved for what he did?—MAMIE L. L.

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HERE is something for young mathematicians and logicians:

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me herewith to send you the following arithmetical puzzle, communicated to me by my father, and said to have originated with Moses Mendelssohn:

*Question.*—How can you prove that there must be in the world at least two trees of the same number of leaves?

*Solution.*—It is certain that the number of trees in the world exceed

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the greatest number of leaves on any one tree. Call the greatest number of leaves $x$, and the number of trees $x$ plus $y$, and suppose all the trees have different numbers from $1$ to $x$. Then, the tree $x$ plus $1$ must have a number of leaves ranging between $1$ and $x$, for $x$ is the greatest number of leaves on a tree. Therefore it must equal in the number of leaves one of the trees between $1$ and $x$, and therefore there are two trees in the world which have the same number of leaves.

To make it plainer, let the greatest number of leaves on any one tree be 1,000,000, and the greatest number of trees 1,000,001; and suppose all the trees have different number of leaves—the first having one leaf, the second two, the third three, &c.; and as no one tree can have more than 1,000,000 leaves, therefore the first tree over one million must have an equal number of leaves with one tree between 1 and 1,000,000, because it cannot have more than 1,000,000, and as all the number of leaves between 1 and 1,000,000 have been given away, one of these numbers must be repeated. Therefore there are at least two trees in the world which have an equal number of leaves. —Respectfully yours, MORRIS JASTROW.

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IT is not often that the boys receive such a decidedly practical question as is put to them this month by Bruce F. Johnson. He asks "if any boy can tell him the length of railroad in the United States, in America, in Great Britain, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa." He even includes Australia also, and closes with a request for "the total length of all the railroads in the world!"

We will answer the last question ourselves. At the close of 1874 there were, in the whole world, 172,930 miles of railroad, on which 56,700 locomotives were employed to draw 103,700 passenger cars and 1,356,600 freight cars.

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San Francisco, August 18.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in California. I am nine years old. I live on Dolores Street. I think it is called so because there is an old Mission church on it, with graves round it—some of them more than a hundred years old. The church is a queer-looking old thing. It is made of adobe.

I have thought of joining the Bird-defenders, but I cannot get my cat to join with me. I have a little paraquet, too. My cat is afraid to kill my paraquet, because it squeaks so; but if it can get hold of a little chicken, it will kill it in a minute. What would you do with such a cat? GODFREY BIRDSALL.

You had better join yourself, Godfrey, and, after awhile, you may be able to reform your cat.

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EFFIE VANVOLKENBERG AND OTHERS.—Yes, you are right Franklin was born in Boston. Jack either made a mistake, for once, or his statement was an ingenious device for waking his young hearers out of their August doze.

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DEAR EDITOR: The following riddle has been in our family for at least fifty years, and no one has been able to solve it. Some of the most intelligent have tried it, and have failed. I thought I would submit the riddle to you, thinking that, through the pages of your magazine, you might find some one smart enough to name the "ancient city of no small renown."

Hoping I may have my curiosity gratified, I shall look earnestly for an answer to the riddle.—Respectfully, SARAH B. WILSON.

RIDDLE.

The noblest object in the works of art,
The brightest gem that nature doth impart,
The point essential in the lawyer's case,
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The plowman's prompter when he drives the plow,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize which merit never yet has won,
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,
The wit's ambition, and the parson's dues.
Now, if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By all these various lessons will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

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Luzerne, August 21st.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a nice story in your September number to-day from Fannie Hunt, about chickens and turkeys, so I thought I would write you about what happened at our house.

Well, once a silky hen had a brood of chicks, and she took care of them awhile and left them; and then two other hens that had wanted to set—but my father did n't want them to—took charge of the chicks and brought them up together. Well, those chickens could not tell which of the three hens was their mother. Will you please tell me? —Yours truly. ANNIE T. BROWN.

August 23d, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday, as I was going to Sunday-school, I met Sam Dogan, and he had four robins in a cage, that he was going to give to his cat. I teased him to let them go, but he pushed me away and said "Shut up." I teased him some more, and by and by he let them go. I am a Bird-defender, and am going to make Sam be one. My brother Harmon is six years old. I am eight. He wants his name put down for a Bird-defender. Is he too little? I got a few Bird-defenders; they are my cousins though, all but Harmon. ROB R. SHERMAN.

No boy can be too little to be a Bird-defender—if he "wants" his name put down—nor too big.

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SCHOOL-TIME.

ALWAYS be early to school,
Both in good and bad weather,
And go according to rule,
And then you 'll be good altogether.
Then when your lessons are done,
You 'll be free from all sorrow and care;
Away to the fields you can run,
And be just as free as the air.

But first be sure, of all things,
Whatever you do or say,
To hear the bell when it rings,
For then you must give up your play.
Your lessons should always be good,
You should do as your teacher asks,
Then when you 've learned all you could,
You will be glad you have finished your tasks.

When school-time 's at an end,
Then you 'll enjoy your play;
But that will all depend
On your conduct for that day.
Now this advice I freely give,
And if you follow it well,
In happiness you then will live,
As your future life will tell. ALLIE REICH.

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the August number of your paper there was a piece telling how to make a sea-weed album. I would like to know if I could put leaves on paper in the same way?—Yours truly, HARRY GRIFFITH.

Yes, if your paper is not too thin.

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San Francisco, August 1st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you give the same presents next year, for the same number of subscribers, to those getting up clubs, that you printed last year? And when I get up a club, shall I count myself as one? If I get four subscribers, and take the magazine myself, would you give me a present for a club of five, or not? I do not understand. Will you please answer, and oblige your friend and subscriber, NELLIE.

Yes, the premiums will continue the same as last year, and you can count yourself in your club.

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BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Belpre, Ohio, sends the following names: Mary Mackey, Ella Garloch, Flora Rarick, Ione Henderson, Mary Clark, Willie Rounds, Eddie Hutchison, Willie O'Neal, Hugh Drain, Hattie Davis, Mina Cunningham, Mary Morgan, Lewis Gettle, Sallie Cawood, Anna Krebs, Laura Furnell, Harry Davis, Kate Browning, Chas. Parker, Joseph Lee, Jessie Henderson, Eddie Porter, Bradley Stone, Ettie Parker, Harry Ellenwood, Willie Seaville, Charlie Dunbarger, Stonewall Henderson, N. P. Armstrong, Johnson Garloch, Laura Smith, Mary Harrison, Nellie Price, Mattie Williams, Alden Williams, Mamie Gettle, Lonnie Hutchison, Odie Brown, Samuel Nuzum, Jennie Hunter, Morris Rarick, Madge Cunningham, Jennie Palmer, Clara Moore, Edna Rarick, Frank Hytton, Virgia Downer, Dorus Alderman, Willie Patton, Laura Woodward, Maggie Hadley, Jimmie Perry, Willie Jackson, Tillie Garloch, and Edward Rarick.

Fannie Madison, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends this long list: Fannie Madison, Charlie Madison, Eddie Douglass, Carrie Nevins, Irene Corey, Fanny Doty, Ida Hoyt, Lula Fleming, Hattie Berrington, Laura Jasmer, Emily Sheppard, Mattie Mayberry, Maggie Cowle, Katie Boegy, Jennie Turton, Fannie Hutton, Dasie Donahue, Ida Schuler, Mary Clark, Mary Mills, Lillie Gerloch, Mary Gallagher, Annie Savoy, Nellie Parmalee, Fanny Shafer, David Kimberley, Henry Hollis, Tillie Nieber Harry Isbister, Charlie Jackson, Frank Bartholomew, William Davis, Henry Bower, Frank Cooke, Fred Wakefield, Charlie Taber, Charlie Lewis, Charley Danert, Lewis

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Presley, George Aastrup, Jason Thomas, Jimmie Crawford, Johnnie Hutchinson, Frank Sweeney, George Davis, Grant Donaldson, Katie Klaus, John Gillson, George Clark, Michael McKeon, Nellie Monkman, Lewis Coe, and Katie Douglass.

Josie Louis, of Centralia, Ill., sends the following list: Josie Louis, Bertie Louis, Ella Louis, Alice Louis, Minnie Louis, Mamie Louis, Della Louis, Moneta Louis, Susy Louis, Florence Louis, Ollie Louis. Gussie Louis, Fannie Louis, Laura Louis, Amanda Louis, Mamie Louis, Rachel Louis, Rebecca Louis, Addie Louis, Lottie Louis, Rosy Gregg, Jerome Louis, Willie Louis, Alvin Louis, Walter Louis, Julius Louis, Herbert Louis, Uria Louis, Riley Louis, Charlie Louis, Clarence Louis, Bobbie Louis, Percy Louis, Allie Louis, Jessie Louis, Ludwig Louis, Milton Gregg, Charlie Gregg, and Maria Louis.

Thomas McGehan, of Hamilton, O., sends this list: Walter Kumler, Horace Belden, Lou Beauchamp, Harry Hay, Dan McGlynn, Will Roberts, John Hall, Nelly Phillips, Milt Traber, Harry Traber, Charlie Traber, Oliver Traber, John Traber, Web Fitton, Scott Symmes, Chas. Cooch, Jim Durrough, Oliver Crow, Dode Hargitt, Alice Hankins, Nell Miller, Alex. M. Hall, Edward Shaffer, Vicky Smith, Thomas Collins, Cyrus Falconer, Ella Gilbert, Dave Howell, J. B. Ousley, L. B Dilakort, J. W. Meckley, Tom Hodder, Laura Porter, Albion Dyer, Ed Flenner, Will Moore, Robert Peck, Charley Heiser, Ed Beardsley, Frank Skinner, Frank Whitehead, Charlie Mixer, and Harry McElwee.

Herbert Dean sends the following list: Herbert Dean, John Scammon, John Keefe, Charles Kelley, Minnie Smith, Lucy Peabody, Mary Peabody, Jennie Littlefield, Hattie Warsaw, Mary Taylor, Bell Odell, Lillia Brewster, Alice Healey, Katie Keefe, Nettie Hoag, Hattie Hoag, Fred Jewell, Fred Fadden, and Lizzie Young.

Fannie O. Newton sends this list: Miss Selina C. Barrett, Miss Bertha Keeshorn, Lulu White, Fannie Stinde, Letitia Rogers, Abbie Sanford, Teresa Stall, Chartie Sanford, Fannie Rowland, Addie Stall, Lucy Thomas, Fannie Thomas, Katie Thomas, Miss Lucy Barrett, and Dorcas Carr.

F. L. Chase, of Woburn, sends the following names: Effie C. Sweetser, Nettie H. Fiske, Kittie Rose Fiske, Eddie H. Fiske, Florence L. Chase, Georgie H. Green, Georgie Hamlin, Charles F. Hamlin, and Lothrop Chase.

"Two Friends" Hattie Johnson and E. Louise Tibbetts—send these names: Fannie Wilder, Gracie Brooks, Carrie Johnson, Mamie Damon, Mrs. S. F. Damon, Miss Annie Damon, Hattie Johnson, E. Louise Tibbetts, and Frank Tibbetts.

Max Ulrich, of San Antonio, Texas, sends these names: Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Liffrieng, Mrs. Ulrich, Mr. Ulrich, Lewis Ulrich, and Max Ulrich.

Rob R. Sherman sends his own and the following names: Harmon R. Sherman, Belle S. Howard, Walter Smith, and John A. Buck.

Will E. B., of North Adams, Mass., sends this list: Lottie A. Millard, Blanche C. Brayton, Hattie F. Brooks, and Hattie S. Brayton.

Estelle Riley, of Columbus, Texas, sends her own and the following names: Ida Riley, Katie Moore, and Emma Delany.

Lester Woodbridge sends this list: Irene E. Woodbridge, Bessy Woodbridge, Charley Woodbridge, and Lester Woodbridge.

The following names also have been received: Walter H. Morrison, Charlie Morrison, Marian C. Morrison, Emilie Neville, Anita Hendrie, Mary Ella Bakewell, Effie Bakewell, Mary B. Smith, Charles Willcox, Mamie Locke, Willie F. Morgan, Ida E. Kidd, Gertrude Gunn, L. H. Branch, Geo. Holden, Inez Simons, W. C. Houghton, and Herbie Houghton.

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ANSWERS by the following boys and girls to puzzles in the August number were received too late for acknowledgment in the October number: Charlie and Frankie Rupert, H. Wigmore, Belle Gibson, Hattie Gibson, Lizzie Bloomfield, William M. Northrup, Edward Broome, Allie Anthony, Mary F. Crane, E. L. Tibbetts, Hattie F. Johnson, William C. Delanoy, Mark W. Collett, Le Roy and Coy Youmans, Alice Morrow.

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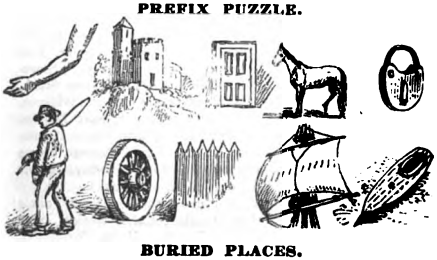
# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-two letters. My 6, 19, 42, 16 is a part of the head. My 40, 35, 14 is a cover for the head. My 5, 24, 2 is a quadruped. My 39, 1, 18 is another. My 15, 21, 17 is a pronoun. My 20, 41, 34 is an insect. My 36, 26, 7 is a foreign product. My 27, 9, 11, 28 is constructed by birds. My 8, 3, 4, 31 is seen at night. My 37, 38, 32 is a covering. My 12, 10, 22, 29 is wealthy. My 30, 25, 23 is a kind of tree. My 33, 13 is a musical note. My whole is a proverb.

BODINE.

### PREFIX PUZZLE.



### BURIED PLACES.

1. June, July, and August are Summer months. 2. But I came when you called. 3. She sings in grand style. 4. How slow Ellen's movements are. 5. Let Royce go with us to the store. 6. Lady Franklin sends Kane a telescope.

F. J. and M. P.

### DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A writing instrument. 4. A fairy. 5. A prank. 6. A bad man. 7. A term in music. 8. A musical instrument. 9. A terrible disease. 10. Weariness. The diagonals form a household sunbeam.

L. O.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE missing words in the following stanzas being supplied, the initials and finals will give the names of—(1) A great poet; (2) A great composer:

1. "Windy ——, with its frolic gales,
Filling the woods with their musical roar;
While over the water scud wet white sails,
And the foam breaks fast on a rough lee-shore."

2. "Now the goat may climb and crop
The soft grass on Mount ——'s top."

3. "Moonshine and —— are left to bury the dead."

4. "Which like the ——, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head."

5. "The silvery green of the —— shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower."

6. "And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care,
At the ruthless —— of iron,
A little bird is striving there."

H. H. H.

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### EASY METAGRAM.

FIRST, I am a bird. Change my head, I am part of a ship; again, I am to pull; again, and I am dim; again, I am replete; again, and I am to quiet. C. C.

### CHARADE, No. 1.

FIRST.

To greet the morning sun I rise,
And trill my gladness through the skies.

SECOND.

I guard the fowl, yet the noble horse
I torture oft without remorse.

WHOLE.

In pink and white and blue I dress—
What am I? Children, can you guess?
A. O'N.

### PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

### ENIGMA, No. 2.

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 5, 8, 3, 12 is the name of a tree. My 10, 4, 11, 1, 2 is food for the sick. My 7, 5, 6, 11 is the name of a queen. My 2, 9, 4, 11 is what every boy would like to be. My whole is a part of ST. NICHOLAS. S. C. M.

### A FLOWER ACROSTIC.

CONTENTMENT'S simple, smiling flower,
Fair blossoms that at twilight sleep,
Bright, golden cups from Spring's glad bower,
And bells that through the snow-rifts peep;
Rich Autumn clusters, full and gay,
Devotion's loveliest, rarest bloom,
Then, "for remembrance," here's the spray
And tendrils from the ruins' gloom.
We've gentlest sprigs of fragile white,
And waxy buds, intensely sweet,
And flag-like flowers, both fair and bright,
With blooms immortelle, here we meet.
The "trophy flower" we gladly bind;
The wind's frail love has, too, a place;
And now a spicy twig we find
To mingle with the "Daystar's" grace.
From Summer woods we cull the pride,
And from the porch meek springs we bring,
Spring's sweetest scented buds beside
We lay the Flow'ret poets sing;
And last of all, with fragrance mild
We place the streamlet's radiant child.

These flowers, from garden, wood and dell,
A gay and perfumed garland make;
To enshrine a name you 'll surely tell,
If you the pains will only take.

The name is one all children loved—
A name first known in snow-clad climes;
But now well-known in every land,—
See can you find it in these rhymes.

### SPORTIVE ANAGRAMS.

FILL one blank with the name of some game, and the other with the same name transposed.

1. The game of —— often occasions —— ——. 2. A challenge to play a game of —— was —— ——. 3. Never cheat as —— —— ——. 4. I have passed pleasant —— —— the game of ——. 5. Charlie thinks Mary silly, —— —— would n't play —— at her age. 6. He —— disconsolately, having lost his ——. 7. Strength must be —— —— playing ——. 8. Little children, —— —— older ones, like to play ——. 9. —— —— —— is an excellent sort of game. 10. The only game was a little —— on —— ——. CHARL.

### CHARADE, No. 2.

IF my first is my second,
'T is sure to be fleet;
If my second 's my first,
It is not fit to eat;
And what is my whole
Will depend upon whether
My second and first
You fit rightly together.
If my second comes first,
'T is an animal; but
If my second comes second,
Why, then, 't is a nut.
So if it 's an animal,
Then you may back it;
But supposing it is n't—
I leave you to crack it. L. H.

### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To place anything. 3. An account. 4. A wild animal. 5. To mark out. 6. Before. 7. A consonant. L. O.

### ELLIPSES.

FILL the blanks in each sentence with the same word, one meaning of which is a boy's name:

1. —— helped to raise the weight by holding the ——. 2. —— rode to the seaside in a ——. 3. —— wheeled the coal to the pit in a ——. 4. The only thing —— noticed in the church was the —— which hung from the ceiling. 5. —— loved to be —— in all his assertions. 6. —— was fond of the bark of the ——. 7. —— ornamented his box with a border of ——. 8. —— lifted the stone to its place with a ——. 9. —— gave his pennies for a ——. 10. —— gathered a bunch of —— for a friend. 11. —— threw a toy boat into the —— to watch it whirl. 12. —— refused to join the boys who thought it sport to —— the rabbit. 13. —— lighted his pipe with a ——. 14. —— plucked a flower of the —— in the woods. B.

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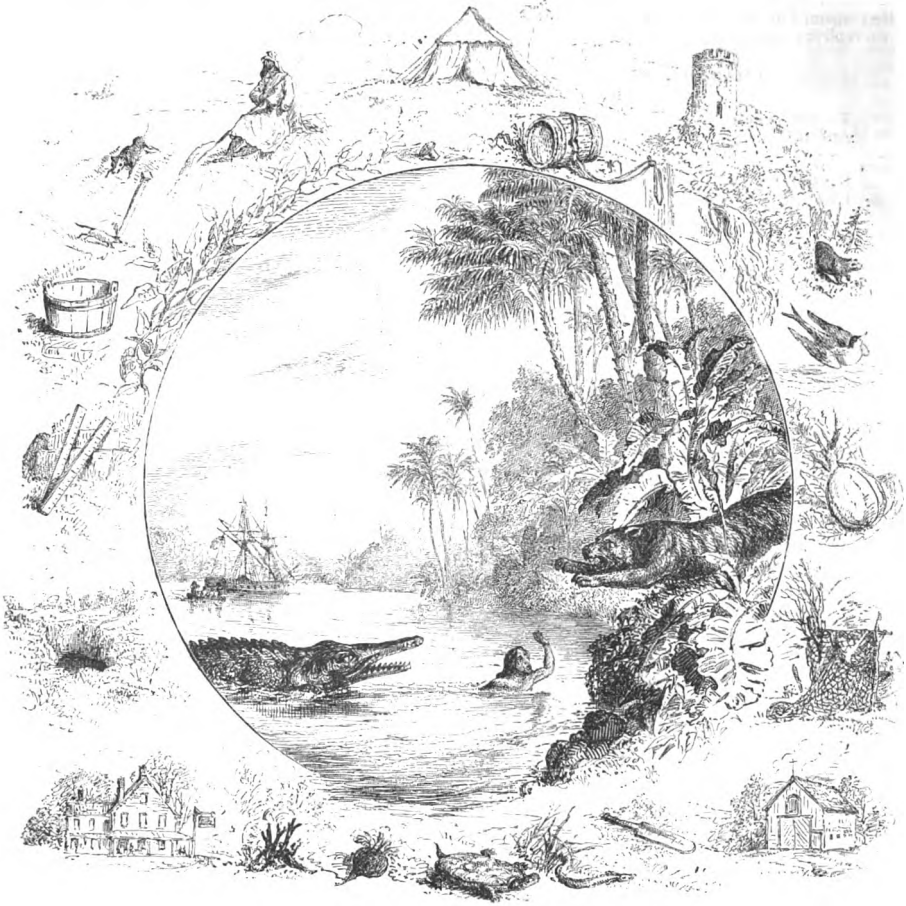
## PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture indicates the whole word from the letters of which the words represented by the other design are to be formed.)



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—(Prefix "Sp.")—Splash, Spoil, Spun, Spring, Spurn, Sparrow, Spade, Spear, Spice, Spell, Spy, Sprite, Space, Spleen, Spoke, Spark, Sphere, Sprinkle, Spend.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Foundation-words: Andersen—Children.—1. Arabic. 2. Noah. 3. Delhi. 4. Evil. 5. Richard. 6. Silver. 7. Eve. 8. Napoleon.

EASY CROSS-WORD.—Mabel.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—1 Effaces. 2. Embroils. 3. Ensigns. 4. United. 5. Elbow. 6. Embarks. 7. Catarrh. 8. Usurer. 9. Articles. 10. Calashes.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.—1. A. 2. Tug. 3. Larva. 4. Alkanet. 5. Sandstone.

TRANSPOSITIONS—1. Churl—lurch. 2. Shoot—hoots. 3. Braved—adverb. 4. Yufts—fusty. 5. Below—elbow. 6. Quills—squill. 7. Eglantine—inelegant. 8. Rescind—discern.

REVERSALS.—The answer to this puzzle is held over until next month.

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Pearl. 2. Eyric. 3. Aroma. 4. Rimed. 5. Leads.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.—1. Chili. 2. Peru. 3. Utah. 4. China. 5. Palestine.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—(Landscape.)—1. Seal. 2. Scale. 3. Plan. 4. Pan. 5. Ape. 6. Cape. 7. Sea. 8. Den. 9. Lad. 10. Leap. 11. Spade. 12. End. 13. Lace.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to September 18, from Edwin E. De Vinne, Willie Dibblee, G. E. M., Florence and Helen Gardiner, N. A. H., P. C. K., Alice Dudley, A. E. J., "Ella and Edith," "Nimble Dick," Warren E. Thomas, "Fun See," Katie T. Hughes, Gertrude Gunn, "Allie," Julia Sanford and Mollie Willett, Mollie Donohue, "Flora and Ada," L. M. Berkeley, Maggie Shanahan, Arthur Collier, "Peanuts," A. G. Cameron, Laurens T. Postell, "Virgil," Arthur E. Smith, "Henry and Maddie," Josie R. Ingalls, Clelia D. Mosher, Charles Coleman, Henry J. Warren, Fanny Eaton, Mary J. Tilghman, "Howard and Gussie," W. H. Rowe, P. H. Wigmore, Charles W. Hornor, Jr., Minnie M. Tooker, Lester Woodbridge, Lizzie Merrill, Reinette Ford, and Stella Jones.

[Other names will be credited next month.]

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1875. NO. 2.

## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

"MY life is a beautiful fairy-tale," says Hans Christian Andersen; "happy and full of incident." And, indeed, if you had read his own account of it, you would think it was as good a fairy-tale as was ever written.

There was very little difference to him between a real story and a fairy-tale; for his own fairy-tales were always very real to him, and, as I once heard him say, "Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's finger."

This was, indeed, the strain in which he always spoke whenever he told the wonderful story of his childhood in the little city of Odense, his journey to Copenhagen, and his rise—not to fortune and power, but to what is far better than fortune and power—to a place in the hearts of all little boys and girls all over the wide world; for his stories are, perhaps, the only books except the Bible that have been translated, not only into English and French and German, but even into Japanese and Hindostanee, and all manner of strange languages. Little brown-cheeked Hindoo children, sitting under the broad-leafed palm-trees on the banks of the Ganges, read the tales of "The Little Match-Girl," "The Ice-Maiden," and "The Elder-Tree's Mother." Little Chinese boys, with yellow skin and sloping eyes, and with queer names like Fu-Sing-Ho and Ching-Chang-Chuck (a sort of monosyllabic beads strung together with hyphens), laugh until the tears run down their cheeks at the adventures of "The Tin Soldier" and the councilor in "The Slippers of Fortune." Dark-eyed Spanish and Italian mothers tell these same stories to their children, sitting at their bedsides before kissing them good-night. And in the North—in Denmark and England and Norway and Sweden—there is hardly a child who has not rejoiced in the good fortune of Little Tuk who learned his geography lesson in his sleep, and cried over the unhappy fate of Knud in "Under the Willow-Tree." And at night, when the old Children's Poet sat at his table, and the student-lamp with the green shade threw a large ring of light around it, while a sort of greenish dusk seemed to fill the rest of the room, then all these children came from all parts of the earth, and their curly heads and chubby faces thronged around their old poet,—for then he was writing a story for them, and they were eager to see what it might be. When he had written something which was very funny, all the little boys and girls laughed, and their bright laughter filled the room; but when the poet had gone to bed and was asleep, the laughter followed him in his dreams, and it grew and grew, rippling onward from land to land, until all the children in Germany, England, Asia and America laughed at the funny thing he had written. But if it was something sad, then their eyes grew big with tears, and the tear went from land to land as the laughter had done.

Hans Christian Andersen was born in the city of Odense, on the island of Funen, April 2d, 1805, and he died in Copenhagen, August 4th, 1875. His father was a poor shoemaker, and lived with his wife and child in a small room, which had to serve them as parlor, bedroom, nursery, and



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kitchen. The bed in which the whole family slept the shoemaker had himself made out of the catafalque of a deceased nobleman, and the funeral trappings of black cloth, which the father no doubt thought very ornamental, were still attached to the frame. While Hans Christian was a child, he mostly amused himself with sewing dolls' clothes and arranging puppet theaters; and his mother, who fancied that it would be a great thing if in time he could become a tailor, gave him all the rags and paper she could spare. But he did not like the idea of being a tailor; he would much prefer to be a prince or a noble, or perhaps a king, who could wear fine gold-embroidered clothes and ride in a gilt carriage of his own, drawn by six beautiful horses. But as there was little prospect of his being made king in any ordinary way, he thought of all sorts of extraordinary ways; and it was on this account that he took such pleasure in his theater, because there he could make himself king or general, or even emperor, and in fact anything he chose, and even believe in it himself for the moment. Indeed, there was nothing too incredible for him to believe. One day, for instance, an old woman who washed clothes told him that the empire of China was situated under the river of Odense. "And," says Andersen in "The Story of My Life," "I did not find it at all impossible that a Chinese prince, some moonlight night when I was sitting there, might dig himself through the earth up to us, hear me sing, and then take me with him to his kingdom, make me rich and noble, and finally let me visit Odense, where I would live and build me a castle. Many an evening did I occupy myself with tracing and making ground-plans for it."

You see, then, that fairy-stories came very natural to Andersen, for he was hardly five years old when he had made a fairy prince of himself, and imagined himself living in a palace. And ever since then has he been continuing that fairy-tale; it had a great many chapters, each one of which was always brighter and prettier than the one before. The first you have already heard; it was about a poor shoemaker's child in Odense who sewed dolls' clothes and wished he were a prince; the last was sent by telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean only a few months ago, and that too, although it brought tears to many eyes, was not altogether a message of sorrow. It told that a great poet, whom all children loved, was dead; but I shall tell you about that presently.

When Andersen was only five or six years old he lost his father, and his mother had to take in washing to support herself and her son. Like many other poor children, he was sent to a factory where he was to work; but the laborers there teased him and made sport of him, and, as he was not a brave boy, he ran home to his mother and said that he would never go back again; and his mother petted him, and yielded to his wish. In school he hardly fared much better; the school-mistress, who sat with a long rod in her hand at the end of the table, once happened to hit him, and again he ran away, and, as usual, his mother indulged him. In the house of an old lady, Mrs. Bunkeflod, he now got hold of a translation of Shakespeare, and immediately began to write a tragedy of his own, in which everybody killed himself or was killed by somebody else.

In Denmark every boy and girl must spend a year in preparing for confirmation, and during this time they receive religious instruction once or twice a week from the pastor of the parish. Andersen went with a great many other children to such a black-robed pastor, and was at last confirmed. But because his parents were poor, and his clothes were a great deal too large for him, the boys would have nothing to do with him, and only a little girl now and then addressed a kind word to him, for which he was very grateful. He was "a regular girl's boy," his companions said; he cried when you hit him, and never struck again, and he cared neither for leap-frog nor marbles. But he was very fond of books, and sat at home reading when other boys were at play.

When he was confirmed, his mother tried with all her might to persuade him to learn the tailor's trade; but instead of that, he wanted to go to Copenhagen and become famous. And as she could not induce him to do as she wished, she yielded and allowed him to do as he pleased. So she gave him all the money she had, which was about five dollars, and with this in his pocket he started out for Copenhagen. There he called upon an actress, in the hope of getting a situation at the theater; he told her, with child-like openness, the whole history of his life, and, to prove his efficiency as an actor, began to declaim poetry to her, and at last to dance, until she was quite frightened, and thought that he was out of his mind. His money was soon spent, and he walked about the streets, not knowing what to do; but in his distress, it occurred to him to appeal for aid to the Italian singer Siboni, whose name he had once seen in a newspaper; and Siboni received him kindly and helped him until he caught a severe cold and lost his voice. Other kind people, however, gradually became interested in the gentle, warm-hearted lad, and some even offered to instruct him gratuitously in German, Danish and Latin. It was at this time that he became acquainted with the councilor Collin (a man well known in Danish history), who interested himself sincerely in his welfare, and in

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whose family he was henceforth received as a son. The King, at Collin's suggestion, granted an annual sum for his education, and he was sent to the Latin school at Slagelse, where he was to prepare for the University. The principal of this school (or rector, as he was called in Denmark) was a harsh and hot-tempered man, who hardly understood how to deal with a timid and sensitive boy like Andersen; so he made a scapegoat of him, and held him up to ridicule before the school, and, considering the usual pitilessness of boys toward a less favored comrade, it is almost a wonder that the scholars did not imitate the teacher's example. Imagine a tall, lank, pale-faced lad of sixteen, with a very large nose, light curly hair, stooping shoulders, and very long arms, which he seemed never to know what to do with; add to this that he belonged to the very lowest class, where he loomed up above the heads of all the rest, and that he never was known to return a blow, and it does seem strange that nobody except the teacher tried to take advantage of him. In order to console himself in the midst of his loneliness, he wrote poems, and, during a visit in the Christmas vacation to the Collin family, was induced to read some of them aloud at an evening party. The principal, on learning this, took him severely to task, declared his poems to be miserable trash, and forbade him writing any more in future.

At last, after many years of arduous study, Andersen entered the University of Copenhagen, —or became a student, as the Danes call it,—and now, at last, his life began to turn up its brighter pages before him. It is a great thing to be a *civis academicus*, or a student, in Denmark; the University, with its graduates and under-graduates, forms, as it were, a world by itself, in sharp contrast to the Philistines, or merchants, artisans, and trades-people, who have not had the advantage of a collegiate education. No man can hold an office under the Government without being a graduate of the University or one of the military academies, and the so-called best society consists almost exclusively of Government officials, army officers, and still unemployed University people. To this society the young poet was now admitted,—no longer by grace, but by virtue of his position and his own merit. He immediately turned his attention earnestly to writing, and in a short time finished his first book, "A Journey on Foot to Amager." He had evidently learned from his rector in Slagelse that his own traits of character—his maidenly shyness and his readiness to weep over everything—had its ludicrous side, and in this book he shows himself as quite a different man. You hardly recognize the lachrymose, sentimental youth you knew at Slagelse; here he tries his best to make fun of everything, and as there is nothing which people like better than fun, his book had a large sale, and soon everybody talked about it and the newspapers were full of it. Encouraged by his success, he published an edition of his collected poems, which also was received with great favor; and with the money which this brought him, he started on a journey through Zealand, Funen, and Jutland. It was on this journey that he met a young girl with whom he fell deeply in love, but who, unfortunately, at the time was engaged to another man, and as Andersen never met another woman whom he could love as he loved this girl, he remained unmarried all his life. Many years later, a peasant girl, who had heard about him as a great and world-renowned poet, whom all men honored,—and who, I believe, had also read some of his stories,—took it into her head that he was the one man she wanted to marry. So she started out for Copenhagen, where Andersen was then living, went to his house, and told him her errand. You can imagine how astonished he must have been at being told by a young, handsome girl that she wished to marry him.

"I should be so very good to you," said she, "and always take good care of you."

"But, my dear girl, I don't wish to be married," answered he; and she departed as suddenly as she had come.

After his return from his journey, he published a small book containing a description of "The West Coast of Jutland," and then went to Germany, where he became acquainted with the famous German authors Tieck and Chamisso. He had now no longer any royal stipend, and had to write constantly in order to support himself; and as no kind of writings are so profitable as dramas and comedies, he undertook to adapt Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" and "Kenilworth" to the stage, receiving the assistance of two musicians, Weyse and Harttmann, who composed the music. But the Danes are very fond of their own little country, and believe that there is no literature in the world equal to their own. Therefore they ridiculed this attempt of Andersen's to introduce a foreign novel-writer upon their stage. The critics all turned against him; people, whether they knew him or not, had the impudence to lecture him, and some even made wry faces at him in the street. Even his previous works were now condemned. Once it even happened that a clergyman attacked his poems at an evening party where Andersen himself was present, passing over everything that was good, and only counting, for instance, how many times the word "beautiful" was repeated on every page. At last, a little girl, six years old, who had been following in the book, and had found that

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almost every word had been attacked, turned to the clergyman and said, quite innocently: "There is one word yet which you have not scolded about. It is 'and.'"

To be attacked at an evening party may be bad enough; but, according to Danish notions, there is one thing which is still worse, and that is to be attacked in print. And at this time the now deceased poet Henrik Hertz published, without his name, a series of poems called "Letters from the Dead," in which he makes a Danish author, Baggesen, amuse himself in Paradise by ridiculing Andersen and many other living men. The poems were very wittily written, and had a great success. Andersen felt completely crushed, and the Danes thought that now, at last, he was demolished forever. Meanwhile, his true friend, Collin, who saw how very unhappy he was, advised him to ask the King for a stipend for foreign travel; and the King, on the recommendation of a great many distinguished men, granted the stipend, and Andersen once more hastened out into the wide world.

After a slow and tedious journey through Germany, he reached Paris, where a number of young Danes were at that time studying; but, as foreigners are very apt to do, they kept constantly together and spoke only their own language. Thus, at the end of three months, our poet knew hardly any more of French than he did at his arrival. He, therefore, hastened away from Paris, and in the month of August took up his residence in the little village Le Locle, in the Jura Mountains, where all the houses are filled with watches and all the inhabitants are watchmakers. Here he finished a poem, "Agnete and the Merman," which he had commenced in Paris, and sent it home to Copenhagen to be printed. And printed it was, and very cruelly ridiculed and attacked on all sides. Andersen felt that if he was to maintain his position as an author, he would have to produce some larger work, the merit of which would be beyond dispute, and which should compel his countrymen to recognize the genius which he knew he possessed. Therefore, during his stay in Italy, where he went during the following Winter, he began his great romance, "The Improvisatore," which you must be sure to read some time in your life, if you have not read it already. In Rome, Andersen met the great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, who was born on the ocean between Iceland and Denmark, and who descended from Snorre Thorfinsen, according to the Norse Sagas the first white man born on the American continent.* Thorwaldsen was a most noble and kind-hearted man, who encouraged Andersen by his hearty praise, and remained a good friend to him as long as he lived. "The Improvisatore," although the hero of the book is an Italian and not a Dane, describes the author's own struggles and sufferings in his efforts to obtain recognition for himself as a poet. And if Andersen had not suffered so much, and been so sensitive to suffering, he could hardly have described with such truthfulness the sufferings of another. The book is, at the same time, perfectly Italian in sentiment, and is a most beautiful account of the life, scenery, and traditions of that beautiful land.

Now followed, in quick succession, two more novels,—"Only a Fiddler" and "O. T.,"—both interesting narratives of popular life in Denmark. The letters "O. T." mean "Odense Tugthus" (the penitentiary of Odense), where the hero happens to be born, and, according to custom, he has these two letters burned into his arm, like any other criminal. When he is old enough, he leaves the penitentiary; but the dreadful mark still clings to him, and, of course, it leads to many strange adventures, which I shall not tell you, but leave you to find out by yourselves, if you care to get the book.

The success of these novels made a great change in Andersen's fortunes. The Count Conrad of Rantzau-Breitenburg (all nobles, you know, have very long and hard names, and the nobler they are the longer their names are), who was then Prime Minister of the kingdom, had read "The Improvisatore," and now went to find the author in his little lonely garret, high up under the roof. He invited him to come and visit him in his great castle in Holstein, and offered him his friendship; and by means of that friendship, the poor poet, who hitherto, in spite of the great sale of his books, had hardly had money enough to buy his clothes, obtained an annual salary from the Government, which was continued to his death. And this may be the reason why those who have read "The Story of My Life," have got the idea that Andersen was a snob. He did certainly adore rank and royalty—not, perhaps, because he considered kings and nobles to be better than other people, but because they always stood by him when he was in trouble, and were his friends when the critics and the whole public of the capital treated him with harshness.

Some time later appeared a drama called "The Mulatto," which was brought out in the Theater Royal of Copenhagen, and added to the fame of the author. His works now began to appear in translations in English, German, French, Swedish, Russian, Bohemian, and, in fact, in all European languages. Favorable criticisms appeared in for-

* Snorre Thorfinsen was born in the year 1008, when, according to the Sagas, the Norsemen for the second time discovered America. (See R. B. Andersen's book, "America Not Discovered by Columbus." Griggs & Co., Chicago. 1874.)

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eign journals, and Andersen was hailed everywhere as Denmark's greatest poet. The Danes themselves shook their heads doubtfully, and long refused to listen to the strange rumors from abroad, until at last the beautiful "Wonder-Stories" began to appear, and they, too, had to open their eyes and acknowledge that they had been mistaken in their judgment.

After that time Andersen went abroad almost every year, and wherever he came everybody flocked to see him; collegians came in torchlight processions to serenade him, and kings and princes invited him to their palaces, made him costly presents, and asked him to read his own stories to them,—for Andersen had a most beautiful and sympathetic voice, and read his own works wonderfully well. I can speak here from my own experience, for I once heard him read "The Ugly Duckling," and I shall never forget it. There was something so strangely soft and sweet and childlike in his manner of pronouncing his own soft language. English he understood, but spoke it very poorly; he was hardly much more proficient in French, but spoke German with great fluency, although with a decidedly foreign accent.

Of his later works, "The Wonder-Stories," which you all know; the novel, "The Two Baronesses;" and the biographies, "The Story of My Life" and "A Poet's Bazaar," may be worthy of mention. Besides these, he has written a great many dramas, which had their day of success, but are now nearly forgotten.

It was in September, 1873, now two years ago, that I met Andersen. He was then very sick, and sat in a large easy-chair, wrapped in a flowered dressing-gown. He always held my hands in his while I sat at his side talking with him, and I saw the tears coming into his eyes when I told him how much the children in America loved him, how well they knew his stories, and how happy they would be if he would come over here and let them see him.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I have thought of that many times. But now I am too old and stiff in my legs. If you could telegraph me across to the American children, I should start to-morrow. I am never very well on the ocean. But if you write anything about me, as you say you are going to do, you may give my love to all the little boys and girls who know my stories, and tell them that I would have come if I had not been so old and sick."

His hair was quite white then, for he was sixty-eight years old; his face was very pale, as it always was, but there was a beautiful, gentle, and affectionate expression in his gray eyes, which made one quite forget that he was really a homely man. He was fully six feet tall, but stooped heavily when he walked; and somehow, even in his old age, he seemed to prefer coats and pantaloons that were too large for him, and as far removed from the reigning fashion as possible. Wherever he went in the quaint old city of Copenhagen, the children flocked about him, climbed up on his knees, and even on his shoulders, in order to listen to his stories. And when he heard of a little boy or girl who was sick, he was sure to come and sit at his or her bedside, and tell the most charming fairy-tales about storks, and princes, and plants, and all kinds of animals, until the child quite forgot that it was sick, and only seemed to see the beautiful things which he told. In the streets the boys always took off their hats to him,—for all boys knew him,—and the little girls curtseyed, while he stopped to pat their cheeks.

A friend of mine, who was quite an old boy when this happened, once came very near losing his eyesight. He was brought to the hospital, where nobody knew him, and the room was darkened, so that he could see nothing, not even his own hand when he held it up before his eyes. He had lain in this way for a whole week, and almost wished he were dead, when one evening there came a gentle tap on the door, and a man entered and sat down on the bedside. My friend did not know the man; and even if he had known him, it would have been too dark to see his face.

"I am Hans Christian Andersen," said the man. "I heard that you were sick, and I have been sick myself, and know what it is. Would you allow me to sit down and talk to you, and tell you some stories?"

My friend, naturally enough, was very grateful, and did not object to being entertained. And almost every night for two weeks Andersen returned. When the thick curtains could be drawn aside from the windows, he read aloud, mostly his own writings, for he liked better to read his own stories and poems than those of others. This is only one of a hundred incidents of the same kind which the people in Copenhagen tell of him; and no one will wonder that, with all his peculiarities and odd habits, they could not help loving him. He was a dear and beloved friend in every household; from the King down to the poorest artisan, every one knew and honored him. Every door and every heart was open to him. They no longer lectured and criticised him; every page that he wrote was eagerly grasped by young and old, and read with pleasure and gratitude.

At his death all the kingdom mourned; and not only Denmark, but Norway, Sweden, and Germany sent wreaths of the most precious flowers to adorn his coffin. The royal family, the officers of the army, the students and professors of the Uni-

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versity, guilds of artisans, all the literary men of the city, and, in fact, all who could throng into the large church of Our Lady, were present at the funeral and followed in a long procession to his grave. Subscriptions have now been taken up to erect a statue to him, and from everywhere—from city and country—contributions have been pouring in.

One thing more. You remember the story of "The Ugly Duckling," which the hens and chickens were always pecking at because he was not like them; and the ducks hated him because he was not quite like them either. For a long time it was a very unhappy kind of life he led there in the poultry-yard. But at last there came two large, majestic birds sailing down the stream. The ugly duckling suddenly spread his wings and flew toward them. He felt that he was one of them—and three swans rose high in the air.

That ugly duckling (I know it on the very best authority) was the poet himself. He suffered long among the hens and ducks, but at last he rose high above them, and now they all see that he was a swan—a great poet.

Hans Christian Andersen.

[In the frontispiece, in the center of which is an entirely new portrait of Andersen, you will see in the upper left hand corner a picture of "The Ugly Duckling." Under this is the "Elder-Tree Mother," and in the lower left hand corner we see the good Councilor Knapp. In the upper right hand corner is "Little Tuk," and under it "The Little Match-Seller." In the lower right hand corner you see a scene in "Under the Willow-Tree." At the top, in the middle, is "The Brave Tin Soldier," and at the bottom we have a scene from "The Ice Maiden."]

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# THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

By H. H.

THE tales of good St. Nicholas
  Are known in every clime;
Told in painting, and in statues,
  And in the poet's rhyme.
For centuries they 've worshiped him,
  In churches, east and west;
Of all the saints we read about
  He is beloved the best.
Because he was the saint of all
  The wretched and the poor,
And never sent a little child
  Unsuccored from his door.
In England's isle, alone, to-day,
  Four hundred churches stand
Which bear his name, and keep it well
  Remembered through the land.
And all the little children
  In England know full well
This tale of good St. Nicholas,
  Which I am now to tell.
The sweetest tale, I think, of all
  The tales they tell of him;
I never read it but my eyes
  With tears begin to swim.

There was a heathen king who roved
  About with cruel bands,
And waged a fierce and wicked war
  On all the Christian lands.
And once he took as captive
  A little fair-haired boy,
A Christian merchant's only son,
  His mother's pride and joy.
He decked him in apparel gay,
  And said, "You 're just the age
To serve behind my chair at meat,
  A dainty Christian page."
Oh, with a sore and aching heart,
  The lonely captive child
Roamed through the palace, big and grand,
  And wept and never smiled.
And all the heathen jeered at him
  And called him Christian dog,
And when the king was angry
  He kicked him like a log,
And spat upon his face, and said:
  "Now, by my beard, thy gods
Are poor to leave their worshipers
  At such unequal odds."

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"WHEN FLYING THROUGH THE AIR,
THE SAINT CAME CARRYING THE BOY,
STILL BY HIS CURLY HAIR!"

One day, just as the cruel king
Had sat him down to dine,
And in his jeweled cup of gold
The page was pouring wine.

The little fellow's heart ran o'er
In tears he could not stay,
For he remembered suddenly,
It was the very day

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On which the yearly feast was kept
  Of good St. Nicholas,
And at his home that very hour
  Were dancing on the grass,
With music, and with feasting, all
  The children of the town.
The king looked up, and saw his tears;
  His face began to frown:
"How now, thou dog! thy sniveling tears
  Are running in my cup;
'T was not with these, but with good wine,
  I bade thee fill it up.
Why weeps the hound?" The child replied:
  "I weep, because to-day,
In name of good St. Nicholas,
  All Christian children play;
And all my kindred gather home,
  From greatest unto least,
And keep to good St. Nicholas
  A merry banquet feast."
The heathen king laughed scornfully:
  "If he be saint indeed,
Thy famous great St. Nicholas,
  Why does he not take heed
To thee to-day, and bear thee back
  To thy own native land?
Ha! well I wot, he cannot take
  One slave from out my hand!"

Scarce left the boastful words his tongue
  When, with astonished eyes,
The cruel king a giant form
  Saw swooping from the skies.
A whirlwind shook the palace walls,
  The doors flew open wide,
And lo! the good St. Nicholas
  Came in with mighty stride.
Right past the guards, as they were not,
  Close to the king's gold chair,
With striding steps the good Saint came,
  And seizing by his hair
The frightened little page, he bore
  Him, in a twinkling, high
Above the palace topmost roof,
  And vanished in the sky.

Now at that very hour was spread
  A banquet rich and dear,
Within the little page's home,
  To which, from far and near,
The page's mourning parents called
  All poor to come and pray
With them, to good St. Nicholas,
  Upon his sacred day.
Thinking, perhaps, that he would heal
  Their anguish and their pain,
And at poor people's prayers might give
  Their child to them again.

Now what a sight was there to see,
  When flying through the air,
The Saint came carrying the boy,
  Still by his curly hair!
And set him on his mother's knee,
  Too frightened yet to stand,
And holding still the king's gold cup
  Fast in his little hand.
And what glad sounds were these to hear,
  What sobs and joyful cries,
And calls for good St. Nicholas,
  To come back from the skies!
But swift he soared, and only smiled,
  And vanished in the blue;
Most likely he was hurrying
  Some other good to do.
But I wonder if he did not stop
  To take a passing look
Where still the cruel heathen king
  In terror crouched and shook;
While from the palace all his guards
  In coward haste had fled,
And told the people in his chair
  The king was sitting dead.

Hurrah for good St. Nicholas!
  The friend of all the poor,
Who never sent a little child
  Unsuccored from his door.
We do not pray to saints to-day,
  But still we hold them dear,
And the stories of their holy lives
  Are stories good to hear.
They are a sort of parable,
  And if we ponder well,
We shall not find it hard to read
  The lesson which they tell.
We do not pray to saints to-day,
  Yet who knows but they hear
Our mention of them, and are glad
  We hold their memory dear?
Hurrah for good St. Nicholas,
  The friend of all the poor,
Who never sent a little child
  Unsuccored from his door!

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# THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

By Noah Brooks.

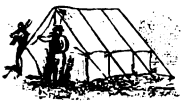
## Chapter III.

### CAMPING OUT.

Iowa was not a thickly settled State in those days, and a journey across it was not so very different from the progress of a caravan across the continent. But there were farm-houses along the road where the emigrants could procure milk, fresh vegetables, and bread. They had little money, and only bought such things as would help them economize their stock of provisions. By and by they would be out of the reach of all other supplies. Camping out was, at first, great fun. Their tent was new, fresh and clean. It was big enough for six people, and a man could stand upright in the middle where the ridge-pole sustained the roof.

This roof was in the shape of the letter V turned upside down. About two feet from the bottom, the canvas came straight down and was fastened by wooden pins driven into the ground. The main body of the tent was kept up by ropes, secured at the lower edge of the roof and stretched out to large wooden pins driven into the ground two or three feet off. Then, guy ropes, extending from each end of the ridge-pole and made fast to other stakes, kept the whole structure steady when the wind blew. So the house of this migrating party was dry and strong enough for most occasions, and it was easily packed in a small space. When the tent was pitched at the end of a day's march, the two upright poles were held up, with the ridge-pole laid on top and secured at each end by an iron pin, which passed through a hole at each end of the pole. Two boys held this frail house-frame together while another threw the canvas over it and fastened it in two or three places to keep it from tumbling over. Then all hands stretched out the ropes, pinned the cloth at the bottom, and, in a few minutes, the house was ready for the night. While traveling, the tent, with its ropes and pins, was stuffed into a stout sack. The door had no hinges, nor name-plate, nor door-bell; it was a slit in the canvas and fastened with strings, instead of lock and key. Under shelter of this canvas mansion, the emigrants spread their blankets and buffalo-robes, and slept soundly and well.

But the cooking was a dreadful burden. Barnard had taken some lessons in bread-making from his mother before starting, and he made the first batch of bread. No, it was not exactly bread, either. First, he carefully put some flour, salt and yeast powder into a pan and mixed them thoroughly with a big spoon, the others looking on with admiration. Then he poured in boiling water until he had a thick paste, which he stirred round and round as before. It was very sticky, but Barney bravely put his hands into it and attempted to mold the mass into biscuits. It would not be molded; such obstinate dough was never before seen. When poor Barney tried to pick it off from one hand it would stick to another. He rubbed in more flour to make it dryer, and then the lumps of dough all wasted away into "chicken feed," as Hiram satirically called it, and there was no consistence to it; and when they added water to it the stuff became again just like glue.



THE TENT.

"You want to pat the cakes round and round in your hands—so," said Arthur. "That's the way mother does."

"Pat 'em yourself, if you know so much about it," said Barnard angrily; and he sat down in the grass, and tried to rub his bothered head with his elbows, his hands being helpless wads of dough. Arthur, rolling up his sleeves, dipped into the pan and succeeded in sticking his fingers together so fast that each hand looked like a very big and very badly shaped duck's foot—web-fingered, in fact.

"Hang the bread!" he exclaimed; and the rest of the family rolled over and over in the grass roaring at the comical figure he cut. He was daubed with dough up to the elbows and unable to use his hands; a mosquito had lighted on his face, and, involuntarily slapping at him, Arthur had left a huge blotch of paste on his forehead, completely closing his left eye. Poor Arthur rested his helpless paws on the edge of the pan and said, "I give it up."

"Oh, dump her into the baking-pan and let her flicker!" said Hiram, as soon as he could get his breath again. "We don't care for biscuits; its the bread we want. This is camping out, boys, you know."

So the mass was tumbled into the baking-pan and put into the oven of their tidy little sheet-iron camp-stove. For a table they used a wide, short piece of pine board, which, laid across a couple of gold-pans turned bottom up, answered as well as

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"real mahogany," as Arthur said. On this occasion, however, the tin plates and cups, the smoking coffee-pot, and even the fried meat were on the board long before that obstinate bread showed signs of being baked. It would not rise up light "like mother's," and when a straw was run cautiously into it, the inside seemed as raw as ever. An hour's baking seemed to make no impression on it, and the boys finally supplied its place with dry crackers and supped as merrily as if they had not made their first great failure.

They tried to throw away the provoking mess of dough that would not bake, but it stuck in the pan as obstinately as it had refused to be cooked. They scraped away at it with all sorts of tools, but the stuff, which now resembled a small bed of mortar, adhered to the pan with determination.

"Did you grease that pan?" demanded Arthur.

"No," said Barney, with a sudden flush. "Who ever heard of such a thing."

There was another shout of laughter, for everybody at once recollected that the pan should have had flour, or some kind of grease, put in it to keep the dough from sticking. While they laughed, a farm-wagon, in which rode an old man and a young woman, came jogging along the road by which they were camped. The girl wore a faded red calico frock, which hung straight down from her waist to her bare brown feet. A huge gingham sun-bonnet with a cape protected her head and shoulders.

Arthur ran down to the edge of the road, and heard the old man say, "Them's Californey emigrants." It was the first time the boy had ever heard himself called an emigrant, and he did not like it. But suddenly remembering that he was one, he checked his rising glow of indignation and said, "Say, miss, will you tell us what's the matter with this bread?"

The girl looked at her father, who looked at the queer group by the tent, then at Arthur's flushed and honest face, and said, "Go, Nance." So Nance, declining Arthur's proffered hand, leaped to the ground, and wading through the grass, went up and cast a critical glance at the objectionable dough.

"How d' ye make this yere?" she asked, pointing her elbow at the bread. Barnard described the process by which he had compounded this famous preparation of flour and other things.

"What sort of water did ye put into it?" she next demanded.

"Why, good spring water, of course?" was the reply.

"Cold or hot?"

"Oh, boiling hot, to be sure."

The girl suddenly clasped her hands to her stomach, sat down in the grass and doubled herself up like a jackknife. Then, sitting up again, she pushed back her sun-bonnet, and, as if addressing herself to the camp-stove, she said:

"My goodness, gracious me! if these ornery fellers have n't been and gone and scalded their flour! Oh, my! oh, my! I'm just fit to bust!" And she doubled herself up again.

"So we should not have scalded the bread, Miss Sunbonnet, should we?" asked Barnard, who felt ridiculed and was somewhat nettled.

"The girl wiped her eyes on her sleeve and said: "Bread! It aint bread; it's flour paste."

Good-naturedly recovering herself, Nance explained that *cold* water or milk should be used in mixing the flour; and, adding some other general instructions, she strode off through the grass to the wagon. As she climbed up and rode away, the boys saw her double herself up once more, and they thought she said, "Scalded his flour, the ornery critter!"

Though this was a severe lesson in housekeeping, it was not the only one of their mortifying failures. Even when they learned to make bread with cold water, it was not until they had spoiled much good flour that they were able to make bread which was even catable. And it was not in Iowa that they succeeded well enough to satisfy themselves. After they had crossed the Missouri, long after, and were well out in Nebraska, Arthur made the first bread of which the others proudly said that it was "good enough for anybody."

Cooking beans was another perplexity. They baked them dry with a piece of pork, and when they were "done," they rolled out of the baking kettle like gravel stones, harder than when they went into it. Then, when they discovered that the beans should have been soaked and boiled, or parboiled, before baking, they took two quarts and soaked and boiled them. The beans swelled and swelled until the big camp kettle ran over. They were put into other dishes, but would not stop swelling, and before those beans were ready to bake, every dish in camp was full and overflowing. A satirical wood-chopper, loafing up to their camp in the midst of the crisis, inquisitively asked:

"Be you fellows peddlin' beans across to Californey?"

But, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the boys began to enjoy themselves very much. Some days it was hot and tedious tramping along in the dusty road, especially when they reflected that they were so far from the end of their journey. Even though days of travel were behind them, before them the road stretched out for more than a thousand miles. They seemed to have been on the journey a good while, but they knew that

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months must pass before they could reach the end of it.

"This is awful slow work," Barney would say, when they reckoned upon the day's progress. "Only twenty-one miles to-day, and a couple thousand, more or less, to get over."

Hiram, however, a patient and plodding fellow, "allowed" that it took so many steps less for next day's tramp, because those of to-day had been taken, one by one. And Arthur used to look back at their camping-place when they had moved on for an hour or so, and blithely say:

"Now I am two miles nearer California than I was this morning."

"Two miles aint much, especially when a chap has got the dishes to wash at the end of every twenty miles," once said Tom. Washing dishes was a very disagreeable part of camp duty. It was a continual subject of contention. Nobody wanted to wash dishes. To be sure, the whole camp equipage did not amount to more than four or five tin plates and as many cups, and knives and forks. An active kitchen-maid would have disposed of the whole lot in a few minutes. But the boys were not kitchen-maids, and, what was more, they were determined that they would not appear as though they were. Hiram thought that as long as he was responsible for fire-wood and water, dish-washing should not be included in his duties. Barnard usually drove the team, and had general charge of that important branch of the service. Tom and Arthur attended to pitching the tent at night, unloading the wagon of things needed during camping time, and taking down the tent, packing up and collecting camp furniture in the morning preparatory to a start. All hands, with equal unsuccess, tried the cooking; and all hands, though ready to find fault with each other's cooking, declared that they would do anything but cook—unless it was to wash dishes.

"Perhaps you had bettter hire a girl to go along and wash dishes, Arty," said Barnard, reproachfully.

"I don't care, Barney; I did n't ship to wash dishes, and I wont; so there," was Arthur's invariable reply, which Barnard as invariably met with "Who did ship to wash dishes?"

Obviously nobody did. So the dishes went unwashed, sometimes for days together. One morning, Hiram, taking up his plate, said: "I wonder what was in this plate last? There 's bacon fat and corn-dodger crumbs, boiled rice, molasses, and I allow that that gray streak in that nor'-nor'-west corner is chicken. Tell yer what, boys, I don't allow that I 'm agoin' to drive horses, chop wood, or lug water for fellers that wont wash dishes for decency's sake. I 'm willin' to carry my share of the cookin', turn and turn about. You two boys ought to wash the dishes regular. I 'm the oldest feller in this yer camp, and if you, Tom and Arthur, don't find some way of doin' up those yer dishes between ye, before we git to the Bluffs, ye may as well make up yer minds to go back from there."

This was a long speech for Hiram, who always meant what he said. Barnard supported him in this decision; and the younger boys, though feeling very much "put upon," agreed to take turns at playing house-maid.

The first experiment was attended by a serious disaster. They drew lots for the first week's duty, and Arthur was "stuck," as he expressed it, for the service. Sitting somewhat morosely on the ground, one evening, at work on this unwelcome job of dish-washing, he turned the only crockery plate of the establishment about in his hands, scolding to himself. Tom, who was not a little elated that he was exempt from this service, at least for one week, stood by, and, aggravatingly pointing with his foot at the plate, said:

"Be careful of that yer crockery, Arty, it's Hi's favorite dish. He 'll dress ye down if ye smash it."

Arthur, with a gust of rage, cracked Tom over his toe with the plate, breaking it into pieces.

"There, now! I——"

But before Tom could say any further, Hiram, who had watched the whole proceeding, seized both boys by the collar and hustled them toward a creek which flowed near camp.

"Where are you going with those boys?" shouted Barnard, amazed and laughing as he saw stout Hiram wrestling with the two squirming boys.

"I 'm going to drown 'em, like I would a pair of quarrelsome cats," said Hiram, manfully struggling with the youngsters.

"No you don't, though," said Tom, dexterously twisting one of his legs in between Hiram's feet. The young man staggered a little, and, in his effort to save himself from falling into the creek, let both boys go loose. They stood a little way off, looking defiantly at each other and at Hiram.

"Your family government does not seem to work well," said Barnard. "I guess we 'll have to send the boys back from Council Bluffs. They never 'll go through this way."

Arthur, who still held in his hand a bit of the plate that had been the innocent cause of this outburst, said:

"Well, Tom pestered me; but I 'm willing to try it again. Give us a fair trial, Barney."

Tom was sulky, but admitted that he should not have provoked Arthur.

"Tom, I 'll tell ye what I 'll do with *you*," said

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Hiram. "If ye don't behave yerself, I 'll take away yer revolver and put ye on the first boat bound down, after we get to the Bluffs."

"That will be binding him over to keep the peace," said Barnard.

"No," added Arthur, opening his hand and showing, with a blush, the fragment of Hiram's pet plate, "I 'm going to keep the piece."

And he did.

## CHAPTER IV.

### "THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE."

A CITY of tents covered the flat banks of the Missouri, below Council Bluffs, when our party reached the river. In those days, Council Bluffs was a scattered and rough-looking town, about four miles from the Missouri River; and, where its edges were frayed out toward the south, was a long level strip of land, extending to the broad sweep of the stream. Westward, this plain was dotted with thousands of cattle, belonging to emigrants; and in that part of it which was nearest the town were the carts and wagons of those whose faces were now turned toward California. It was a novel sight. Here were men mending wagons, cooking in the open air, repairing their tents or clothes, trading off some part of their outfit, or otherwise making ready for the final start across the plains.

Looking across the flat bottom land, one could barely catch a glimpse of the Big Muddy, as the people called the Missouri River. A fringe of low trees showed where the stream flowed by; and occasionally a huge three-story steamboat went gliding down in the distance, looking exactly as if it were moving through the meadows. Beyond, the western side of the river was somewhat bluffy and broken. A few wooden shanties were grouped about the ferry landing,—a huge scow being the means of transit. On one eminence stood a weather-beaten structure, partially boarded over. This was designed to be the capital when the country should be erected into the Territory of Nebraska. The groups of shanties scattered about over the hills had no name. Omaha has since arisen on that site. Then, however, the whole country was one of great expectations.

THE CAMP AT THE "JUMPING-OFF PLACE."

With eyes wide open, scanning the curious sight on every side, the boys drove their team down the river road, in search of a good camping-place. Their experience in traveling through Iowa had

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taught them that they must find a dry, smooth spot for their tent, water for the camp, and grass for the horses. On the edge of this strange city of tents they found all of these, and there they encamped.

But they were not allowed to do this unnoticed. Although people were continually going and coming, there were enough idle fellows to watch the new-comers and make remarks upon them, — "Here's more candidates for California fortunes." "Going to the Pacific with that raw-boned hoss?" "Oh, get out of that wagon and walk to the diggings." "What are you going to do with that gold-pan?" "Say, sonny, does yer mammy know you're out?" These were some of the rude salutations which greeted the party as they drove sturdily down through the city of tents.

Arthur's eyes snapped a little, and his cheeks burned; but Hiram, perched in the wagon, flung back the rude observations with cheerful readiness. One kindly-faced man, who walked along beside the boys, said:

"You must n't mind these chaps; they're rough, but good-natured; and if you should happen to get into difficulty, they would help you readily enough."

Their new acquaintance showed them where parties from various parts of the Western States were encamped; and they pitched their tent near that of some men from Hancock County, Illinois, and soon made themselves at home.

They felt that they had reached "the jumping-off place."

Beyond, across the river, was nothing but that vast unbroken stretch of country which used to be laid down in the school maps as "Unexplored Regions." Even now it was unexplored except by a few people who had gone over to Oregon, Utah, or California. Contradictory reports about the value of the gold diggings were coming into this canvas city of emigrants. The very day that they arrived, there ran a rumor through the camp that two men had just come in from California with very discouraging news. It was said that they had come through in twenty-eight days, riding their mules all the way; had had narrow escapes from Indians, and were so far back on their way to "the States," as everybody called the country east of the Missouri.

After the boys had settled their camp for the night, they went out and hunted up these bearers of ill tidings. Pressing into a little knot of men near the camp of some New Englanders, who had fitted out at Council Bluffs, they saw a rough-bearded, ragged and seedy-looking man, sitting on a wagon-tongue. He was smoking a short pipe with great enjoyment, and he occasionally dropped a word by way of answer to the questions that were showered upon him.

"Gold! no!" he replied, with great scorn, "thar's no gold in the hull country. How do I know? Why, I was thar a week; that's how I know."

"Where were you?" asked one of the bystanders.

"I was on the Yuba, jest whar it jines into the American. That's whar I war."

"But I did n't know the Yuba emptied into the American; the Yuba is further north," said Barnard, impulsively, and before he thought.

"B'en thar?" growled the returned Californian.

"No," said Barnard, with a blush.

"Wal, I have, you bet yer," rejoined the other. "And its no use o' yer talkin', men; I have mined it more nor a week in them diggins; never got so much as a color."

"Did you hear of anybody who did find gold?" somebody asked.

"Here and thar war a man who said as how he had seed some other feller as had seed another who had heerd tell on some other chap as had found somethin' that looked like gold. I don't put no trust into any on 'em."

"You look as if you 'd had a hard time," said a sympathizing visitor.

"Misery in my bones; wust way; I aint been so powerful bad in my life afore. Fever 'n ager wuss than in Arkansaw. You bet yer."

"Why did n't you keep on down the Yuba, prospecting?"

"Keep on!" replied the veteran, with infinite scorn. "We war nigh out of grub. No gold in sight. We 'd rastled with our luck long enough, me and my pard. So we jist lighted out 'n that 'tween two days. Powerful glad we are to be yar, too, you bet yer."

"You look it," said one of the emigrants, who seemed to regard this dampening report as a sort of personal injury.

Younkins, for this was the name of the returned prospector, told the same story all through the camps. No gold in California, but much sickness; cholera, fever and ague, and plenty of men glad to get away, if they could only find the means to travel with. Some of the emigrants did not believe these reports. Some said: "Oh, these chaps are discouraging emigration to the diggings. They want it all themselves. They can't fool us that way." But others were downright discouraged.

A day or two after, four men crossed the river from the Nebraska side, driving an ox-team with a shabby wagon. They had gone as far west as Fort Laramie, where they heard bad news and had turned back. The boys sought out this party, and

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heard their story. They had lost a comrade, who had died on the way to Laramie. They were gloomy, down-hearted and out of spirits. They met people coming back. Some had been through to California; or they said they had. Others had turned their faces homeward after hearing the reports of others.

This bad news had its effect in the camps. "The mines have given out," was the cry around many of the camp-fires; and not a few wagons were packed up for home, or sold out at auction, and the disheartened owners returned to "the States," out of pocket as well as out of luck. In a few days outfits were to be had for low prices. The weekly newspaper at Council Bluffs vainly tried to keep up the excitement. Reports from California were discouraging. If there ever had been any gold there, it was exhausted. It was useless to say that there never was any of the precious stuff found in the mines. Many of the emigrants had seen some that had been brought to their own homes. Arthur and Barney had touched and handled Gates' golden ore. But the mines had given out, and that was the end of the matter.

"I don't believe any such yarn," said Barnard, stoutly. "I don't want to influence the rest of you, boys; but I 'm going through. For one, I shall not turn back."

"Nor I!" said Arthur, with a burst of enthusiasm.

"Nor I," added Tom.

"It's Californy or bust, with me," said Hiram, sententiously.

So they were agreed.

But things looked rather blue at times; and when those who had turned back drove slowly up the road and disappeared among the bluffs, Arthur looked after them with some misgivings, and with a touch of homesickness in his heart. Then he turned his eyes westward where the sun dipped below the western hills. As at one glance, he saw the long trail stretching over the unknown land. It was a mysterious and untried way. The boy hesitated only for a moment, and, stretching out his arms toward the setting sun, said to himself, "I 'm bound to go through!"

After all, however, there were very few who turned back, compared with the number remaining at the Bluffs; and every steamboat that came up the river brought fresh recruits from the towns and cities below. These people had only part of their outfit with them; some of them bought out the entire equipment of those who were returning, and so stepped at once into possession of all that was needed to take them through. In a few days, the city of tents grew a great deal; and, on the western side of the river, where the bottom land spread out, as on the Iowa side, there was a considerable encampment. These, like the camps across the river, were changing all the while. Every day a train of wagons would roll out over the hills, bound at last for California; and new additions were immediately made. This was the place where emigrants to California found what was yet to be added to their equipment. Supplies were plenty, and sold at reasonable prices. People who, like our boys, had traveled across the country by team, had consumed some of their provisions before reaching the Bluffs; and their brief experience in camping out and traveling showed them where their outfits were imperfect. Many parties came up the river on steamers, and here bought a great portion of their stores. Council Bluffs was a busy place; everybody had something to sell; and the citizens of that thriving town strolled among the canvas tents of the emigrants with calm satisfaction.

There was much hunting to and fro for people who had come across the country, by their comrades who had followed after by the speedier transit of railroad and steamboat. Some of these parties were never made up again. It often happened that those who arrived first grew tired of waiting for those who were to come after. Although there was much delay at the Bluffs, everybody was feverish and excited. If they were going on to the land of gold, they were in a hurry to start. If they had decided to return, they had no time to waste at the river. So little companies broke up, some going on and some turning back. Friends, neighbors and families were thus dispersed, never to meet again; and, wandering around from camp to camp, were those who expected to find their comrades, but who too often learned that they had gone on before. Some of these belated ones were disheartened, and went no farther; but most of them joined themselves to other parties, and so pushed on to California.

Our boys began to think that their two-horse team was hardly heavy enough to draw their wagon across the continent. They saw that most people had at least two spare horses; and more oxen than horses were used by the emigrants whom they had met.

"Oxen is the things, I allow, after all, boys," said Hiram, who had studied the subject carefully while coming through Iowa. "Just suppose one of these horses should up and die; where 'd ye be then? We 'd have to haul through with one hoss."

"But suppose we were chased by Indians," remonstrated Arthur. "We could n't get away with oxen, could we?"

"Indians! pshaw!" said Hiram; "there aint

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no Indians, so far as heerd from. And if there was, hosses won't save us, you may bet on that."

"We might trade off our horses for oxen," said Barnard, "but we could n't expect to get two yoke of oxen for a pair of horses; and unless we had two yoke we should be no better off than we are now."

"Cattle are cheap," explained Hiram. "We can buy a yoke fer fifty or sixty dollars. Old Jim 's worth that much money, and my Jenny could sell fer more 'n the cost of another yoke. The farmers 'round here are bringin' in their cattle."

"Golly! how it rains," broke in Tom, who had been trying to keep the beating current out of the tent. The water flowed in under the edge of the canvas from the sloping ground in the rear. Arthur jumped up in consternation. He had been sitting in a little pool of water.

"All hands out to dig trenches!" shouted Barnard. The night was pitch dark, and the boys seized their lantern, shovels and ax, and sallied out to dig a narrow ditch about the tent. The water poured into this, and so was carried off on each side, and their canvas-house stood on a little island of its own. But the rain fell in torrents, and the tent flapped wildly in the wind.

"Tell you what, fellers," said Hiram, shaking the water from him, as they crouched inside again, "this aint what it 's cracked up to be. Camping in a rain storm aint great fun; hey, Arty?"

Arthur was just going to say that they might be worse off before they got across the plains, when a pair of very thin hands were thrust in at the opening of the tent, now tied together for the night, and a thin voice said: "Please may I come in?"

"Sartin, sartin," said Hiram heartily. "Walk in and make yourself to hum, whoever you be."

Arthur unfastened the tent-curtain, and a boyish figure, slender and woe-begone, struggled into the group.

The stranger might have been about thirteen years old. He looked as if he had lived about forty years. He wore a pair of trousers made of striped jean, resembling bed-ticking; and his jacket of linsey-woolsey homespun, and dyed with butternut juice, was much too short at the wrists. His face was pale, but sweet and pleasant, and he had mild blue eyes. Under his arm he carried a large bundle. He wore a very seedy coon-skin cap, wet and dripping with the rain. He put his bundle carefully on the ground, and tied the tent together again; then, turning about, he surveyed the little party in the tent with mild inquiry, but without a word.

"What mought yer name be?" asked Hiram, when nobody else had broken silence.

"Johnny."

Hiram paused. He knew that the boy's name was not, after all, of much consequence to anybody; but to ask for it was one way to begin a conversation. And he had not got far. "Johnny" was rather vague.

"Johnny what?" spoke up Tom.

"That 's all. Only just Johnny," was the reply.

"Oh, don't bother the boy about his name," broke in Barnard. "Where are your folks? Are you going to California?"

"Yes, I 'm going to California; and I don't know where my folks are. Perhaps you 've seen 'em, sir. There 's a tall one with red hair, and a short one with a harelip, and another one with a game leg. Oh, sir, have n't you seen 'em nowhere?" and the poor boy's eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

"A game leg?" repeated Hiram. "Boys, don't you remember that thar mean skunk as stole Josh Davis's ox-chain over on the west side of the river? He mought have been the chap. Did he wear a red shirt, with a blue handkercher around his waist?" he asked of Johnny.

"Yes," said the boy; "and his name was Bunce,—Bill Bunce,—and we are from Vermillion County, Illinois."

"I allow he and his partners have gone on ahead," said Hiram.

"I was over on the Omaha side when they drove out," added Tom; "and they had a big yaller dog named Pete with them. Golly! but that dog was a master-hand to hunt chipmunks! How he would——"

"Oh, you talk too much with your mouth," interrupted Hiram, impatiently. Johnny showed signs of breaking into tears. He sat down and told his story. He had lived in Vermillion County with a man who was called a doctor, he said. Evidently he had been hardly used, and had never known father or mother. A drudge in a country doctor's house, he had been kept in ignorance of the world outside, of his own friends, and of his family. He had never even been told his own name. How did he get here? That was simple enough. Three or four of the doctor's neighbors were going to California. They offered, or pretended to offer, to take the boy along. He was too glad to get away from the brutal and quick-tempered doctor, to wait for a second hint. They had journeyed on together to Quincy, on the Mississippi, where the men left Johnny to follow them by steamer, while they went "another way," as they said. They promised to write to him when to start for Council Bluffs. He waited several weeks at the miserable little boarding-house where they had lodged him. Alarmed at the long delay, he had started off by himself, and here he was.

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"Probably their letters miscarried," said Arthur, with sympathy in his eyes.

"More likely they never wrote," added his wiser brother.

The youngster looked distressed, but spoke up cheerfully:

"Perhaps they have n't gone. They said they would wait here for me."

But Hiram was sure about "the man with the game leg"; he was not positive as to the others. Both Arthur and Tom remembered the lame man with the big yellow dog, especially the dog; but nobody was sure whether the tall man with him had red hair or not.

"Well, you can bunk down with us to-night," said Hiram, "and in the morning we 'll take a hunt through the camps, and if your chaps have n't lighted out, we 'll find 'em."

The next morning broke fair and bright. The rain had ceased during the night, and great drops were shining on the grass and on the bushes that bordered the plain. With a great bound of exhilaration, Arthur sprang from his damp blankets and began to make ready for breakfast. Johnny crept out into the sunshine, and, having followed Arthur's example by taking a wash from the tin wash-hand basin which was produced from the wagon, he sat watching the preparations about the camp-stove.

"May I stay to breakfast with you?" he asked. "I've got money enough to pay for it."

"I don't know," said Arthur, doubtfully. "You will have to ask Barney. Well, yes, you shall stop too," he added, as he saw the boy's face fall. "You shall have my breakfast, anyhow."

"But I can pay for it. I've got some money sewed into my jacket."

"How much?" demanded Tom, who was splitting up a fence-rail for fire-wood.

"Eighty dollars," said Johnny, simply.

"Jerusalem crickets!" exclaimed Tom. "Where did you get so much?"

"Dr. Jenness gave it to me before I left. He said it was mine, and that he had been keeping it for me."

Before any more talk could be made, a bright-faced, handsome young fellow, with a cityfied and jaunty air, walked up to the group, and asked, "Can you tell me where I can find the Lee County boys, as they call them?"

"That 's us," said Tom, with a good-natured grin.

"Well, I 'm in luck; and where 's the captain?"

Barnard, who had come out of the tent with an armful of bedding, said: "We have no captain. What 's your will?"

"I hear you want a yoke of cattle. I have a yoke which I should like to turn in as part of my outfit, if you will take another partner. I 'm going through."

Barnard eyed him suspiciously, and said, "Where from?"

"Well, I 'm from Boston last; born in Vermont, though; have been in the dry-goods trade; got tired of selling goods over the counter. I 'm going through."

The boys looked curiously on the Boston dry-goods salesman, who had come all the way to Council Bluffs to find a chance to go to California. He said his party had broken up and gone back.

"We 'll think it over," said Barnard.

"All right," said the Boston man. "My name is Montague Morse."

*(To be continued.)*

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## GOOD-NIGHT.

PITY the bells in the steeple,
Calling afar to the people:
"Good-night—ding, dong—good night!"
While close to your bed, as they 're ringing,
Your own loving mother is singing:
"Good-night, dear one, good-night!"

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# SOMETHING ABOUT RAILROADS.

By Major Traverse.

Once an American lady in Baalbec, in Syria, saw a native at work on one of the mud-built houses, for though the ancient city of Baalbec was so splendid that it was called "the City of the Sun," the modern town is built mainly of mud. The lady asked the native why he did not build grand temples and splendid columns, like those in ruins. The man shook his head, and replied that such work could not be done by men.

"Why not?" asked the lady. "Those temples were built by men."

"Oh, no," said the Syrian; "by the genii."

"The genii!" exclaimed the lady, laughing. "Why, are the genii idle now?"

"They have gone," replied the Syrian, seriously. "They have gone toward the setting sun, where they build greater houses than these, bridge streams, bore through mountains, run through water and fly over the land, carrying people as swift as the wind, and letters as quick as lightning."

The lady smiled at the singular idea of the poor native, though there was much more to reflect upon than to laugh at in what he had said.

YOUNG GEORGE THINKS IT OVER.

One of the great, good genii of this age is certainly the Civil Engineer. I often wonder if the children who cease work or play to watch a passing railway-train, ever think of the great changes which have been brought about by the building of railways.

George Stephenson, who is now justly called the "father of railways," was the child of poor parents in England. Unable to send him to school, they employed him at home as a nurse for the younger children until he was eight years old. His chief duty as nurse was to keep his little brothers and sisters from under the hoofs of the horses which drew the coal-cars on the "tram-way"—a wooden railroad leading from a coal-mine, which ran near his father's door. At this early age, while watching the coal-trains passing, he conceived the idea that iron would make better rails than wood, and that if he could put upon wheels the steam-engine which his father tended as fireman at the coal-pit, it could be made to draw as heavy a train of coal-cars as could be moved by a great team of fifty horses.

The idea did not pass away from the brain of George Stephenson when he was removed from his home at nine years of age, and hired out, at four cents a day, to tend the cows of a neighboring farmer. He had enough of leisure while watching the herd in the field to think over the subject. He even built him an engine of clay, with hemlock branches for steam pipes. I suspect that, like Little Boy Blue, he sometimes let the cows stray into forbidden meadows while he sat thinking about en-



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gines on wheels and roads of iron. He could not study about them in books for two very good reasons. In the first place, no books about railroads and locomotives had been printed, since neither had been built. The other reason was that George Stephenson could n't read at all. He did not know his alphabet until he was nineteen years old.

Little George, or "Geordy," as the common people nicknamed him, was next employed to drive the horse which turned the winding machine, or "gin," as the colliers called it, at the coal-pit where his father worked. He then began to think of a plan for making the steam do the work of the horse, and one day astonished the colliers by building on a bench, in front of his father's cottage, a model in clay of an engine which turned the "gin" and lifted the coal. He was at this time so young and small that his father made him hide when the owner of the coal-mine went "the rounds" to pay his hands, for fear he should think him too small to receive sixteen cents a day wages!

It was not until he was nineteen years old, and was set to watch an engine, that he found time to attend school and learn to read and write. He worked steadily at his old idea for twenty-five years. He made the first locomotive with smooth driving-wheels. It had been thought necessary by some engineers to construct locomotives with cogged driving-wheels, and a corresponding rack on the rail, to prevent the wheels from slipping. But Stephenson successfully set aside all these contrivances. He was nearly fifty years old before he found men willing to risk their money in constructing an iron railroad to test his locomotive. When, at length, the first railroad was completed, between Stockton and Darlington (two English towns only twelve miles apart), the procession with which the day was celebrated was headed by a man on horseback, to keep the road clear for Stephenson's locomotive and car, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in carriages kept pace with the train by riding by the side of the track. But after the procession had proceeded a short distance, Stephenson, who was running his own engine, impatiently called to the horseman to get out of the way, and, putting steam on, he ran his locomotive the rest of the distance at the terrible pace of twelve miles an hour!

GEORGE SHOWING HIS MODEL TO THE COLLIERS.

Stephenson had been called a lunatic when he had said that his locomotive could run twelve miles

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an hour. One very distinguished officer of the English Government, whose duty it was to see that the mails were carried as rapidly as possible, laughed at the idea, and said that "if ever a locomotive ran ten miles an hour with a mail-bag behind it, he would eat a stewed engine-wheel for his breakfast."

There was some little excuse for this disbelief, for the first locomotive was a very clumsy machine. It was called the "Locomotion." Stephenson, when he built it, was the only man besides his son Robert who believed it would go at all; and some of the learned members of the English Parliament declared that it could not run against a strong wind! It was a small, clumsy affair, weighing not more than one-fifth as much as an engine of the present time.

The first improvement on it—the "Rocket"—was even more ridiculous in appearance; but it was found to be faster and stronger. Before it was accepted by the railroad company, it was put in a race with three other engines manufactured by other engineers; and of the judges and thousands of persons who witnessed the race, "nine-tenths were against the 'Rocket,' because of its appearance." But Stephenson received the prize over the other competitors, one of whom was Captain John Ericsson. His locomotive could run fifteen miles an hour, and once actually drew thirteen tons at a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour. That performance decided the fate of locomotives, and engineers at once went to work to improve the new motive power.

The first railroad passenger-car was simply an old box on wheels, with seats running along the sides, a door at the rear end, and a seat in front for the driver, like the box of an omnibus. It was called by Stephenson, who invented it, the "Experiment," because it was not generally believed that people would travel on the railway. In 1825, about the time the first line was finished, one of the principal papers of England said that nothing could be "more ridiculous than the prospect of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage-coaches!" And it added that people would as soon "suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate." Stephenson, however, firm in his belief that passengers would travel by rail, declared that the time would come, and he hoped to live to see it, when it would be cheaper for a poor man to ride than to walk. This prophecy threatens to be more than fulfilled in a few years. It is proposed in England to send passengers by rail at ordinary English letter-rates, and under a system of tickets like postage-stamps—a six-cent stamp entitling the holder to go by any route to any part of Great Britain. But George Stephenson was not believed then, and the people continued to call him "Daft Geordy," which means "Crazy George." It was not long after the Stockton and Darlington road was opened that more passenger-cars were needed. The first improvement on the "Experiment" was a double car, made out of two "mourning-coaches." This car was lighted at night by a single candle.

Of course the owners and drivers of the stage-coaches and road-wagons bitterly opposed the building of the railway. They claimed that stage-coaches were not only safer but swifter than the cars, and often tried to prove it by racing. One day a race came off between Stephenson's locomotive, drawing a passenger-train, and one of the old stage-coaches which ran between Stockton and Darlington. They ran for a distance of twelve miles, and the locomotive beat the stage-coach by about one hundred yards. After this the proprietors of the stage-coaches were ruined, and their coaches were sold to the railroad company, who put new wheels on the old bodies and made railway passenger-cars of them. The English railway-cars are still much like several stage-coaches combined in a long carriage, each being a separate room of itself. These cars, as well as those in use in America, are very elegantly furnished. When the first passenger-cars were placed on the Stockton and Darlington road, the travelers bought their seats, and their names were entered on the passengers' list. But instead of there being "nobody to travel behind a locomotive," everybody wanted to ride in that way, and it was soon found that no list of passengers could be kept; thus tickets came into use.

In these very early days of railway travel the passenger-cars were like the old stage-coaches in another respect,—a trumpeter accompanied each train and blew his bugle until the cars were out of the depot and through the town. It was not until the bell and steam-whistle came into use that the trumpeter and his horn were abolished.

It is only about fifty years since this first locomotive puffed along the first railway, dragging this first clumsy passenger-car. During each of those fifty years more than two thousand miles of rails have been laid, and in England and the United States every day of those fifty years has seen the completion of one locomotive and two passenger-cars. Immense workshops are kept busy building locomotives and cars. They are generally near the principal depots of the great railway lines, and I know of no more interesting place where one can spend a part of his day in the depot. Each and every part of a locomotive must be made with the greatest precision and delicacy, and great

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machines are employed for hammering and cutting and punching and planing the iron into shape. You will find in these railway works, as the English say, or "locomotive works," as they are called in America, immense machines, possessing almost resistless power, yet driving only a little steel-pointed instrument like a chisel not bigger than one's little finger. It seems almost a waste of power to use such a giant to drive so slight a tool. But this delicate chisel digs its way little by little through the hardest of cold iron or steel, and planes it as smooth as ever the carpenter's plane trims wood, and it produces, too, shavings of iron as delicate as

STEPHENSON RUNNING HIS OWN ENGINE.

those of soft pine. Little shears, hardly bigger than a tailor's, cut through iron as easily as through paper; and delicate steel punches drive their way through iron plates. In most of these works you will see also the Nasmyth steam-hammer, a mighty giant in power, but as docile as a lamb under the touch of a master hand. It is an immense shaft of iron, sliding up and down in a great wooden frame, and regulated in its movements so that it can strike a hard or soft, a quick or slow blow, as the engineer who directs it may wish. A heated shaft of iron a foot thick can be crushed, or a tack may be driven, by its blows. About twenty years ago, the Prime Minister of England, Lord John Russell, visiting the railway works at Manchester, was invited to eat a boiled egg for luncheon. Before giving him the egg, the master of the works put it in a small wine-glass and placed both under the great steam-hammer. The engineer set the giant at work; down rushed the shaft with the rapidity of a lightning flash and struck the egg, but so perfectly was the hammer regulated that the blow merely chipped the shell, crushing neither glass nor egg.

Among the first results of the success of the railway was the stop which was put to the digging of canals. Tens of thousands of men had been employed in Great Britain in canal-digging; they were known as "navigators," but called "navvies" for short. These, thinking their work would be gone if railroads succeeded, made great efforts to oppose them. But it was soon found that the digging of deep railway cuts, the building of great bridges, and the boring of long tunnels, gave employment to more men than canal digging, and the navvies at once became railway builders. One-half of the great Pacific Railway—the Mississippi side—was built by Irish navvies; the other half—on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains—was mainly the work of Chinamen, who were brought over from China by the ship-load to work on the railroad, although they had never seen one in their lives. The English navvies were a curious class twenty-five or thirty years ago. They went about from road to road in gangs of ten or twelve, with a headman or captain, who made bargains or contracts, and under whose direction they worked. They generally built at each point where they found employment a mud house, roofed with tufts of grass, in which the whole gang ate and slept, doing hard work and living hard lives. When a lazy fellow attached himself to the gang and shirked work, the others beat and cast him out, refusing him a share of the profits of the work. Along railroads nowadays the workmen build entire villages of log or slab huts, which they leave standing when they go away. Those who lay the track live in cars fitted up for sleeping and cooking, and called "caboose" or "construction trains." When the Pacific Railway was being built, the twenty thousand workmen on the Plains removed their villages from place to place every week; for on that road a rail was laid every fifteen seconds, and over a mile of track was completed during every hour of track-laying.

There were workmen on the Pacific Railway even more curious than the Irish or Chinese navvies. During the Summer of 1868, the Laramie River became very low, much to the distress of a contractor who had cut a great many thousand cross-ties—the timbers on which the rails are laid—and which he expected to float down to the point where the railroad was to cross. He was at first at a loss to know what to do, but resolved, finally, to build

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dams across the river at various points, and, when the stream was thus made high enough, set his rafts afloat. Large parties of men, therefore, went to work building the dams. No sooner would the men leave off work at night, than thousands of beavers would begin, and work hard at the dam during the whole night.

Water is always as necessary to the comfort of beavers as on this occasion it was to the welfare of the contractor; and it was probably for this reason, and not because they wished to see the railroad finished, that the beaver community joined in the labor of building the dams.

Near every large depot at the end of a line of railway, but not at the small stations along the route, you will find a curious workshop, different from the "locomotive works," and hardly less interesting. It is always circular or semicircular in shape, and for this reason is called the "round-house." In the early days of railroads, the repair-shop—which the round-house really and simply is—was called "the hospital." It is not a name without meaning, for to the round-house, as to an hospital, the "iron horses" who may have been worn out in service, with broken limbs or wheezy lungs, are sent to be "doctored," as the engineers say—or "repaired," as we would call it. In the center of the round-house is always a movable table, large and strong enough to hold the biggest and heaviest locomotive. It is called a turn-table. Across its diameter run two rails; and from its outer edge or circumference run other rails to all parts of the round-house, spreading from the table like the spokes of a wheel from its hub. The disabled locomotives are run into this hospital, and upon the turn-table, which is then turned until the locomotive can be run upon the side-tracks, to be taken to pieces, repaired, painted and polished up, then to come forth renewed for the race again.

A train of cars is in some respects like a ship. The engineer or driver of the engine is the pilot, the brakemen are the crew, and the conductor is the captain of the craft. But these are not all the persons necessary to the work. Of equal importance to the safe running of every train are the guides—the signal-men and switch-tenders. These are not only among the most important, but the most interesting of the servants of the locomotive. On all well-regulated railways the signal-men and switch-tenders are stationed at every depot, switch, crossing, bridge and tunnel; and on all roads in Europe, and on several in this country, guards are stationed at every mile-post. There are patrols who pass over the road—each taking a mile of it as his beat—just before a train is to pass, and examine every foot of the track, looking for loose bolts and broken rails, and removing little stones from the track. These patrols and the signal and switch men are armed during the day-time with flags, which they wave as a direction to the engineer of the train. At night they use colored lamps, which can be seen for many hundreds of yards; and great calcium lights, which are visible for many miles.

It is not at the ends of a great railroad that the switch-tenders and signal-men are to be seen in their greatest activity, but at some point where several tracks cross each other. At Newark, New Jersey, near the city of New York, two great lines of railway cross, each having a double track. Trains on these roads are so numerous that they pass each other at this place every ten minutes in the day and night. You would naturally suppose that the switch-men were kept very busy; they are constantly at their posts and on the look-out, but the labor, though responsible, is not hard. A single signal-man in a small station-house directs the trains, regulating their coming and going, and their speed, with his flag, which is moved by machinery.

At the Clapham Junction, near London, 700 trains pass daily,—that is one every two minutes and a-half,—so rapidly, indeed, that it looks to a stranger as if one continuous train was passing, and then flying off in different directions. Yet it is all done, day after day, without noise or confusion to these signal and switch men, who control the movements of the trains. Here one signal-man directs the whole (there is a small army of switch-tenders), and he does it by an instrument called a signal-box, on which he plays as on a great piano.

The signal-box used in England is an elevated tower, which overlooks the railway for several hundred yards around the depots. In the top of it are the handles of the various signals, some of which may be more than a mile distant. In some of the boxes there are as many as seventy handles, each connecting with a signal-flag or post at greater or less distance, and each near a switch, by the side of which there always stands a switch-tender, who is guided in all he does by the signal-master in the signal-box. By pulling a handle of his box, the signal-master displays a flag or lantern; the switch-tender, at the point where the signal is set, knows its meaning, and alters his switch to agree with it; the engineer of the approaching train also reads the signal, and dashes ahead or stops as it directs him. If it were not for the signal-master in his box, the trains at these busy stations would become confused and block the way.

But the quickest and safest of the agents which direct the running of trains is one you never see nor hear. He does his work swiftly and silently. He runs ahead of each train and keeps the track clear, and when accidents occur, it is generally

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found that it is because he is disabled or neglectful of his duty. His name, as you will guess, is The Telegraph. Every railroad has its telegraph line, and at every station an operator to mark the principal movements of the trains. In this way the trains are prevented from overtaking or running into each other. The telegraph is the signal-agent who does this; and no matter how fast the trains may run, electricity will outstrip them.

Not the least interesting feature of a depot, as you will find if you spend a day in one, is the difference in the character of the trains. You will find trains for day and trains for night travel; fast trains, making few stoppages, for persons going great distances, and called "express" trains; and slower trains, making many stops, for the convenience of persons going only a short distance, and called "accommodation" trains. Then there are various kinds of freight trains, such as cattle and hog trains; and on all the roads near great cities like Boston, New York and Philadelphia, there are even milk and egg trains. These reach the cities at an early hour of the morning, with the fresh milk and eggs collected the evening before in the country, that they may be distributed by the milk-men and grocers at their customers' doors before breakfast. It is only fifteen or twenty years ago that most of the milk used in large cities was obtained from cows fed in city pens, instead of in wide, green pastures of the country; and then it was the "cow with the iron tail," as the old-fashioned pumps were called, that gave the most of the supply. Now, long trains of cars, loaded with great tin cans or jars almost large enough to drown one in, carry to the cities the best milk of the finest cows in the richest meadows of the country.

Trains are now run at about the rate of forty miles an hour,—sometimes much faster, and generally somewhat slower. The fastest trains in England run at sixty miles an hour. To run at this rate, the piston or driving-rod of the locomotive must travel at the speed of 800 feet per minute, or so rapidly that it cannot be seen to move at all. George Stephenson, the first to claim that the locomotive could run at twelve miles an hour, was called insane until he proved it. It was but a few years after this that prominent engineers said that railway trains could be regularly run at the rate of 100 miles an hour; and Stephenson was again called insane because he said that fifty miles an hour was as fast as trains could be regularly and safely run. But it is now discovered that he was nearly right, and locomotive-makers are no longer building engines to run faster than at this rate. But they are trying, instead, to save the time lost in taking coal and water for supplying the engines.

On some lines a long open trough, forty feet long, is laid between the rails. This is filled with water. As the locomotive passes at the speed of fifty miles an hour, a pipe or scoop is lowered from it into this trough; the water is thus dipped up and placed in the water-box for use by the engine. Another invention is a huge box raised above the road and filled with coal. As the locomotive passes, it touches a spring, the box turns instantly upside down, and the coal drops into the tender, which runs behind the locomotive. The time which is thus saved will of course make the trips shorter, without calling for an increase of speed. It may be that when you are grown, railway trains will not be run any faster than they are now; but, in spite of what George Stephenson has prophesied, I suspect some future American engineer, who is now a boy, will find means of running them twice as fast as they are now run, and I hope with greater safety to the passengers.

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## "CAW!"

By Margaret Eytinge.

AND that 's *all* the crow said that afternoon the sparrow went to visit him.

I sat under the willow-tree and heard the whole conversation.

"How do you do?" began the sparrow. "What a lovely Spring we have had!—such bright sunshine, such pleasant showers, and so many cherries! Don't you think so?"

"Caw!" said the crow.

"The bluebird has three sweet little ones," began the sparrow again, putting her head on one side. "They 're just as cunning as can be, though their mouths *are* rather large. Is n't it queer that birds' mouths grow small as the birds grow large? Did you ever notice it?"

"Caw!" said the crow.

"I know a garden where there are hundreds of peas. I love young peas; I could eat them forever—breakfast, dinner, and supper—and never get tired of them. They are *so* sugary and juicy!"

"Caw!" said the crow.

"The pretty gray pigeon that lives over at the big white house had a quarrel with his cousin this morning, and pushed him off the window-sill. I *do* think cousins should try to agree, and above all things not push each other off window-sills."

"Caw!" said the crow.

"O dear! the sun has gone down behind the hill. I did n't dream it was so late," said the sparrow, hopping first on one foot and then on the other. "If my husband gets home before I do, he will say I 'm always gadding. But when one is in your company, one forgets that time is passing—you are *so* clever and witty. You must be sure to come to the next party I give; my friends will be delighted to meet you. Good-bye!"

"Caw!" said the crow—not another word.

And yet that silly sparrow went about the next day, telling all the birds she knew, that the crow was the most entertaining fellow she had ever met.

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## DOROTHY GREY.

By T. E. D.

"WHERE 'S Dorothy, mother?" asked bluff Farmer Grey,
As he entered the kitchen one morning in May,
With despair in his tone, and a frown on his brow,
And he growled: "Oh, that girl, what 's become of her now?
I told her to mend me those bags, hours ago,
And here I 've been waiting, I 'd have her to know.
'T is seldom that I with the children find fault;
But sorely she tries me,—she don't earn her salt."
The mother looked troubled,—"Wait, father, I 'll call,"—
And "Dorothy!" sounded through chamber and hall.

In a wide, roomy garret, weather-beaten and old,
Where the spiders triumphant their banners unroll'd,
And the small, narrow window half stinted the ray
Which fell on the form of sweet Dorothy Grey,
She sat by a chest filled with pieces and rolls—
The odds and the ends dear to housekeepers' souls;

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The bags, worn and dusty, around her were tossed
Unheeded, forgotten—in dreams she was lost.
One hand propped her forehead, half hid by her hair,
While the other held tightly a fairy-book rare.
O the wonderful pictures! the glories untold!
That arose on her vision, all glitt'ring with gold!
The brown rafters vanished, and vanished the hoard
Of cast-offs and may-wants her mother had stored;
Dried bunches of herbs, old clothes past repair,
Heaps of carpet rags, saddle bags, spider-webbed stair.

In their place was a ceiling, resplendent and high,
All studded with stars, and as blue as the sky.
Around it hung banners, and garlands so gay!
And wax-lights made everything bright as the day;
While strains of sweet music came soft on the air,
And light feet were dancing right joyously there.
O the beautiful ladies! that swept through the rooms,
With dresses like rainbows, and high nodding plumes.
And the princes and lords, all in gallant attire,
How they danced as the music rose higher and higher!
Then the fair Cinderella,—a lady at last!
With the Prince so resplendent, tripped smilingly past.
O the exquisite story! it held her in thrall,
As she poured o'er the scenes of that wonderful ball;
Her red lips half parted with joy and surprise,
While beaming and dancing with light were her eyes.

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Hist! a step on the stair—her dreaming is o'er!
As "Dorothy!" comes through the half-opened door,
She starts as though guilty, poor child! of a sin,
And down goes the chest-lid, her treasure within.
"Yes, mother, I 'm coming!" and smiling she goes
Down the worm-eaten stairs—to be scolded, she knows.
But chide her and scold her as long as they may,
Still that beautiful vision hath Dorothy Grey.

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# FRANK AND THE TOAD.

By Cyrus Cobb.

There was a little boy named Frank. He was a noble little fellow, but now and then he would forget what his good mother had told him. One day he was playing in the back-yard, when he discovered a toad hopping through the grass. The sight of this toad seemed to amuse him very much. He jumped about him laughing and chuckling in such a manner, that the poor reptile presently stopped in his way, and with an air of much humility waited to see what would come next.

Now Frank was n't a cruel boy, but like most little boys he was apt to be thoughtless. When the toad stood still, he cried out to it, "Go 'long! go 'long, or me whip you!" at the same time flourishing a stick with which he had been playing. But the toad did not move; so what did our boy do but bring the stick down upon its back with such force that it gave a hop of pain.

Then occurred something exceedingly amazing.

Looking up into the boy's face, the toad opened its mouth and said,

"My little man, you ought not to have done that."

Frank, who had never heard an animal speak before, started back with his stick held aloft, his eyes staring, and his mouth wide open.

The toad never for a moment withdrew its own bright eye from Frank's, but seemed to penetrate his heart with its glance.

Presently a kitten crept out from a great hole under the rear of the house, and being struck by so odd a picture, approached, and with a sort of introductory cough, followed by a little mew, exclaimed: "What's the matter?"

Frank was well nigh petrified by this speech on the part of the kitten, and all the motion he made was to turn one of his wide-open eyes toward the new speaker, while the other seemed still held by the toad's glance.

"Frank just did a wicked turn," said the toad, without removing its glance from the boy.

"How so?" asked the kitten.

"He struck me a hard blow with that stick,

THE TOAD TELLS THE KITTEN.

which you see him holding in the air," returned the toad.

At this instant a mouse put out its head from a small hole under the house.

Kitty's fur began to rise at this, and she gave a growl, and she spit a little too. But somehow there seemed to be an extraordinary influence about, for the mouse paid no attention to these threatening signs from Miss Grimalkin, but out it

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"'O, HO!' CRIED THE MOUSE."

came, and running up to the group, squeaked: "What does all this mean?"

Pussy, whose impulse to eat up the mouse seemed to pass away, replied:

"This naughty little fellow has just now given a hard blow on friend Toad's back with that stick."

"O, ho!" cried the mouse, "what's best to be done with him?"

"To Judge Ox," said the toad; and nodding its head to Frank, it hopped toward the gate, still keeping its bright eye on our little boy.

Frank moved after the toad as if something drew him that he could n't resist. The kitten and the mouse fell in behind, making a sort of rear guard to this strange procession.

The toad led the way into a field near by, in which an ox was grazing. As the train approached, the ox raised his head, and awaited their arrival with the utmost gravity.

When within about a yard of the ox, the toad said:

"Your honor, I have just been struck in a grievous manner by this little boy."

"Assault and battery with intent to kill," uttered the ox in a deep voice, at the same time turning a calm, dignified glance on Frank. "Let him be considered under arrest without more ado."

Frank began now to tremble violently.

"Let the case be presented to the grand jury immediately," continued the ox. "We do not delay," he added, with a severe look, "as men are wont to do."

A grasshopper, heretofore unobserved, now stepped forward, carrying a staff, which was only a straw, and led the toad, the kitten and the mouse

THE TOAD TELLS THE OX.

GOING TO JUDGE OX.

away. Frank watched them furtively until they were out of sight, and then, on a motion from the ox, he sat down on a stone, while a grandfather-longlegs held him in custody.

The grasshopper led the toad, the kitten, and the mouse to a secluded spot, where sat twenty-three beetles, who composed the grand jury, and in the midst of them was a ram, who was the district attorney.

What passed here it would be improper for us to tell, for grand juries are very secret in their doings. It did leak out, however, that the kitten and mouse testified that they saw the blow given by Frank. They probably thought they did, but they did n't, which my little readers will find to be like a good deal of evidence that is given in the courts.

To make the story short, an indictment was

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found by this grand jury against our little boy, and duly presented.

The ox now stopped chewing a cud he had in his

THE GRASSHOPPER LEADS AWAY THE WITNESSES.

mouth, and again declared that he could permit no delays such as were indulged in by men.

"Choose," said he to poor Frank, "whom you would have for counsel."

Our little boy did n't understand what the ox meant by this speech; but Grandfather-Longlegs explained that as he must be put on trial for the ox to find out whether he was guilty or not, he certainly needed some one to work and talk for him as counsel.

At that moment, Frank, who was all of a flutter, heard a bleating calf just coming on the ground; and thinking him a fine talker, he declared to the court, in a voice that was almost inaudible, that he would take this calf to be his counsel.

The ox bowed to the calf, and so did the ram, who you know was the district attorney, and therefore, as counsel for government, was to contend against the calf. A jury of twelve frogs was impaneled, and the indictment was read, setting forth in very learned terms that Frank had assaulted the toad *vi et armis*, &c., maliciously and feloniously, with intent to kill. To all this Frank, under the instructions of his counsel, pleaded "Not guilty," and the trial commenced, the process being a little different from the course in some of the courts of men.

Alas for poor Frank! at the very first objection put in by his counsel, with a very loud voice, the ram bent both his brows and his head with such a terrible air, that the calf, losing all presence of mind, blurted out something nobody could understand, and ingloriously turned tail and ran for a clump of bushes near by.

The ram made a dash for him, but the ox commanded him to return to his place; and then, in great disgust at the conduct of the calf, he asked the prisoner in a severe voice if he had anything to offer in his defense.

Poor Frank was so terrified by the flight of the calf, the severe look of the ox, and the threatening horns of the ram, that he could not say a word, and so the ox said he could waste no more time. The case was given to the jury on the evidence of the toad, and they returned a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving their seats.

Frank now thought something terrible was coming, and nearly fainted away. But Judge Ox bade Grandfather-Longlegs to help him stand up for sentence; then a kindly smile stole over his sober look, and this is the sentence he pronounced:

"The prisoner is sentenced to think over every night, when he goes to bed, how often he has been cruel to animals of any kind; and when he recollects of abusing any, even if it be but a fly, to say to himself, 'I 'm very sorry, and will try very hard not to do so again.'"

"O!" cried Frank, gaining courage, "I will do that! I will do that!"

Then the ox nodded his head, and Frank was led back home by Grandfather-Longlegs and the ram, the toad, the kitten and the mouse following behind. When they arrived at the house the ram and Grandfather-Longlegs made a bow and left, the toad hopped into the yard, and the kitten and

THE TRIAL.

mouse made for their holes. But just as the mouse was going into his, pussy made a dart for him. Mousey was too quick for her, however, for giving

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his tail a whisk almost in pussy's face, he ran into his hole safe and sound.

As for Frank, the lesson impressed upon him in so wonderful a way had such an excellent effect, and he kept his promise to Judge Ox so well, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took occasion, not long afterward, to mention him with honor.

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# SANDY, THE HUNCHBACK.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

AT the far end of the one little straggling street of the village of Glenburn, lived the widow MacPherson and her son "Sandy, the hunchback," as he was always called by the neighbors. At the other end stood the little kirk, under whose shadow lay her husband and five children; and now this one cripple boy was all that was left to remind her of long years of toil and loving service. Of all the bonnie lads and lasses, there remained but one—her poor deformed child. But the faithful mother's heart went out to him in double love and tenderness, and longed to shield him from every jeer and mocking laugh that stung his sensitive soul.

Sandy was no ideal character such as is often found in books, whose bodily deformity was more than balanced by the beauty of his face or the brilliancy of his genius. No, Sandy was not formed to be a hero of romance; he was only a shrewd Scotch boy, whose wits were exercised more than would have been the case had he been able to race over the moor, or wade the brooks fishing for trout, or climb the heathery sides of the hills after birds' nests, as did his more fortunate companions.

His round, freckled face was crowned by a shock of light hair, and his bright blue eyes were more keen than beautiful. However, to his mother he was all in all; and, to do him justice, his love for her was unbounded. He helped to cultivate her little patch of garden, hobbling about on his crutch, and he also contrived to eke out their scanty income by plaiting straw into mats and little fancy baskets, which found sale during the Summer months, when the neighboring town was much frequented by tourists, who were glad to carry away pretty mementos of their visit to the rugged Scottish hills.

To most of the simple villagers Sandy was an object of compassion, and also a quiet sort of liking.

"He's a douce lad." one gossip would say to another; "but eh! my he'rt's just sair for his puir mither."

And "douce" Sandy generally was, unless when his naturally quiet temper was aggravated by taunts or mocking allusions to his misfortune, and then his hands would clench themselves hard together, and his blue eyes blaze into sudden wrath,—while, like any other wounded animal, he would hobble as swiftly as possible to his lowly home, sure of shelter and a loving welcome there.

"Eh, mither, what ha'e I dune," he would say sometimes, "that I s'uld be made sic a deformity?"

Then his mother would take his hand gently in hers, stroking it softly as she said:

"It's the Lord's will, my lamb, an' ye must just bear it, for His sake."

"But it's no richt o' Him," he answered once, "to mak' a body sae, an' then no' keep ithers frae flytin' them. I'd rather dee an' ha'e dune wi' it."

Then the tears rolled suddenly down the pale, patient face of his mother.

"Oh, my bonnie lamb, ye maunna' say sic things; ye brak' my he'rt wi' yer wull words. An' eh! Sanny, to think ye'd like to dee an' leave yer puir auld minny, that wad just spill ilka drap o' her he'rt's bluid for ye gin it war ony guid!"

"Weel, weel, mither, I winna dee gin I can help it," Sandy answered with a queer grimace; "but I canna' see why ye s'uld be sae ower fond o' sic a crooked stick."

"Eh, Sandy, ye're no' a mither," said the widow, with a tearful smile; and as she moved about her work, she would pause often to give a nod or a word to Sandy, who sat whistling at his work under the old gnarled apple-tree which shaded the door.

To do them justice, the boys in the village were almost all of them ready to render Sandy any help they could, as he made his toilsome way about the place, or in his expeditions after the mosses and lichens with which he filled the baskets which he

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made for sale; but there were two, of about his own age, who were Sandy's special aversion. One, I am bound to confess, was the minister's son; and the other, his constant companion, Robert Allison, the son of "the laird," whose handsome abode was just in sight from the door of Sandy's dwelling.

Robert Allison and William Burton were inseparable; when the one was not at the Manse, the other was sure to be ranging through the wild park which extended for some distance around "The Towers." Every morning Robert rode into Glenburn on his little white pony, to recite his lessons at the Manse, and at those times Sandy generally contrived to be invisible, for many was the taunt and cruel, thoughtless gibe which Robert had aimed at his pitiable misfortune. Once he had almost ridden him down, and then laughed as Sandy shook his crutch threateningly after him, and in all his jokes and witticisms he was ably seconded by his friend and crony, Will Burton.

The boys were not naturally bad; they were only thoughtless and cruel in their strength and prosperity,—unable to understand that the boy, so unlike them in every respect, had feelings keener and far more easily wounded than were theirs. Is it any wonder that the feeling which Sandy entertained for them closely bordered on hate, and that sometimes, as he sat at his work brooding over his wrongs, a longing for revenge rose in his breast?

One day in the early Summer, Sandy sat at his work as usual, whistling one of the many old ballads which his mother had taught him, when all at once a clatter of horse's feet made him look up, and presently Robert Allison reined in his pony in front of the door.

"Well, Sandy," he said at length, as Sandy took no notice of his approach.

"Weel, sir."

"Canna' you say anything to-day, Sandy?"

"Hoo can I ken when I hae naething to say?" was the dry retort.

Robert laughed. "Ye 're no' in a blithe humor to-day, my lad. Now, I 'm as gay as a laverock. The minister 's gone to the town, and we 've a whole holiday—Will and me; though he, poor fellow, has a cold, and his mither winna' let him go out with me."

Sandy made no reply. He was suspicious of all advances on the part of his tormentors, so took refuge in silence. Robert smiled mischievously.

"It 's surly, my lad, no' to say a word to a friend."

Sandy looked up keenly. "There are some o' my fr'en's, as ye ca' them, that I 'm no' just weel acquainted wi' yet."

"Well, Sandy, I 'm off for the moor; it 's bonnie there to-day."

Then, suddenly stooping, he switched Sandy's basket of mosses off the stone on which he had placed it, with his riding-whip, and rode off, laughing heartily at the abusive epithets which Sandy hurled after him.

"Noo I 'll ha'e just to gang efter more," sighed Sandy ruefully, as he examined his scattered treasures. "The bonnie red cups are a' broken, an' the baskets maun be ready by the morn's morn. The ne'er do weel!" and he looked scowlingly down the road.

"Mither!" he called in at the door, "I 've to gang to the moor again."

"Eh, laddie! what for?"

Sandy pointed to his broken moss, and gave a short but graphic account of the occurrence, adding, with a frown:

"The day 's no' dune yet. I 'll mebbe gar him rue his wark yet."

"Sandy, Sandy!" said his mother earnestly, "gin ye wer' to turn yer han' to do ill, my he'rt wad be clean brakkit. Ye 're a' I ha'e got, an' ye maunna' gar me greet sauter tears than I ha'e already."

Sandy gazed at the ground for a minute, and then looking up with a sudden bright smile, he said, quaintly:

"Weel, mither, ye 're just ane o' the angels frae heaven, an' ye 've stoppit the mouth o' the roarin' lion."

Then, taking his cap, he started down the road which Robert Allison had taken, stopping at the turn to wave his hand to his mother, who stood in the door-way looking fondly after him.

Sandy was unusually successful that afternoon in finding the dried gray moss with its fairy-like cups of red, which he was seeking, and so occupied was he that the shadows were beginning to darken around him before he started for home.

The moor stretched out for miles around him, and the little foot-path amongst the heather was almost hidden. However, he pressed on, and was nearing the cart track which led to Glenburn, when he thought he heard a shout, and then the barking of a dog.

He stopped and listened intently. Before him swept away the long reach of heather; to his left, at some distance, was a "peat moss," and from this the sound appeared to come. As Sandy listened, the cry was repeated.

"It 's ane o' the bogles auld Janet tells o', or else some puir body 's no' sae weel aff as he wad like to be," he muttered. "Weel, I maun gang an' see aboot it." And, setting his basket carefully down, he went in the direction of the sound.

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He had not gone far when a dog sprang quickly up from the heather, and began to fawn on him with eager caresses. It was a little Scotch terrier, and Sandy immediately recognized it as the property of Robert Allison.

"Eh, puir doggie, what ha'e ye to tell me?" he said, stooping to pat the animal's head. "Sae it was ye I heard, was it?"

The dog wagged its tail, and ran on a little way, always stopping to see if Sandy was following.

"Eh, sae we're to gang that gate, are we?" he said coolly, following the dog's leadership.

Presently he stopped.

"Ye'll gar us fa' into the peat-moss, if ye gang ony further, my lad," he said, addressing the dog, which had come back to his side.

A low whining bark was the reply.

Sandy reflected a minute. "Noo, my lad, ye be still a bit." Then, putting his fingers in his mouth, he blew a long shrill whistle.

He was answered by a call which sounded quite near by.

"Wha are ye, an' hoo cam' ye there?" shouted Sandy.

"Robert Allison," said the voice, weakly.

Sandy, carefully picking his steps, contrived to come in sight of his old enemy, who, he now saw, had fallen into one of the holes in the peat-moss, and was unable to extricate himself.

Robert's countenance fell as he caught sight of Sandy, who, leaning both arms on his crutch, stood quietly looking at him.

"Sandy, I canna' get out," he said presently.

"I could ha'e tauld ye that, Maister Robert," was the cool retort.

Tears of vexation started to the boy's eyes.

"Eh, man," he exclaimed, falling naturally into the common dialect, "dinna' stand there glowerin' at me. Canna' ye help me oot?"

"An' why s'uld I help ye oot? I'm nae sae mickle obleeged to ye for onything ye ha'e dune, that I s'uld risk my ain neck to serve ye."

"Weel, then, I maun just stay here," was the sullen reply. "I'm tired wi' strugglin', an' I canna' get oot—so good-night to ye."

This dogged courage pleased Sandy, who chuckled a little.

"Na, Maister Robert, I didna' say I wad na' help ye. Hoo did ye fa' in?"

"I saw a bonnie birdie fly in here, an' I thought mebbe I wad find its nest, and I forgot about the holes, and so I fell in."

"Ay, an' noo hoo are ye to get oot again? Eh, doggie, doggie, winna' ye be still, an' lat me think?" said Sandy, pushing the little terrier gently away.

It was a dreary place. All around were the holes, like great open graves, from which the peat had been dug; many of them half full of water as black as ink. The dim, weird light made it seem doubly lonely and terrible. Every here and there were tufts of coarse grass, which afforded a footing, insecure enough, but still the only way of crossing the moss with safety. Sandy stood on one of these, musing over the situation.

Robert began to get impatient. The hole into which he had fallen was luckily less full of water than were many of the others; but it was deep, and the sides were slimy to the touch and altogether unable to afford a foothold; so his efforts to free himself had only brought him fatigue of body and vexation of spirit.

"Sandy, man," he exclaimed. "canna' ye leap on the turfs an' gi'e me yer hand?"

"Weel, I'm nae ower gude at leapin'. I ha'e na' practeeced it much, ye see," retorted Sandy, grimly.

Robert's face flushed hotly, and he prudently said nothing further.

By and by, Sandy began to advance slowly and cautiously, feeling the ground with his crutch before venturing on it. By this means he proceeded safely till within a few feet of Robert Allison, who watched his progress with eager interest.

"Noo, Maister Robert," he said, pausing, "I ha'e ane word to say to ye. I ha'e often wished for the chance to do ye an ill turn, an' mebbe I wad ha'e dune it noo gin it had na' been for my mither. An' I just want ye to reflect that ye micht ha'e staid where ye are the haill nicht, if Sandy had had an ill min' as weel as an ill skin."

Robert hung his head. "Sandy, I'm sorry," he said presently.

"Weel, there's naething mair to be said. Tak' a grip o' my stick, an' I'll try to pull ye oot."

Robert was heavy, and the strain on Sandy's back hurt him cruelly; but still he persevered, and after some time he had the satisfaction of seeing the other on firm ground again.

"Eh, Maister Robert, sic a plight as ye're in!" and Sandy looked at him in unfeigned dismay. The black mud had clung to his garments, and even besmirched his face.

"Noo be carefu' hoo ye walk," he said, leading the way back to the road.

Robert would have liked to offer thanks, but did not dare to do it, so followed on silently. When they had nearly reached the cart track, Sandy stopped.

"I canna' gang on, Maister Robert," he said faintly; then a sudden pallor overspread his face, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Robert uttered a cry of alarm, and, springing forward, tried anxiously to raise him; but he was

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forced to give up the attempt, and, sitting down beside him, he resolved to wait, in hopes of some one coming. His dog lay down at his side, howling mournfully from one to the other.

The minutes passed like hours, and still Sandy lay unconscious. Robert was almost giving way to despair, when he heard the creaking of wheels, and to his great joy a cart soon came in sight. The two men who were in it both jumped out when they saw the melancholy little group by the road-side.

"Aye, but this is ill news for his puir mither," said one, compassionately, as they lifted the boy tenderly into the cart.

"Noo, Maister Robert, get in wi' yer doggie, an' we'll take ye hame."

Sandy's little basket of moss was still where he had left it, and Robert, with a sudden rush of bitter recollections, took it up carefully, and climbed into the cart.

"Noo," said one of the men, as he stopped before the kirk, "ye maun run on, Maister Robert, an' tell the lad's mither, an' we 'll com' slowly efter ye."

"Oh, I canna'!" said Robert, huskily.

"Maister Robert, ye maun just do it; we've all to do things we dinna' like, whiles."

And Robert, with downcast eyes and wildly-beating heart, started on his mission. The mother made no outcry; her face grew a shade paler, that was all.

SANDY RESCUES ROBERT.

"Is he deid, laddie?" she asked, as Robert finished his rather incoherent account.

"No, no," said the boy, eagerly; and then the cart stopped at the door, and Sandy was carried in and laid on the bed.

"There's a great London doctor up at 'The Towers,' seeing my mother. I'll fetch him."

And Robert dashed out of the house and up the street, not pausing even to notice his crony, Will Burton, who called after him to know what was the matter.

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He soon returned with the doctor, who remained a very long time in the little inner room where Sandy was lying.

By and by, Sandy's mother came out, and Robert caught her dress as she passed, not seeing him in the dusky gloom.

"Will he die?" he asked.

"Na, na, laddie; he 'll no' die," she answered, gently; "an' the doctor says he 'll mebbe be able to do something for the lad's back yet,—he 'll no' be like ither folk, but he 'll mebbe walk wi'oot his crutch."

And Robert, dropping his face in his hands, burst into sudden tears.

"Eh, laddie, ye maunna' greet; ye 'll ha'e both gotten a lesson the day ye 'll no' forget," she said, tenderly. Then, with true delicacy, she left him to himself.

Sandy opened his eyes, when she again bent over him.

"Weel, mither," he said, faintly.

"Weel, Sandy."

"What was it ye read aboot the crooked things bein' made straight? Mebbe I 'm ane of the crooked things that He 'll be makin' straight up there."

"Aye, Sandy, my lamb; but no' yet. Ye 're to stay wi' yer puir auld mither noo," she answered, fondly.

He smiled contentedly.

"Weel, mither, I could na' stay wi' onyane better, except the Ane that 's above us a'."

The next few weeks were calm and peaceful ones. Sandy was soon able to sit up, and, under the new treatment prescribed by the doctor, grew rapidly better. He soon began to work at his baskets again, and his new friend Robert was never so happy as when scouring the country in search of curious mosses wherewith to fill them. And when Will Burton ventured a remonstrance, he was told plainly that only by kindness and courtesy to the poor cripple could he retain the liking of his former constant companion; and he, always accustomed to be led by the bolder spirit, consented now to let it lead him in the paths of kindness and humanity.

Robert's devotion was not a mere impulse; he became more and more attached to his humble friend; and for years after the happy day when the invalid was able to go about again in the pleasant sunshine, there were no firmer friends in the little village of Glenburn than Robert Allison, the laird's son, and Sandy, the hunchback.

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## FLORENCE.

HAVE you heard of a baby far over the sea—
A baby as pretty as pretty can be?

Florence they call her. To Florence she came
When sent to this earth,—that gave her the name.
A Yankee papa and mamma she doth bless—
Our Florentine baby 's a Yankee no less;
And one of these days we 'll unfurl to her view
The flag of her country—the red, white and blue!
The pretty signoras oft stop on the street,
Delighted the beautiful baby to meet.
Birds hover about her, and baby says "Coo!"
As they warble and trill her a sweet "How d' ye do?"
Even the doggies that come in her way
Wag, in Italian, a merry "Good-day!"
Lilies nod softly, and roses would screen her—
Everything smiles at the wee signorina.
Never a blossom so pretty as she—
Florence, our baby-girl over the sea!

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# ST. NICHOLAS' DAY IN GERMANY.

By Julia S. Tutwiler.

Well, here I am in this little old-fashioned German village of Kaiserwerth, on the east bank of the beautiful Rhine, in the midst of flat meadows and fields, intersected by broad roads bordered with Lombardy poplars. Far off against the horizon we can see the spires of the city of Dusseldorf, and the old town of Ratingen; and still further off is a line of low, blue hills. These are the foot-hills of the Sauerland Mountains, which fill a great part of Westphalia, the next province to ours, with beautiful highlands and valleys.

Passing along the cleanly swept streets of the village of Kaiserwerth, on the 5th December last, I noticed that groups of wooden-shod children kept gathering with great interest around the window of the "conditorei," that is, the confectioner's shop. Wishing to see what attracted them so particularly, or, as the Germans say, "what was loose there," I went to the window too, and stood among the little Germans, looking over their heads.

Such a store of cakes! but not cakes like those usually in the shop-window. Oh no, indeed! These were something quite out of the common way; they were all picture-cakes. Here was a great big brown rooster with a flowing tail, and a lordly crest; here was a lady in a ruff and splendid garments, and here a knight in armor with sword and lance. But especially prominent among these and many other smaller figures, were great big figures, nearly two feet long, representing a bishop with his crosier in his hand, his miter on his head, and his ornamental robes flowing in ginger-cake around him. Of course I went in—for I am quite well acquainted at the confectioner's—to ask "what was loose" there; and whether they had not made a mistake and begun to have Christmas three weeks too soon. But my friend the confectioner's blond-haired daughter, who takes a great interest in enlightening me as an ignorant foreigner, informed me that the next day, the 6th, would be St. Nicholas' Day, and that all these things, and many others upstairs, would be purchased by their customers for its celebration. Now, I had been very well acquainted with St. Nicholas in America, and had believed that I knew everything about him, from his personal appearance to the names of his team of "tiny reindeer;" but then, in America, it was always on Christmas night that

"Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,"

—and this seemed to be something different. So I determined to find out all I could about the habits of St. Nicholas in Germany, and very gladly accepted Gretchen's invitation to walk upstairs and see the exhibition or show-room fitted up in his honor. Here, on a counter running around three sides of it, were more piles and piles of picture-cakes; many of the large ones such as I had seen down-stairs, and heaps of smaller ones to be sold by the pound. Then there was one counter filled with all sorts of little candy figures; the most common ones were little babies whose heads alone could be seen; their hands and all the rest of the figure being enveloped in candy folds and narrow ribbons crossed around and around them and tied fast. Now, you may think the Germans very irreverent when I tell you that these candy babies represent the Child-Jesus, the Christ-kind, as they call him, in his swaddling bands; but we must not judge uncharitably of the habits of other countries; they have their ideas as to what is right and wrong, and we have ours; I will only tell you what they do, without giving any opinion.

Then there were candy figures of an old man, with gray beard and hair, which represented St. Nicholas himself; then all sorts of pretty little fancy candies, such as we see in America; and especially plentiful were little candy shoes, for the most part made of brown chocolate, with white rosettes and trimmings. Gretchen was very kind in showing me everything, and explaining it all to me; she even brought in from the kitchen some of the wooden molds in which the cakes are shaped. These are thick, square blocks of wood, with the figure to be made deeply cut into them; the dough is pressed firmly into this cutting until it takes its shape, and it is then taken out and baked.

Of course I asked a great many questions, both there and after I returned to my German home; and I will tell you now what I learned.

St. Nicholas, whose image I had seen both in cake and candy, was a real person, and a very good, holy man; he lived about 300 years after the birth of Christ, in Syria, a province of Asia Minor, where Paul himself first preached Christianity to the heathen inhabitants. (Look at your map, girls.) There he was Bishop of the city of Myra. I cannot tell you all about his good and holy life in this letter; I will only mention that he was very fond of the children of his congregation, and took great pleasure in teaching them and talking to them; and always so lovingly and gently, that all the



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children of the city loved very dearly their good Father Nicholas. When he died, he was called a saint. In those old times people liked to fancy what particular work for their Lord was given in their new life to the good men who had been devoted to good deeds in this world; so they chose for St. Nicholas, as best suited to his character, the care of all the little children of earth, and loved to think that he was still watching over and helping the little ones he had loved.

Many curious legends are related of him, one of which, you may remember, was finely told in the Letter-Box of this magazine a year ago.

While the little ones of the city still remembered the lovely, kind old man, with the silver hair and beard, who had talked so lovingly to them of the Good Shepherd, whose little lambs they were, their mothers could always persuade them to try to be good, by reminding them of what their dear old friend had said to them. On each anniversary of his death, the people of the city in which he had spent his life met together in the churches to hold a service in memory of his virtues, and at nightfall mothers would give to their good children, with words of praise and encouragement, such little gifts as their kind old bishop had been wont to give them when he met them in his walks. So the children came to feel as if their dear old Father Nicholas was still watching lovingly over them, and coming to see them once every year to bring them tokens of his love and approbation; and they formed the habit of saying that the gifts which they received on this day were from St. Nicholas.

As time passed on, much was forgotten of his history, and much was added to it, as will always be the case with a story that travels around among nurses and children. For example, the children grew to believe that St. Nicholas came in the night on a beautiful shining white horse, and put their presents for them on the table beside their beds; and as they wanted to do something to show how much they thanked him, they began to put something for his horse to eat after his long journey, on the plate which they stationed by the bedside to receive the goodies which St. Nicholas brought. Now here comes the difficult point; nobody that I have seen in Germany can tell me why it is that the food for St. Nicholas' horse must always be put in a little shoe! For this purpose the little chocolate shoes I have mentioned are intended; the children buy them always on St. Nicholas' Eve. Whatever the legend or the story was that caused this use of the little shoe, it seems to be entirely lost, even in Germany.

I have tried all the more earnestly to find out the origin of this custom, because, I think, it must be connected in some way with our custom of hanging up a stocking for St. Nicholas; how the good saint came to have his shoes in Germany and his stockings in America, I should very much like to know. A young German girl, on hearing me speak of my young country folk hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve, said, "Oh! I remember, that American custom is mentioned in the descriptions of Christmas-day in the "*Vite, Vite Vurld.*" You see the German girls love Miss Warner's book just as much as you do, and read it over and over again, sometimes in German, but often in English; for nearly all well-taught German children read English. Instead of learning Latin and algebra, as you do, they give a great deal of time to learning to read and speak the modern languages. I really cannot say which is the wiser plan, but both have their advantages.

One of the deaconesses, good and wise Sister Elspeth, "meine liebe mutter schwester," told me how they celebrated St. Nicholas' day at her sister's house; and in a great many other German families: Late in the evening, on the day before, just about the time when the children are usually sent to bed, a loud knocking is heard at the door; the mother, or auntie, goes out to let the stranger in, and comes running back, with:

"Oh! children! children! what do you think? here is St. Nicholas coming in; the Christ-kind has sent him to ask about you all, that he may know whether to bring you any presents at Christmas or not?" The children all become very much excited. Little Hänschen pulls his apron straight; Karl smooths down his hair with his hand; little Meta turns out her toes, as auntie is reminding her to do all day long; and as they are all on tiptoe with expectation, the door opens and in walks St. Nicholas. A great big bag hangs by his side; long, snow white hair falls from under his bishop's cap; and so much long silvery beard covers his face, that the children can hardly see anything but his eyes. These, however, look so kind and good, and twinkle so pleasantly, that little Hänschen lets go the mother's dress and ventures a step nearer to the new guest. The latter bows very politely to mother and auntie, and says that as Christmas is very near, the Christ-kind has sent him to all the houses of the village to find out to what children the Christ-kind must bring presents at Christmas, when he comes in his little well-filled wagon. Then the saint makes very particular inquiries about each child. "Has Meta learned to turn out her toes when she walks, better than she did last Christmas?" Meta's toes turn wider and wider apart as he speaks, and auntie says: "I think Meta is trying very hard to learn to walk like a graceful little lady." Meta smiles with pleasure, and St. Nicholas gives a nod of satisfaction. "And does Karl eat all his soup

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every day before he asks for anything else, and never grumble about anything that is put on his plate?" "Yes, Karl has learned not to be a baby about his dinner," says the mother, "and is getting ready to be a brave soldier some day, by thanking God for whatever He gives, and eating it without ever thinking about it." "Schön! schön!" says St. Nicholas, which means "Good! good!" "And has Hänschen been a diligent little boy, and learned by heart some little Christmas hymns to sing under the Christmas-tree?" And little Hänschen, the youngest of them all, his face as red as fire with excitement, and his blue eyes as wide open as he can stretch them, before the mother can answer, opens his mouth, and bursts out just as loud as he can sing, with his new Christmas hymn:

"Holy night! silent night!
Darkness all, save yon light
Shining o'er the stable where
Watch the worshiping, blessed pair,
By the Heavenly Child."

"Well done," says St. Nicholas, "I will ask the Christ-kind on Christmas-day to bring a very full wagon to this house; and now, to show what very nice things He is going to bring with Him, He has sent you beforehand a few specimens of what He will have in His wagon."

So he opens the big bag that hangs by his side and brings out apples and nuts, candy, Christkindchens, and all sorts of cakes, especially big figures of himself, and gives some to each one of the delighted children; tells them to be as good as they have been, and, if possible, better, until Christmas comes, and they shall have still more beautiful gifts. Then he shakes hands with the children, makes a low bow to the mother and auntie, and says he must hurry off, as he has to visit every house in the village and inquire about all his children. Sometimes, instead of St. Nicholas coming in person, the father goes to the door when the knock is heard, and comes back with a great bag of good things, and tells the children all that St. Nicholas asked him, and what he answered before receiving this foretaste of Christmas for them.

On this last St. Nicholas' day, I heard great laughing, mingled with delighted exclamations, and a good deal of scampering about, in the Orphan Home, which is next door to our seminary. In this home about forty little orphans are receiving a Christian education, under the loving, tender care of the good deaconesses. I learned afterward that it was a visit from St. Nicholas which had caused the excitement; and that the saint was, this time, no less a person than one of the three pastors of the "Anstalt," as this whole group of institutions is called. It was Pastor George Hiedner, the son of the great and good Pastor Hiedner, who founded the Anstalt, and did so many other blessed works of mercy for Germany and the world. I wish we had one such man in our country. But was n't it kind in young Pastor George Hiedner to take so much interest in amusing and pleasing the little orphans? I think it was as good as if he had preached a sermon to them; for it showed his love and his interest in a way that even the youngest could understand and enjoy.

Sometimes, when the poorer people have no spare room in which to set up and dress a Christmas-tree, St. Nicholas is supposed to come in the night, on his shining white horse, and leave presents for the children on the table by their beds while they are all asleep; and if the children have not a groschen to buy a candy shoe, in which to put the food for his horse, they cut one out of a potatoe and put the oats and bread in that; but a shoe it must be. I am sorry there are any children in Germany too poor to have a Christmas-tree; for a Christmas-tree in this far country is—oh! I can't tell you how charming that and everything else about a German Christmas is, unless I write you a whole letter about nothing else.

Now, should you like to hear a little story about St. Nicholas' day? Yes? Well, here is

### What St. Nicholas Brought to the Candidate.

Once upon a time there was a very rich German merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter. She did not have two envious elder sisters, like the merchant's daughter Beauty, in the fairy-tale. On the contrary, she had no elder sisters at all; but a whole crowd of merry, romping younger brothers and sisters, who loved her dearly. In fact, they could not help doing so, for Bertha was as good as she was beautiful.

Now this charming young lady had many lovers, but none of them had won her heart. She was gentle and merry with them all, granting special favor to none. Of course there was a reason for this, as there generally is in such cases. There was a very quiet, modest young man, who lived in Bertha's home as tutor to her little brothers and sisters. He was what they call in Germany a candidate; that is, he had studied to be a minister, but had not yet been given the charge of a congregation.

Bertha had met him as a stranger a few years before, when both were visiting in Holland. She was skating one day on one of the frozen canals near Amsterdam, and in stooping to tighten her skate-strap she had dropped a pretty trinket. This young man had found it, had given it to her with a courteous "It is yours, Fraulein!" She had

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thanked him and passed on. That was all, but neither of them forgot the moment, and neither tried to hide a bright look of recognition when in time the good merchant formally introduced the new tutor to his daughter.

At first he had been very happy in his new capacity, and had helped to make everybody else so, by his pleasant, sunny temper, and his merry plans. But for the last few months he had been grave and silent, and, though the children loved him dearly still, they could not find his company as amusing as it once was.

Fraulein Bertha, too, had lost a great deal of her pretty color, and often looked very absent and sad when she thought no one was watching her.

The good father and mother soon saw what was the matter, and spoke to one another about it. They agreed that they would rather see their dear daughter happy than to have any other blessing in the world; and that they believed a good, true-hearted man, like the young candidate, was the very person to make her so.

"I can give her money enough," said her father, "but money alone cannot bring her happiness, and that is what I want for her."

The good mother assented; and they came to the conclusion that they need only be quiet, and things would soon come right of themselves. But months passed away, and things did not seem to be coming right at all. The young candidate grew graver and paler, and his eyes began to look quite sunken and hollow. Bertha could not eat any of the nice things that her anxious father piled up on her platter each day, in the hope of tempting her appetite; and she was so nervous that the slightest thing startled her. One day her mother begged her to say all that was on her heart. The pretty Bertha burst into tears, and, bowing her

"IT IS YOURS, FRAULEIN!"

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head on her mother's shoulder, told her trouble. It was not much to tell—only that she knew that the candidate loved her dearly, and was too proud to tell her so, because he was so poor.

"And how about my Bertha," said the mother; but Bertha only clasped her more tightly and sobbed harder than before. "It is nothing to be ashamed of that my dear little daughter should have learned to love a good and noble man, who for months has evidently loved her better than anything in the world; and it is better that we should talk of the matter reasonably together."

So at last Bertha was quiet and calm, and looked happier than she had done for months, as her mamma talked in the pleasantest possible way to her about the many virtues of the young candidate.

Still matters remained at a stand-still; the father showed as much friendship as possible to the young man, and the mother had long motherly talks with him about his health, and scolded him in the most affectionate way for not taking better care of himself.

But the kinder they were to him, the more determined he became in his own mind that it would be a very mean thing for him to take advantage of this confidence and friendship by trying to persuade their daughter to be the wife of a poor young minister. So the whole family was very uncomfortable indeed, and all because one young man was too modest to see what everybody else saw very plainly.

At last, when the good mother could not bear any longer to see so many people made uncomfortable without reason, she told Fraülein Bertha that she must really set her woman's wits to work and find some way out of the difficulty, else it would end in a very painful way for them all, by the lover's dying of a broken heart.

It was the fifth of December—St. Nicholas' Eve—and all the little brothers and sisters were gathered around the table in the sitting-room, in a great state of excitement preparing for the expected visit of the Saint in the coming night, on his silver-white steed.

Besides the little ornamented shoes, which hold the forage for the horse, the children in a great many houses set out their own shoes also on this night, just as you hang up your stocking; in fact, in some parts of Germany the children do that too, but it is not a common custom. The Saint is very apt to leave a little gift in each of the little leathern shoes, if he finds them very neat and shining; not the great handsome presents which the Christ-kind brings at Christmas, but a pretty little something to keep them in mind that Christmas is coming—a half-dozen marbles, a little pin-cushion, or a little box of bon-bons. The children take great pride in having their shoes in the best possible condition at this time; and instead of trusting Hans to black and polish them as usual, there is a great borrowing of blacking-brushes from the kitchen, and so much polishing and brushing takes place in the nursery that the nurse declares they make the floors and their aprons blacker than their shoes.

This time the little leathern shoes had been polished till the little owners could almost see themselves in them; and nurse had washed hands and faces, and put clean aprons on all that still wore this nursery-badge; and now they were very busy arranging the forage for the beautiful white horse. Kind sister Bertha was helping them, and trying to laugh with them at their merry chatter.

"See, sister Bertha," said little Fritz, "I am going to put rye for the Saint's horse in my candy-shoe, and Max is going to put water in his; so there will be both food and water there for the good horsy, and he will be well refreshed before he goes on to the next house."

"I will put sugar for him in mine," said little Kätchen.

"No, indeed, Kätchen, I would not do that. St. Nicholas' horse can always get sugar enough, for his master carries a great bag full of sugar things on his back. He would much rather have some rye, and some good fresh water," said wise little Wilhelm. "Is not that true, Herr Dreifuss?" he added, appealing to the grave young teacher, who sat quietly by, and who now nodded assent.

"You did not see St. Nicholas to-day," said Bertha upon this, turning to him. "Did you know he came this afternoon, between dinner and coffee, while you were taking your solitary walk? He was in a great hurry, but he got news of all the children for the Christ-kind, left a bag of apples and nuts for them, and promised to come again to-night to bring us all another foretaste of Christmas."

"I am sorry I did not see him," said the young teacher, trying to be interested in the pleasures of his little pupils.

"However, he inquired especially about you," said Bertha, "and we gave him such a good account that he left word you must be sure to put your very largest pair of shoes before the door of your room to-night for him to fill for you."

"Oh, Herr Dreifuss," said little Kätchen, eagerly, "you must make a shoe for the good Saint. You can cut everything so nicely with your knife. See, here is a great big lump of sugar. Cut a shoe all out of sugar, and I will give you some rye to put in it. Then, when the horse has eaten the rye, he can eat the shoe too."

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Herr Dreifuss thanked the helpful little maiden, and, to the great pleasure of the children, began to carve a shoe out of the big lump of sugar, while Bertha silently looked on.

Usually Herr Dreifuss was very skillful in such matters, and had made many a piece of doll furniture for the little folks; but to-day his hands trembled, the knife slipped, and, in short, everything seemed to conspire to make him look clumsy and stupid in the eyes of Fraulein Bertha. So he hurried through with his task at last without caring much how it succeeded.

"It looks more like a heart than a shoe!" cried Fritz. "Does n't it, sister Bertha?"

And so it did—like a great, irregularly-shaped heart; and the place where the foot should go in looked as if it were the rent where this big heart was beginning to break asunder.

The candidate saw that Fritz was right, and wondered at his own awkwardness.

"Yes, it is a very poor shoe," he said; "we will not set it out for St. Nicholas; he will have so many prettier ones."

"I think it does very nicely," said Bertha, "and I am sure St. Nicholas will think so too. You must be sure to put it on your table, and your largest pair of shoes before your door, just as the children do."

"Well, I will certainly obey you," said Herr Dreifuss, trying to smile cheerfully in response to her kindness.

He went to his room, as usual, with a heavy heart.

"Yes, it is just like her angelic sweetness," he thought. "She sees my hopeless love, and pities it; and now she has made some little token to give me, to show me that she is sorry for me, and will be my friend. Ah! I ought to be happy that she is willing to be even this much to me, since I know that she never, never can be anything more."

And this very stupid young man—stupid only on this subject—after setting his big slippers outside his door, went to bed and dreamed all night long, as usual, of golden hair and kind blue eyes. In the morning he woke with a slight feeling of pleasant expectation, and the first thing he did was to open his door to get his slippers. But—no slippers were to be seen!

"It was all a jest, in order to hide my slippers," he thought, "but it is not a kind or pleasant jest. However, she could not have meant it unkindly—that would be too unlike her; so I must take it as she meant it."

And with his yesterday's heavy heart he went down to the breakfast-room. All the children were already there around the table, chattering like so many blackbirds, showing the mother and the father the Christkindchens, and big cake images of himself, which St. Nicholas had laid on their tables and dropped into the shining shoes before their doors.

"And his horse ate all the rye I put in the candy shoe," said delighted little Fritz.

"And drank all my water!" cried Neas.

"And ate my sugar, too," said Kätchen, "and left a great big cake-rooster, almost as big as the one in the poultry-yard, on my table."

"And what did he bring you, dear Herr Dreifuss?" said the little pet, running up to her teacher, and taking his hand. "Did he really have something large and beautiful to put in your shoes? and was it a cake rooster?"

"No, little Kätchen, he did not put anything in my slippers. On the contrary, he carried them off with him. I think he must have wanted them to make a new pair of saddle-bags for his horse."

Little Katchen opened her blue eyes very wide, and looked as if she felt very doubtful as to the propriety of such conduct on the part of a Saint. However, just then the conversation was brought to a full stop by the entrance of sister Bertha; everybody looked curiously at her as she came in; for instead of her usual light-springing step, she came slipping and sliding along in the most extraordinary manner, as if she were suddenly lame.

"What is the matter, sister Bertha?" cried all the children together; but the father and mother did not say a word, and Bertha did not answer any of the others. She only came quietly slipping along. The young candidate looked, too, to see what was the matter; and there, on her pretty little feet—even over her own dainty shoes—were his great slippers! Bertha did not say a word, but came and stood quietly, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, right before the candidate! Yes, blushing, but very brave and steady—for were not her father and mother by, and did not they approve?—she stood waiting for him to take her.

But the candidate! what could he think? He felt as if the room were whirling around him. All was mystery. He looked at the slippers; but that did not help him—this stupid young man; then he looked at the little white hands clasped loosely together, but they did not explain the matter either; then he looked at the sweet, downcast face, with the soft blushes coming and going upon it, and Bertha raised her eyes and looked into his. *Then* he understood it all—right off—without a word; and jumped up and clasped the little hands in his and kissed them a hundred times. Then he gave a hearty kiss to the good mother, and then, as they

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were both Germans, gave the father also a hearty embrace and kiss.

"So Bertha and the young man got married, and lived happily ever afterward?"

Certainly they did. And now, girls, remember I do not relate this story as an example to any of my girls in America. I merely "tell the tale as it was told to me."

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# ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

*A Chapter for Girls, Little and Big (with a few Useful Hints for Boys).*

WHEN the red and yellow leaves have fallen, and boughs are brown and bare; when the katy-did's noisy chirp is hushed, and the last bird has flown away, then the brave, stalwart evergreens seem to stand forward and take possession of the deserted woods. Their very look is suggestive. They make us think of Christmas merry-makings, lighted tapers, crackling fires,—all the pleasant things of the friendly winter; for winter is not a foe, as some think, but a friend, and if you meet him kindly, a very good friend, too. Perhaps it is the sight of the Christmas-trees which at this time of the year sets little people (and big ones also) to thinking "What *shall* I make for Christmas? I want a present for mamma, and one for father, and something for Jack and for Ethel, something pretty, but not too hard for me to make. Oh, dear, how few things there are which boys like, and how I wish some one would just come along and give me an idea."

Now, knowing that several thousands of his readers are likely to be talking or thinking in this way, St. Nicholas has sent us "along" for this very purpose, to discuss the matter of Christmas presents, and give an idea of the way to make them. We will begin with a few easy suggestions for little tots of six or seven, who have but lately learned to sew, and will need help from older sisters to finish their gifts nicely. Then we will suggest some ideas a little more difficult, for workers of ten and twelve, and, lastly, some, more elaborate still, for those of you who are graduates of the needle, and not afraid to risk spoiling nice materials. Of course we cannot in one article mention a tenth part of the many things that can be made, for the world is crammed with pretty and ingenious devices of all sorts. Also, of those we do mention, some may be already familiar to many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. But such must recollect that what is old to them will be new to others, and *vice versa*, so that it is to be hoped that there will be something for everybody, something which can be turned to account for the coming Christmas, with its stockings, and laden trees, and pretty surprises. You often will find many and various articles given under one heading. Now we will begin with our first division:

*Easy Presents to be Made by Little Girls of Six or Seven.*

### A SCENT-CASE FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

For these scent-cases it will be necessary to buy an ounce of sachet powder (heliotrope, mille fleur, violet, or Florentine orris-root). Cut out two layers of thin cotton wadding three inches square, sprinkle the powder between them, and tack the edges together. Make a little bag of blue or crimson silk of the same size, run it round the edges, leaving one end open; tack the scented wadding smoothly in, and sew the open end over and over. Trim around the case with a narrow plaited ribbon, and catch it through in four or five places with tiny ribbon bows of the same color.

### PRETTY KETTLE-HOLDERS.

Cut some bits of an old blanket or quilt, or other thick material, into pieces eight inches square, and tack them together with strong stitches. Cover them with a case of scarlet flannel of the same size, and sew a red worsted cord round the edges, leaving a loop in one corner to hang the holder by. The loop must not be very long.

Ask sister to draw you the shape of a tea-kettle on paper; lay this down on a piece of black cloth and cut the cloth neatly after the pattern. Put this black cloth tea-kettle on the middle of the red flannel square, and hem it down nicely. If you have

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learned to do marking letters, you might work the words "Polly put" in black worsted above the kettle, and the word "on" below it. This would puzzle people; and when they found that it meant "Polly put the kettle on," they would laugh.

### SPECTACLE-WIPERS.

These are easy presents, and very nice ones. You must cut out of soft chamois leather, two perfectly round pieces an inch and a half across, and bind the edges neatly with narrow ribbon of any color you like. Fasten the circles together at the side with a small bow. This is all, but you will find that grandpapa will like it very much. It takes almost no room in his pocket, and is always at hand when he wishes to wipe his glasses, which he is sure to do several times a day.

### A SHAVING-PAPER CASE.

This is a nice thing to make for papas and grown-up brothers.

For a pattern take a grape leaf, lay it down on card-board, draw round its edges with pencil, and cut the paper in the same shape. Buy half-a-dozen sheets of tissue-paper, red, blue, white, green and yellow; fold them over four or eight times, according to size, lay your card-board pattern down over them and cut the shape round with sharp scissors. It is on these soft sheets of thin paper that the razor is to be wiped clean. Make the cover of the same form, in green silk, or cloth, or Japanese canvas. Overcast the edge, or bind it with ribbon, and imitate the veins of the leaf with long stitches of green sewing-silk. The tissue-paper grape-leaves are inserted between the outside leaf-covers. There must be a loop of ribbon at the stem end of the leaf to hang it up by.

### LEAF PEN-WIPERS.

The directions for making a shaving-paper case will enable you also to make a leaf pen-wiper, except that you now require a smaller leaf for your pattern (say an oak or a maple leaf), and you put leaves of black cloth instead of tissue-paper between the two outside leaves. These outside leaves should be of the color of the leaf whose pattern is chosen—red or yellow for maple, and brown for an oak, unless you prefer green.

### WASH-STAND FRILLS.

The materials for these pretty, useful things, are a yard and a quarter of plain or figured white muslin, a yard and an eighth of tape, and a yard of ribbon two inches wide, of any color you prefer. Cut the muslin into two breadths, sew them together and make a hem two inches wide on both edges. Run a thread all across one end, half an inch below the hem; into this put the tape, and draw up the frill, leaving a knot in the tape at each end. The ruffle is to be nailed to the wall through these knots, above the wash-stand, where the wall-paper is in danger of being spattered when persons are washing. Make two pretty bows of the ribbon and pin them over the tape-ends. You can draw up the lower part of the muslin piece also, if you wish, so as to make the top and bottom just alike. These frills are easy things to make, and they look very neat and pretty when they are on the wall.

### A BAG FOR PAPA'S SLIPPERS.

This bag may be made of merino or cloth or Java canvas (embroidered), or crochet-work lined with cloth of a bright color. Let it be of an oblong shape, just large enough to allow the slipper to go in and out easily; and put a ribbon or cord loop at each of the top corners, so that it may be hung conveniently for every-day use.

### GARTERS.

For little girls who can knit, there are few things nicer to make than a pair of garters. They are prettiest of bright scarlet or blue yarn. Set up one stitch on the needles, widen till you get to twenty, and knit regularly till the garter is twelve inches long. Slip ten of the stitches off on a third needle, and knit for twenty rows on the remaining ten, then take up the left-behind stitches and knit twenty rows on them, which forms a loop. Slip all the stitches again off on one needle, knit twenty rows and bind off. These garters are also pretty knit with fine white tidy-cotton, bound all round with narrow red ribbon. Many persons prefer them to any other kind.

### PEN-WIPER MADE OF BABY'S SHOE.

Take a baby's shoe of red kid. Then cut out four round pieces of black cloth, each three inches in diameter; pink the edges, fold and fasten them together as described in paragraph headed "Bead Pen-wipers," and push the pointed ends into the toe part of the shoe, so that the pinked edges of the cloth may project at the top. One pair of baby's shoes (price forty cents) will make two of these pen-wipers. Papa would be glad to have one on his library-table.

Now we pass to our second division:

*Things which can be Made by Girls from Ten to Fourteen who are expert with their needles.*

We will begin with a novel and pretty needle-book, for the idea of which we are indebted to Mrs. Annie Phœbus, who has suggested other ingenious devices in fancy-work for ST. NICHOLAS:

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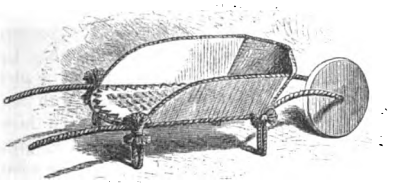
### A Wheelbarrow Needle-book and Pin-cushion.

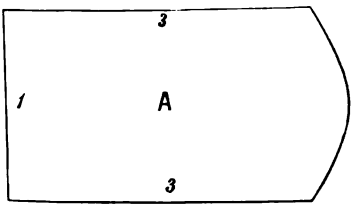
The needle-book from which this illustration is copied was made of lead-colored merino. By the by, girls, we would recommend you to save all the



WHEELBARROW NEEDLE-BOOK.

scraps of prettily colored merino, flannel and silk that may happen to fall in your way. They are sure to prove useful. And, another hint, lay aside all the old postal-cards, instead of tossing them into the waste basket. You will find them much better for lining purposes than stiff paper.

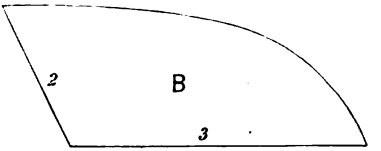
Here are diagrams which show the parts of the wheelbarrow needle-book. A is the bottom. Cut it out in pasteboard, and as each part is double you must cut out two of each. Cover both parts smoothly with merino, turn the edges in, basting them down firmly; lay them together and over-seam them all round. B is the shape for the sides.




PLAN OF BOTTOM.

They must be covered exactly like the bottom; only, as there are two sides to a wheelbarrow, you will require four pieces of pasteboard. C is the back. When the parts are all covered, join them together, being guided by the figures on the diagrams: 1 to 1, 2 to 2, etc.

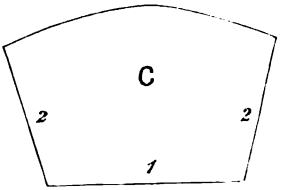
For the wheels, cut two rounds of pasteboard an inch in diameter and cover them like the others, making an awl-hole in the middle of each for the wire on which the wheels are hung. This wire must be covered wire, of the kind which milliners




PLAN OF SIDES.

use in bonnets. Half a yard will be needed, and it must be bent as in the diagram D.

First allow an inch for the handle. Then bend the wire down and up for the front leg. Next extend it the length of the barrow, stitching it firmly into place. At the corner bend down and up again for one back leg, allow two inches for the wheel, thread the wheel upon it, bend the second



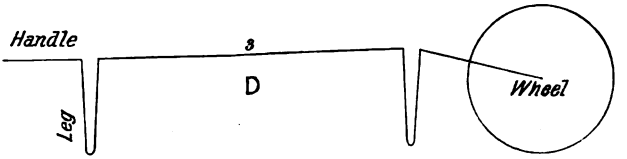

PLAN OF BACK.

back leg, and return along the other side of the barrow, forming leg and handle as before.

Lastly, cut out three small leaves of flannel, button-hole them round the edges or point with a scissors, and fasten them on the back at 1. The pins are stuck in across the front between the rounds of pasteboard, and a thimble-case and small pair of scissors may form the load of the wheelbarrow, which will then be complete.

### Sand-Bag Cases.

A useful footstool for grandmamma, especially in sickness, or when she drives out on a cold day, is a bag, twelve inches square, filled with sand. This can be heated in the oven, and will retain its warmth for hours. Make it of strong unbleached




PLAN OF HANDLE, LEGS AND WHEEL.

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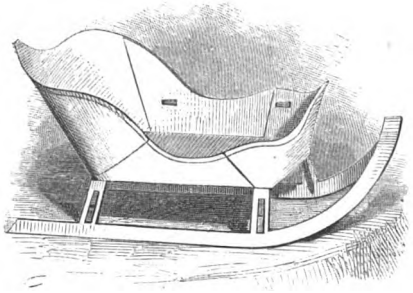
sheeting. Then make a slip-cover of bright-colored rep or merino, bordered with fringe or a ruffling of the same; or you may embroider a canvas cover,



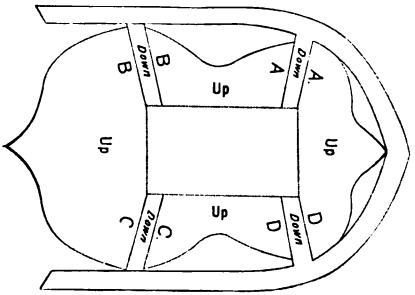
A DOLL'S SLEIGH.

if you please. One side of this case should be left open, so that the bag of sand (or salt) can easily be slipped out when it is to be heated, and secured in its place again, by means of loops and buttons, when it is taken out of the oven.

### A DOLL'S SLEIGH.

The material of the sleigh is very thick white card-board. Below is a diagram of it before it is put together.

The *black* lines indicate the place where the card-board is to be cut through. The *dotted* lines show where the penknife must only half cut through the board, so that it may bend easily. The parts marked *up* are all to be turned in one direction. They make the back, front and sides of the sleigh body. The parts marked *down* must be turned in the opposite direction, to form the runners. Lap the corners marked respectively AA, BB, CC, DD, a little, and fasten them with a small brass manu-




PLAN OF DOLL'S SLEIGH.

script clip, such as you can buy at any stationer's shop; or, if you like, take the clamps from an old hoop petticoat. If the runners do not stand firmly, stay them with pasteboard, which can be neatly pasted on.

The sleigh will be prettier if you paint bands of bright color around it with a camel's-hair pencil and water paints. You can easily put a little cushioned seat inside, if you wish.

### BEAD PEN-WIPERS.

These are made of black broadcloth. Cut eighteen small circles, a little larger than a silver dollar. Overcast the edge of each with long stitches of sewing-silk, and upon each stitch thread eight beads of any color you like. Blue, green and opal beads are preferable to gilt or silver, because these tarnish. When the circles are trimmed, bend each into half, and then into half again (see diagram), and fasten all together at the points A, so as to form a ball with the beaded edges outside. You will find this pretty pen-wiper

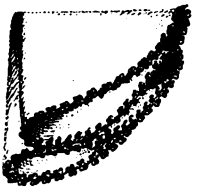


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TO FOLD EACH OF THE CIRCULAR PIECES OF PEN-WIPER.

precisely the thing to lay on papa's writing-table as a Christmas surprise.

### BRUSH-AND-COMB BAGS OF WHITE DIMITY.

The materials required for these bags are half a yard of dimity or piqué, and a white cotton cord and tassel. Cut the stuff into two pieces, nine inches wide. One should be eleven inches long and the other fifteen. Shape one end of the longer piece into a point like the flap of a pocket-book. Sew the two pieces together with a strong seam, leaving the end with a flap open, and trim all round with the cord, passing it across so as to leave a tassel on either side, and form a double loop by which to hang the bag. An embroidered monogram or initials in scarlet will add to the prettiness of the effect, and the whole can be thrown into the common wash and done up as often as desired, which is an advantage always in the case of articles used on journeys.

Other useful fancy articles can be made of white dimity; a set of table-mats, round or oval, of four or six different sizes, each scalloped around the edge with linen floss or colored worsted; or wash-stand-mats or tray-covers, scalloped in the same way; or square flat cases for papa's cuffs.

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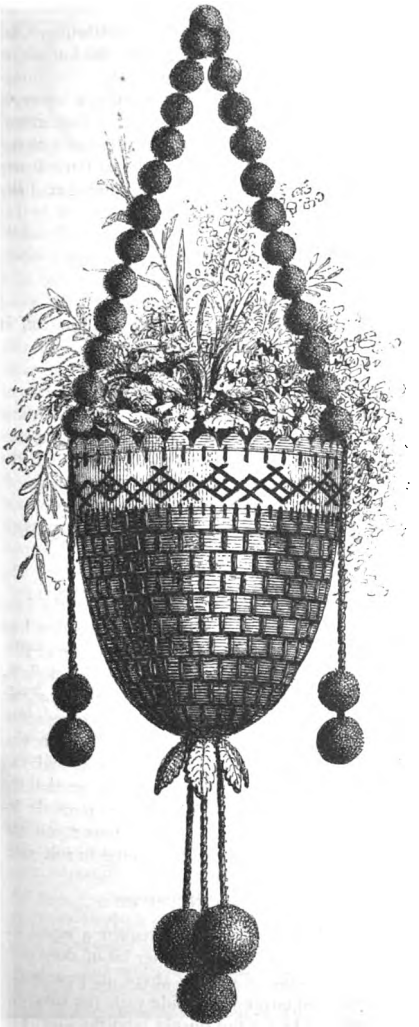
### Little Glass-lined Hanging-Baskets.

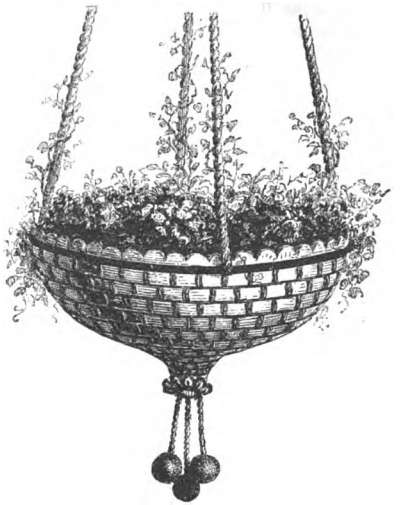
When goblets or wine glasses break at the stem, as they usually do, the tops can be put to use for hanging-baskets, as shown in these pictures.

Crochet a cover to fit the glass, in silk or worsted, with long crochet stitch, and a little looped or pointed border. This will not be a difficult thing



GLASS-LINED HANGING-BASKET, NO. 1.

to do for any of you who are practiced in simple crochet. Make a small scalloped circle for the



GLASS-LINED HANGING-BASKET, NO. 2.

bottom, and fasten on three ball-tassels of the worsted. Hang with cords, or with balls strung on cord, as in No. 1. Then fill the glass with water or wet moss, and stick in tiny ferns or flowers, and you will have a very pretty effect at small trouble and almost no expense.

### Wash-stand Mats.

Almost the most useful things in crochet are mats for wash-stands, and any girl who understands common and long crochet can make them. Two balls of white tidy-cotton, No. 8, will make a set. There should be a large round mat for the wash-bowl to stand upon, a small one for the little pitcher, one smaller yet for the mug, and two, either round or oval, for the soap-dish and brush-tray. Set up a chain of five stitches, loop it, and crochet round, widening enough to keep it flat. When the mat is large enough, finish with a border of loops, in three rows of long crochet, arranged in groups with a dividing loop. The first row should have three stitches in a group, the second four, and the third five. The mats must be "done up," whitened, and starched stiff.

### Table-Mats.

Table-mats crocheted in a similar manner, of white tidy-cotton, make excellent and useful presents. They are improved by being crocheted over lamp-wicking, which makes them doubly thick. The set consists of two large oval mats for the meat-platters, and four smaller ones for vegetable

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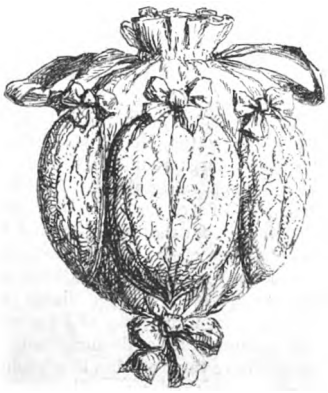
dishes. An initial, embroidered in scarlet cotton in the middle of each mat, makes them prettier. They should be starched very stiff.

### MADEIRA-NUT SCENT-CASES.

For these bright little affairs two large fair Madeira-nuts or English walnuts are required. Halve them carefully by forcing the points of your scissors into the soft end. Scrape the inside perfectly clean, heat a hair-pin red-hot in a candle-blaze or gas-jet, and with it bore two small holes opposite each other at each end of the shell; varnish with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, then set them in a warm place till perfectly dry. Make a bright-colored silk bag three inches and a half square, with a hem at one end and a place for a drawing-string. Sew on the nuts, at equal distances, a little way above the unhemmed end; run a thread round that edge, draw it up tight, and finish with a little bow. Form the other end into a bag by running a narrow ribbon into a drawing hem. Last of all, set a tiny bow at the top of each shell, and fill the bag with cotton-wool sprinkled thickly with sachet-powder.

A tiny glove or bon-bon case can be made by using two half shells of a Madeira-nut, treated in a similar manner, piercing them with holes in the middle as well as top, and tying them together with very narrow colored ribbon. Of course they



MADEIRA-NUT SCENT-CASE.

hold only a very small pair of gloves. They are pretty objects to hang upon a Christmas-tree.

### MADEIRA-SHELL BOATS.

These are very pretty for Christmas-trees, and they delight little folks. Take a half shell, glue a slender mast in it, and put in a sail of gilt or silver paper. They will sail nicely.

### BUREAU MATS AND COVERS.

Three-quarters of a yard of white Java canvas will make four of these mats. Cut it into halves, and one of these halves into three small squares. Leave a margin all round to be raveled out for a fringe, and work just above this margin a simple border pattern in worsted, of any color you please —blue, rose, or crimson. The three smaller mats will hold the pincushion and toilet bottles, and the long one is laid across the front of the bureau, to receive brushes, combs and hair-pins.

If you wish, you can easily make a cover to match, for laying over the top of a pincushion. This may have the additional ornament of a monogram, or initials, embroidered in the center. Pretty border and initial patterns can be bought at a low price, if you have no designs at hand.

### GLOVE PEN-WIPERS.

Cut a paper pattern of a tiny glove and of a little gauntlet-cuff to correspond. Cut the glove pattern out in thick cloth, and the gauntlet-cuff in thinner cloth, and line the latter with bright silk. Stitch the cuff to the glove with silk of the same color as the lining, and also make three rows of stitches on the back of the glove to imitate those in real gloves. Lastly cut out three or four pieces of cloth like the gauntlet, over-hand or point the edges with a scissors, and fasten them to the glove in under the gauntlet, to form the pen-wiper. This is a tidy little affair for a portfolio or traveling case.

### A PARASOL PEN-WIPER.

A very pretty pen-wiper can be made in the form of a closed parasol. Sharpen a thin wooden lead pencil that has an ivory tip. Cut a circle of silk, and another, somewhat smaller, of thin black cloth. Point or scallop the edges all around, pierce a hole in the center of each circle and run the point of the pencil through, leaving the silk circle on top. By a little ingenuity you can now crease, fold and secure these circles close to the handle, so that the whole will look precisely like a closed parasol; by experimenting first with a piece of paper you can best get the size of the circle required to suit your pencil.

### A PANSY PINCUSHION.

For this pincushion you will require a small bit of bright yellow silk, and another bit of deep purple velvet or silk. Cut the shape in pasteboard twice over, and cover each side with the silk, the upper half (A) being the purple, and the lower (B) the yellow. The purple silk must be lapped under a good way, so that the stitches may not part and show the seam. Overseam the edges together,

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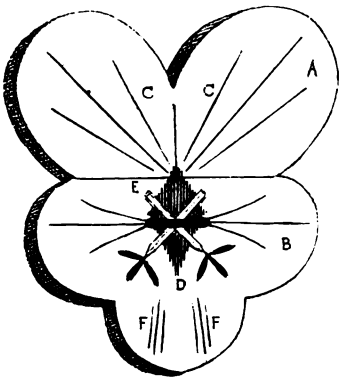
leaving a small open space, and stuff the cushion full of worsted, ramming down to make it as hard and firm as possible. The outside is ornamented with stitches of black and yellow silks, which can be varied to taste. In the illustration, CC, are long stitches in yellow floss; D is a diamond-shaped




PANSY PINCUSHION.

group of black stitches, crossed at E with white floss, and F are long black stitches, three on each side. Some people add a tiny black velvet tip to the lower leaf of the pansy. There is an opportunity for displaying taste in the arrangement of these stitches. Better than to follow any description would be to take a real pansy, study it well, and arrange the stitches to imitate the flower as closely as possible.

### Work-Cases.

The materials for these work-cases are, a piece of yellow or gray Japanese canvas, twelve inches long and seven broad; a bit of silk of the same size and color for lining, and six skeins of worsted, of any shade which you happen to fancy.

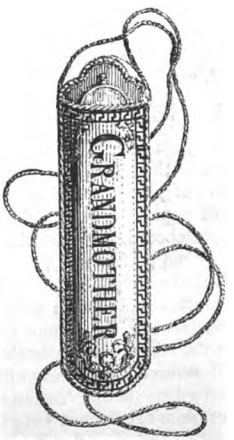
Work a border down both sides of the canvas and across one end, leaving space to turn the edge of the material neatly in. This border may be as simple as you please. Four rows of cross-stitch in blue or cherry will answer for little girls not versed in embroidery. When the border is done, baste on the lining, turn the edges neatly in, and sew over and over. Then turn the lower third of this lined strip up to form a bag, and sew the edges together firmly. The embroidered end folds over to form a flap like a pocket-book, and must have two small buttons and loops to fasten it down.

### Spectacle-Cases.

These are nice presents to make for grandpapas and grandmammas. Cut out a piece of card-board a little longer than the spectacles are when shut up, and of the shape which you see in the picture. Then cut another piece an inch shorter than the other and one-third wider. At the lower end of this second piece, cut three slits an inch and a half long, lap them, baste firmly, and trim off so as to make the end fit to the bottom of the back-piece. Cover both pieces with kid, velvet, silk, chamois leather, or Java canvas, and ornament with floss silk, beads, or embroidery braid. Lastly, sew the two pieces together at sides and bottom, stitch a fine cord round the edge, and your case is done. The front-piece, being a little wider, will stand out from the back just enough to allow the spectacles to slide in and out easily. For grandma, it may be well to have a long loop of ribbon attached to each top corner of the case so that she may hang it from her belt.

### Articles in Birch-Bark.

For those of you who have spent your Summer in the country, and brought home a store of birch-bark, there are numberless pretty things to make. Handkerchief-cases, scissor-cases, glove-cases, spectacle-cases, wall-baskets, watch-pockets, toilet-boxes, table-mats, portfolios, book-marks, napkin-rings, needle-cases,—I cannot enumerate half. The rules for making one apply to nearly all. The shape of the article chosen is cut out in stiff pasteboard; the bark, made very thin and smooth, is cut to match, and divided into long nar-




SPECTACLE-CASE.

row strips of equal width, attached to each other at one end, which is left uncut for a short distance. These strips are braided in and out with ribbon of any chosen shade, each end of the ribbon being carefully fastened down. When the braiding is

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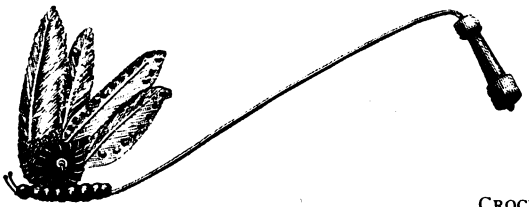
thus secured to the pattern, the whole is lined with silk, and the edges are trimmed with plaited ribbon or narrow silk cord. The glove and *mouchoir* cases are made square, and the corners are bent over to the middle and tied with ribbons. A little scent-bag is laid in each. Birch-bark articles can also be made by simply covering the card-board pattern with a plain piece of bark and binding the edges with ribbon or velvet.

### THE CIRCLE-FLY.

For this amusing toy, suggested by Miss Donlevy, the following materials are needed. Four feathers, a long cork, half a yard of wire, two square inches of gilt paper, two black beads, some red or yellow sewing-silk, a couple of bits of card-board, a wooden spool, four round pieces of tin with a hole in the middle, a piece of red sealing-wax, and a small quantity of gum arabic.

The body of the circle-fly is made of the cork, and it is into this that the long wire is fastened.



THE CIRCLE-FLY.

The horns are short bits of wire fastened securely into the head, and tipped with sealing-wax. The black beads form the eyes; they are sewed into the cork head. Wind red or yellow sewing-silk round the body at regular intervals to form ornamental stripes, as seen in the picture. For the wings, cut out four pieces of pasteboard, two of white paper and two of gilt paper. Put each feather between two pieces of pasteboard, and glue with thick melted gum arabic. When perfectly dry, cover each pasteboard on one side with gilt paper. When this is dry, cover the other side of each with white paper. After the wings are for the second time perfectly dry, sew over the edges of the pasteboard part of the wings with colored silk, which will both ornament and strengthen them. To fasten the wings, run a wire not quite two inches long into the cork body, slip on each end one of the round pieces of tin, and bend the wire so that it stands perpendicular to the body. The bend must be half an inch high. Now give the wire another bend, making it parallel to the body, run it through the pasteboard part of the wing, put another round piece of tin on the outer side, and fasten by bending the wire over the tin. Whittle the wooden spool down till it is quite thin, run the wire through its middle and bend as in the picture, to form a handle. The wire must end by a round bend to hold the spool in place.

As its name suggests, the circle-fly flies only in a circle, but it flies so fast that it will amuse a nursery full of little folks for a long time.

Now we will begin our third division:

*Christmas Presents a little more elaborate in construction, which can be made by Girls from Fourteen and upward, who are skillful with their needles.*

### VARIOUS ARTICLES TO BE MADE IN VARNISHED CROCHET-WORK.

Pen-trays, wall-pockets, traveling-satchels, cases for holding rolls of music, flower-pot holders, and a great many other pretty and useful things can be made from cotton crochet-work, stiffened with colored starch, *allowed to dry in the desired form*, and varnished according to the directions on next page. Baskets, boxes, watch-cases, chair seats and backs, mats, footstool-covers, when made in this way, are as durable as cane or rattan work, and infinitely more ornamental.

### CROCHETED WALL-SHIELD AND SPONGE-POCKETS,

Of which we wish more particularly to speak, are intended to be placed over a wash-stand. The shield is oblong in shape, as wide as the stand, and has a pointed top. The pockets, of which there are two, one for sponges, and the other for nail-brush, tooth-brush, etc., hang against the wall at either end of the shield. If an open pattern is selected for the shield, it will be pretty to line it with a bit of bright-colored silk or cambric. The front of the pocket is crocheted separately from the back, starched, and dried over a wooden form. The end of a wooden molding-dish, such as is used in butter-making, answers this purpose admirably. The form must be laid face down on a soft pine board, so that the crocheted piece may be stretched over it and pinned evenly to the board all round. When dry it is sewed to the back-piece and varnished. The back may be lined with oiled cloth or silk, if desired, but the meshes of the front-piece should be left open to secure ventilation for any wet article placed inside the pocket. The edges of these articles can readily be crocheted in points or fancy scallops. If desired, the sponge-pockets may be made directly on the wall-shield.

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The method of treatment is the same for all articles: the covering is crocheted in strong white tidy-cotton, a size smaller than the thing to be covered, so as to admit of stretching tightly. A monogram or other ornament is then worked on the cover, which is stretched over its frame and secured; a coating of thick boiled starch is rubbed in, and when this is dry another coating is applied. Lastly, the whole is treated to a coat of shellac varnish, which, used over white cotton, gives a tint like cane or bamboo; if a darker color is desired, the starch is boiled with strained coffee instead of water. A basket made in this manner will outwear two ordinary straw ones, and there is this advantage, that if at any time a portion of the work is worn through or cut, it can be softened with alcohol, mended with tidy-cotton, and stiffened and varnished as before.

### A New Sofa-Cushion Cover.

The materials required for this cushion are, half a yard of fine white silk canvas, a yard and a half of thick satin ribbon three inches wide, blue or rose colored, a few skeins of floss silk, and a silk cord and tassels.

Cut the ribbon into three pieces, to be basted at equal distances on the canvas, one in the middle, the others at either side half way between the middle and the edge. Feather stitch the ribbon down on both sides with pale yellow floss. In the spaces left between the ribbon stripes, embroider a graceful little pattern in flosses which harmonize with the shade of the ribbon. Make up the cushion with a lining of plain silk or satin, and trim the edge with the cord and tassels.

This is an easy cushion to make, but the effect is really charming, and we recommend some of you to try it. The cushion from which our description is taken comes from England, and we have never seen a similar one in this country. Black satin ribbon and brilliant embroidery would be an effective combination.

### Open-work Brackets Made from Cigar-Boxes.

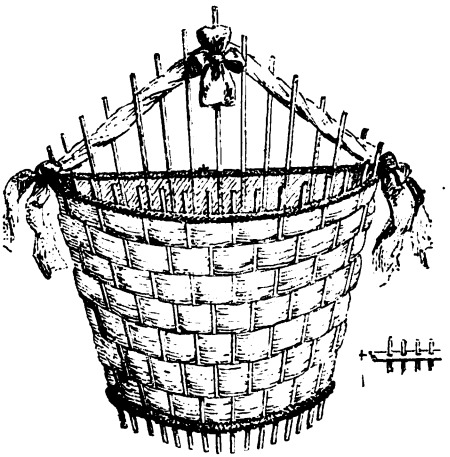
Here is a Christmas present which either a boy or girl can make. All the materials needed are paper patterns of the forms to be used (which can be obtained from almost any carved open-work bracket), a sharp penknife, and an old cigar-box. The paper patterns must be pasted or gummed to the wood, so that the lines may be closely followed and cut through by the knife, leaving the desired open-work shapes. Then the paper can be soaked off with a damp sponge. If the bracket is only meant to hold light articles, the parts can be glued together merely, but it is better still to use the small brads which you will find in the sides of the cigar-box. When it is done, rub it with boiled linseed oil, or, if you prefer, coat with shellac varnish.

### Ornamental Cigar-Boxes.

A pretty box can be made by cutting open-work designs (as described above) on the separated parts of a cigar-box; then putting them together as before, varnishing them, and lining the open-work sides and cover with bright-colored silk or paper.

### A Straw Wall-Basket.

This basket is made of straw and ribbon. Choose a number of perfectly smooth fair straws. Cut in pasteboard a half-circle, nine inches in diameter, and with a stiletto or pinking-punch make a series of small holes round the edge, half an inch apart. Measure a strip of pasteboard a little less than half



A STRAW WALL-BASKET.

an inch wide, and nine inches long, and pierce it regularly with holes of the same size, making them one inch apart. Take a second strip of the same width, sixteen inches long, and repeat the process. Now measure a straw twelve inches in length, and insert one end into the middle hole of the shorter strip, and the other end into the middle hole of the straight side of the half-circle (which forms the bottom of the basket), letting the lower edge of the straw project about two inches below the bottom of the circle. On either side of this insert a straw three-quarters of an inch shorter, and so proceed till the holes are filled and all the straws of the pointed back in position. The holes must be small enough to hold the straws firmly in place without any stitches. Next cut a number of straws six

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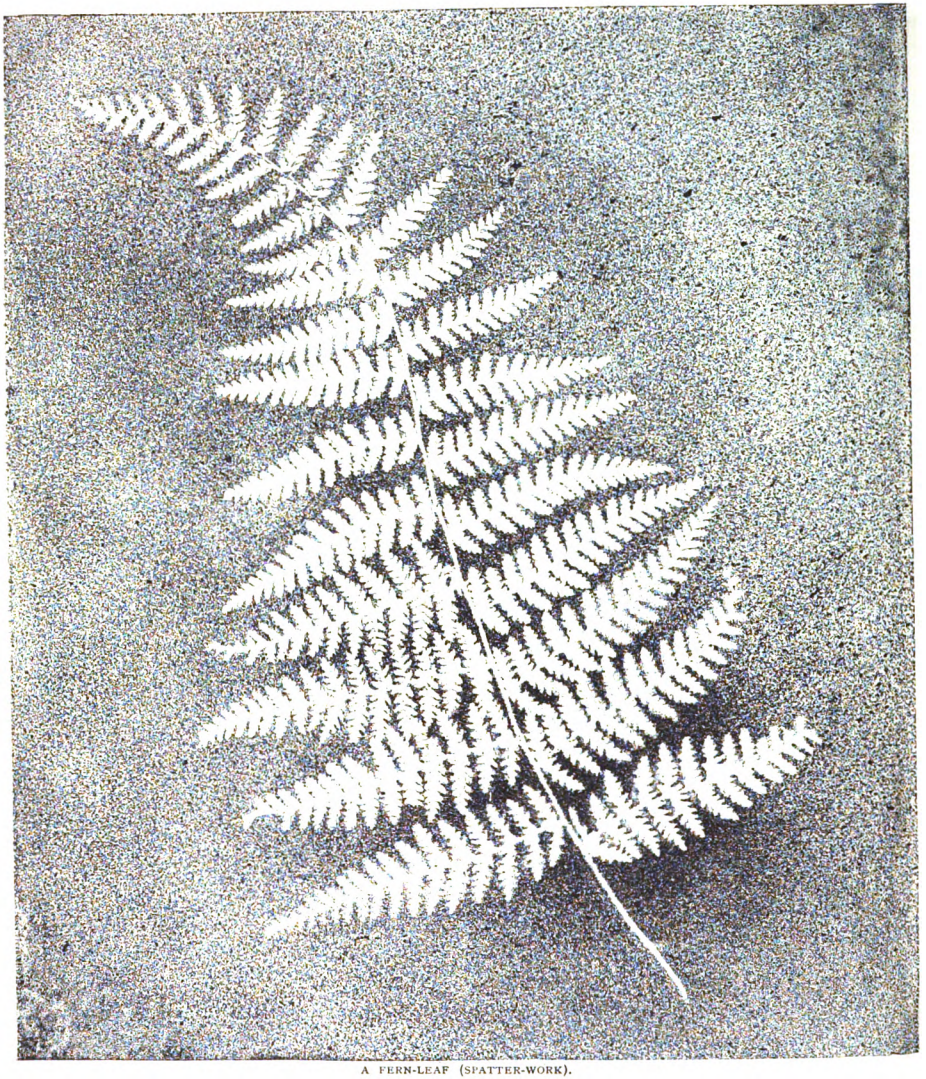

A FERN-LEAF (SPATTER-WORK).

inches in length, and insert them into the longer strip of pasteboard, slipping the lower ends through the holes in the round of the half-circle, and fastening the two ends of the pasteboard strip firmly to the back-strip. Cover the edges of the bottom and top circles with blue chenille, and lace blue ribbon in and out among the straw of the front-piece to form the basket. Tack it firmly to the wall at either end, and fasten a bow of blue ribbon to the midddle of the back near the top. This is a graceful and novel wall-basket, and looks very pretty when heaped up with Berlin wools and other light articles, for which it serves as a catch-all.

### SPATTER-WORK.

The first essential for successful spatter-work is a graceful pattern. To secure this, you must select and carefully press all manner of tiny leaves and

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ferns, bits of strawberry vine, ivy sprays, and other wood treasures. For further materials you will want Bristol board, India-ink, a fine-toothed comb, a tooth-brush, some small pins, a tack-hammer, and a smooth board on which to fasten your paper while at work.

After the paper is firmly pinned to the board, lay your pattern upon it—the cross or basket form, if either is used, in the center—the leaves and ferns grouped about it, and pin each down very carefully, so that the ink may not spatter under them.

Put a table-spoonful of water into a small saucer, and rub India ink in it till the mixture is thick as cream. If you like a design in purple, the best violet ink can be substituted for this with good effect. Dip the tooth-brush (which should be one with long stiff bristles), lightly into the ink, and, holding it over the paper, rub it gently with the comb, so as to send out a fine spray of ink. Some persons reverse this process, and, dipping the comb into the ink, pass the brush over it to produce the same result. This is gradually repeated till the background is shaded to your wishes. Some parts are made darker than the rest to give the idea of perspective, but be careful not to make them too dark, as the ink will appear much blacker when dry.

Take the pins out carefully, and remove the leaves. The space beneath will now appear in white on a gray background. Now begins the artistic part of the performance, for the leaves must be veined with a camel's-hair brush, and lightly shaded here and there, and the central ornament must also be shaded in spatter-work, to give it roundness and effect. When all is done, and the ink perfectly dry, iron the paper on the wrong side with a slightly warmed iron.

A great many beautiful things can be contrived with this spatter-work. Wall-baskets, portfolios, glove and handkerchief cases, cigar-stands, and so on, cut from Bristol board, spattered, lined with silk and bound with narrow ribbons, are extremely pretty. Tidies, mats, aprons, hanging side-pockets, pillow-covers, and cushion-covers of Swiss muslin, spattered with a graceful pattern, are certainly "lovely." And, a newer idea still, we have lately seen work-boxes, table-tops, book-covers and paper-knives in white hollywood, spattered with very dark brown (burnt umber being used instead of ink), and highly varnished, which had a really beautiful appearance, the varnish changing the light parts of the wood to a pale yellow which precisely harmonized with the rich brown of the background.

### A New Effect in Knitting.

One of the knitting novelties of the season is the use of alternate rows of double zephyr and of Shetland and split zephyr worsteds, using common garter stitch and large needles. It is effective for hoods, nubès, baby cloaks, affghans for cribs, and other articles of that kind.

### Bible-Covers.

There are few choicer presents than a cover for a friend's favorite Bible. The material for these covers is soft chamois leather, cut exactly the size of the open Bible, with a narrow piece sewed on at each end to fold under, and so hold the cover. Snip the larger piece all round into minute points. Stitch the end-pieces on wrong side out, a little way from edge, and turn over, leaving the points on big piece to project and form an edge. A monogram, or any appropriate motto, may be embroidered in the middle. These covers are simple things, but they require exquisite sewing and fitting to look well. Don't forget that, girls.

### Cabin-Bags.

These are not necessarily Christmas gifts, but if any friend happens to be taking a voyage in winter, a cabin bag is the very thing, for no lady traveler can be really comfortable at sea without one. They are made of linen or crash or chintz, after the manner of shoe-bags, with a row of pockets below and another above, stitched to a stout back-piece, bound round with braid, and furnished with loops to hang up by, and a small square pin-cushion in the middle of the top. They should be nailed firmly to the wall of the state-room within reach of the sofa or berth, and are invaluable for holding handkerchiefs, brushes, hair-pins, watch, and the thousand and one little things which, without such a place of refuge, are soon hopelessly shaken together and lost in the confused tumble and toss of a voyage.

### Scent-Cases for Trunks.

Another gift for a traveler is a large silk or muslin case made to fit the top of her trunk, and quilted with orris-root or sachet-powder. Clothing kept for a long time in trunks is apt to contract a smell of leather, and this daintily scented cover, which tucks in all round, will be more and more appreciated as time goes on, by the friend to whom you present it. Some persons do not like perfumes of any kind, and these may prefer the smell of leather to that of sachet-powder. Beware of presenting a scent-case to them.

### Table and Chair Covers of Stamped Linen.

These covers are made of that coarse gray linen which is bought for kitchen table-cloths. One of the best patterns to choose is that very common one which is lined off into diamonds with a star in the middle of each diamond. Divide these stars



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into groups of four, six, or eight, and work each star over with Berlin worsted of a different color, taking care that your colors harmonize with each other and make a good general effect. When all the stars are embroidered, sew narrow black velvet ribbon over the lines which form the diamonds. If for a table-cover, trim the edge with a row of black velvet ribbon, a fringe or a cord with tassels in the corners.

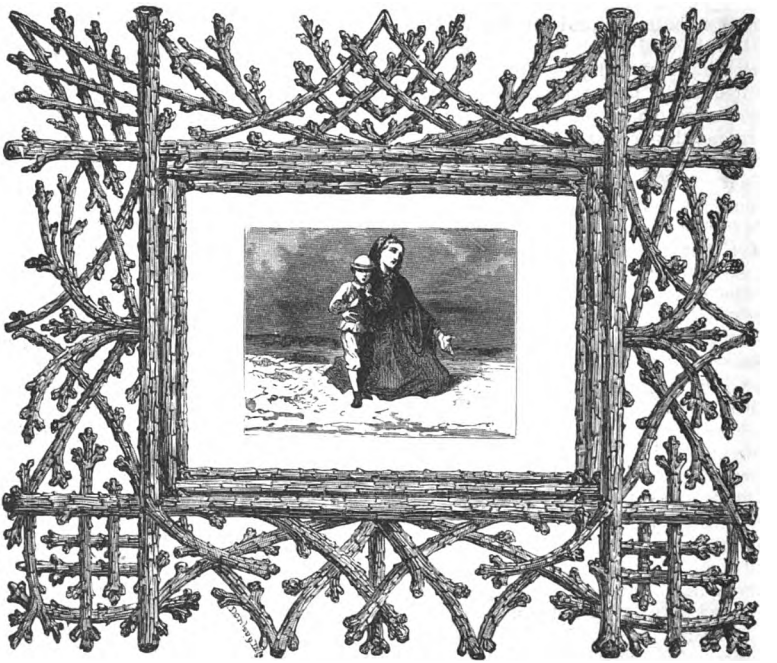
### INLAID EMBROIDERY.

Many pretty and useful articles, such as pin-cushions, tidies, watch-cases, flower-pot covers, table-mats, floor-mats, wall-shields, screens, brush-and-comb bags, skate-bags, and school-satchels, can be made of gray crash, with fancy bits of colored cloth laid on and neatly secured around the edge by herring-bone stitch. Canvas may be thus "inlaid" with bright velvets, and the intervening spaces filled with gray, white or black cross-stitch.

### ORNAMENTAL WORK IN NORWAY SPRUCE.

Any one lucky enough to possess a large Norway spruce-tree, or more than one, has material at hand for a host of pretty objects which will be just the thing for Christmas presents. When this secret is once learned, it becomes hard to look at the trees any longer as *trees;* they seem, instead, repositories of easels, picture-frames, and other dainty devices, and we go out, scissors in hand, with all the confidence with which we enter a shop to order what is wanted. No initiated person, however, will ever cut the wood recklessly; that would be killing the golden goose indeed. No, the pieces chosen, which are from three to eighteen inches long, should be taken from the leaders or latest growth of the branches; judicious pruning will rather benefit the tree than injure it.

The wood obtained, it is to be *heated* a little, to dry it quickly, and then with a dull knife scraped clean of its leaves *(in the direction of the foliage)*, taking care not to destroy the wood-buds. For other materials you will need glue, a varnishing brush, a little copper wire, penknife, tack-hammer, and a scissors or pliers for cutting the wire. Flat pieces of soft pine board are also needed, on which the whole can be laid and pinned into shape; also bracket frames of pine formed like a T, with a shelf top. These brackets can be made of half a salt-box lid covered with spruce sticks, with a back and front of fanciful lattice-work, meeting in a cluster of leaf-buds at the bottom of the T.



A PICTURE-FRAME IN NORWAY SPRUCE.

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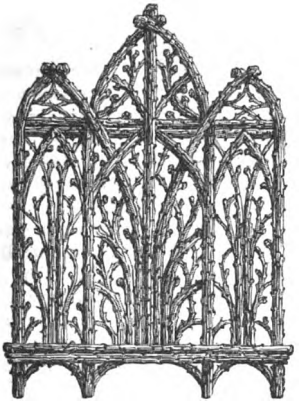
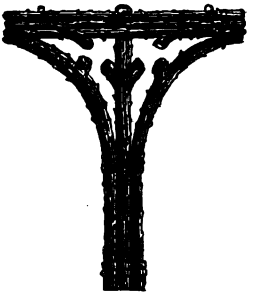
### Picture-Frames.

The desired size and shape of the frame must be penciled on the board, so that the work may be



AN EASEL.

perfectly true and even. Then the wood is arranged, guided by the drawing, till the general outline is complete, and glued with tiny drops carefully applied, or pinned deftly with tiny tape-pins. The outline being perfect, it is enriched with small twigs and clusters of wood-buds glued, or, better still, pinned, here and there, in places which need ornament or shaping. When the glue is stiff, disengage the frame from the board by inserting a paper-cutter between them, and, pushing the heads of the pins well in, cut off all the points projecting through at the back with a pair of scissors. Next, laying the frame face down, fasten an extra spruce stick all round, to give stiffness to the back; and



BACK-PIECE OF EASEL.

lastly, varnish the whole with gum-shellac varnish, which gives a soft and firm luster to the wood, preferable to the shiny effect of other varnish.

### Easels.

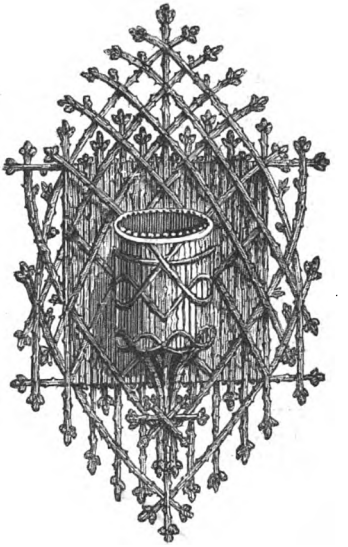
Easels are constructed in very much the same way as the frames, using a penciled diagram as a guide in forming the parts, and taking care that the projecting ledge on which the picture rests is straight and firm. The bands and hinges are of copper wire, which matches the color of the spruce.

### Spruce-wood Wall-Pocket.

The directions already given for spruce-wood work will suffice for making this wall-pocket. It should have a high arched back, and a portfolio pocket as wide as the back, and reaching half way up, lined with crimson silk or satin. This article has a beautiful effect when hung on the wall.

### Match-Holders.

Use the picture as a guide. A square of pasteboard braces the back. The frame of the box is



MATCH-HOLDER.

made of pasteboard or of wood. This is fancifully covered with spruce sticks. An interlining of bright silk improves the effect.

Pasteboard cuff-boxes, covered with gay silk and ornamented with spruce-work, make pretty cigar-holders.

### A Word about "Phantom Flowers."

Summer is the harvest-time with phantom flower makers, but even at this late season some leaves

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and flowers can be found adapted for the purpose, and for the benefit of those who are desirous of trying their hand at this pretty manufacture, we will mention a method of getting rid of the leaf tissues without the long delay and disagreeable details of the usual process. The green leaves and seed vessels are laid upon small sheets of tin and covered tightly with lace or thin muslin. These are placed in a vessel of cold water, and allowed to boil *slowly* for several hours. When taken out, the upper sheet of tin is removed, and the leaves are deprived of their tissues by means of a fine camel's-hair brush, after which they are bleached, wired and mounted in the usual manner. Any one desirous of a full description of the science of desiccating leaves and plants, will find it in "A Treatise on the Art of Producing Phantom Flowers," published by Tilton & Co. of Boston.

### EMBROIDERED WORK-CASES.

These are of the same size and shape as the simple work-case described in the earlier part of this article. The stitch used is the *double* cross stitch, which takes up four threads of the canvas. Work a row in pale tinted worsted, blue, rose or pearl, round three sides of the canvas, leaving one end plain, and a second row sixteen threads from the first one. Between these rows work in clear glass beads a Grecian pattern, filling in with worsted. There must be two lines of beads, to correspond with the double stitch which occupies that space on the canvas. Fill the middle with an alternate stitch of worsted, little squares containing four beads each, line with silk, fold the pocket, sew on the edges over and over, threading a bead on each stitch, and fasten with silk loops and two small clear glass buttons.

### KNITTING-BAGS.

White or yellow Turkish toweling is the material for these bags. They are made in four pieces, each a foot long, pointed at top and bottom, and slightly curved toward the middle on both sides. The pieces are embroidered in silk or worsted with some simple pattern in bright colors, bound with narrow ribbon to match, and sewed together with a tassel to finish the bottom, and a drawing ribbon at the top. They are convenient little articles to hang on the back of a chair and receive an old lady's knitting when she lays it aside.

### KNITTING-APRONS.

These are made like any other apron, secured with a band around the waist, except that it is cut about ten inches longer. This extra ten inches of length is to be turned up from the bottom and divided off by stitching, so as to form four or more oblong pockets, open at the top. These pockets are handy for holding balls of worsted, and patterns, and the unfinished work in hand.

### ARTICLES MADE OF COCOA-NUT SHELLS.

Boys with sharp knives, and a fair amount of good taste and ingenuity, can make very nice presents out of smoothed cocoa-nut shells. Three-quarter shells, supported on legs of rustic-work, and pierced with a few small holes at the bottom, make very pretty flower-pots; water-pails with wire handles, baskets with twisted grape-vine handles, card-receivers on rustic standards—all are very pretty. With sister's aid, bright silk or satin secured to the inside of the shell, and projecting a few inches beyond the opening, may be shirred with a drawing-string at the top, forming a pretty work-bag.

These cocoa-nut shell articles should be oiled. or have a coating of shellac varnish.

ST. NICHOLAS already has given hints and directions for making things which would serve admirably as Christmas presents for young friends. Among these we may refer to:

CHRISTMAS CITY (how to make a card-board city), Vol. I., p. 405.

WOOD-CARVING, Vol. I., pp. 84, 215, 346, 592.

HOLIDAY HARBOR (giving directions for making mimic public buildings and vessels of pasteboard), December number of Vol. II., p. 112.

EAST INDIAN TOYS—baby-doll, lady-doll, and cow (telling how to make them), November number of Vol. II., p. 52.

TURTLE CLOVES, Letter-Box for January, Vol. II., p. 196.

A PRETTY EASEL FOR PHOTOGRAPHS, Letter-Box for April, Vol. II., p. 389.

And now we must bring this long chapter to a close, with ST. NICHOLAS' compliments, and the hope that some of his girls, and boys too for that matter, who have been puzzling their heads over Christmas presents, may find just what they want in it. More than a hundred useful and tasteful articles can be made from the suggestions given. A good deal of work and a good deal of care are required for the making of anything really pretty. But remember, dears, that these gifts, into which love, thought, and patience are wrought with innumerable fine stitches or touches, will be worth more to the friends who care for you, a dozen times over than the finest thing which can be bought in a shop, and which costs you nothing but—money.

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# BASS COVE SKETCHES.—OFF TO THE ISLAND.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

"Bless my heart!" said Mr. Bonwig, amazed at the huge rollers that came tumbling in. "How are we ever going to get a boat outside of them without swamping her?"

"I 'll show ye," said Joe.

The dory was dragged down to the edge of the surf. Then Joe put in the guns. Then he gave the skiff another gentle shove, into a receding wave. Then he told Mr. Bonwig to get aboard.

"I 've a wife and children at home!" murmured that affectionate husband and father. "If anything should happen!"

"What in sixty ye think is goin' to happen?" cried Joe, impatiently.

"I am very heavy!" said Augustus.

"So much the better; you 'll make splendid ballast," grinned Joe.

"You are going, too?"

"Of course I am; I ha'nt got no wife and children—not much!"

There was something in Joe that inspired confidence, and Mr. Bonwig resolved to stand the risk. He seated himself in the boat. Joe stood on the beach, holding the bow, and waiting. The waves were out.

"You never can shove me off in the world!" said Mr. Bonwig, painfully conscious of his own corpulence.

"You 'll see," said Joe. The next moment the waves were in. A heavy swell lifted the dory, ballast and all. The ballast uttered a scream, and made a motion as if to jump overboard. "Keep yer seat. All right!" screamed Joe, pushing off. As the next breaker lifted the stern, he gave another shove, and jumped aboard. Before the third breaker came, he had the oars in his hands, ready to meet it.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Bonwig. "I *am* surprised!" And well he might be; for, you see, this embarking in the breakers is a business that calls for no little skill and experience; you must take advantage of them, and see that they don't get the advantage of you. They have no mercy; and if they ever strike your skiff sideways, over she goes in an instant, and there she rolls to and fro in the foaming jaws until they crunch her to pieces, unless some strong hand at the right moment seizes and drags her out.

Young Joe, first by skillfully pushing off, then by prompt management of the oars, kept the dory straight across the rollers, and soon had her safe outside of them. Then he commenced rowing strongly and steadily toward a rocky island, two or three miles off, over the ends of which the sea was dashing high and white.

Mr. Bonwig was seated in the stern, which he freighted so heavily that the bow stuck up ludicrously high out of the water. He had now quite recovered his equanimity.

"Well! I enjoy this!" said he, and lighted a cigar. "How easy this boat rows!"

"It does, to look on," said Joe.

"I *am* surprised!" said Mr. Bonwig. "I 'd no idea one of these little skiffs pulled so easy!" and he smoked complacently.

"How good that cigar tastes!" said Joe, with a grin. "I had no idee cigars tasted so good!"

"Young man," replied Augustus, laughing, "I see the force of your remark. Perhaps you think I might offer to row. But I want to keep my nerves steady for the ducks. I 'll row coming back, and that will be a good deal harder, for we shall have a load of game, you know."

"All right," said Joe. "No, I thank ye"—as Bonwig offered him a cigar. "But if you happen to have any more of that 'ere sweet stuff about ye ——"

"Oh, to be sure!" and Augustus had the pleasure of filling the young man's mouth with candy. "What sort of ducks do we get at the island?"

"Coots and black ducks, mostly," said Joe (and I wish I could make the words sound as sweet on paper as they did coming from his candied lips). "Black ducks go along the shore to feed, when the tide is low. They find all sorts of little live things on the rocks and in the moss, and in them little basins the tide leaves in holler places. They never dive deep; they only jest tip up, like common ducks. But coots will feed where the water is thirty feet deep; they go to the bottom, and pick up all sorts of insects and little critters. They pick young mussels off the rocks, and swaller 'em whole, shell and all, and grind 'em up in their gizzards."

"Do they catch fish?"

"No; loons ketch fish, but ducks and coots don't. A loon has got short wings that help him swim under water,—or fly under water, for that 's what it is. He 'll go faster 'n some fishes. But he can't walk; and he can't rise on the wing very

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well. He has to flop along the water, against the wind, a little while, 'fore he can rise. He can't rise goin' *with* the wind, any more 'n a kite can; and sometimes, when he lights in a small pond, he 's pestered to git out at all. I ketched one in Bemis's pond last Spring. He was just as well and spry as any loon ye ever see, but there was n't room for him to git a good start, and no wind to help him; and he could n't run on the land, nor fly up from the land; and there was n't any good chance to dive. A loon 'll go down in deep water, and like as not ye wont see anything more of him till by-'m-by he comes up a quarter of a mile off, or mabby ye wont never see him agin,—for he can swim with jest a little speck of his body out of water, so that it takes a perty sharp eye to git sight of him. But this loon in Bemis's pond could n't come none o' them tricks, and I jest stoned him till he could n't dive, then I in arter him, and ketched him. He was a fat feller, I tell ye!"

"That 's a good loon story," observed Mr. Bonwig.

"I can tell ye a better one than that," said Joe. "My father went a-fishin' off the end of that island once, and as the fish would n't bite, and the sea was calm, he jest put his lines out and laid down in the bottom of the dory, and spread a tarpaulin over him, and thought he 'd go to sleep. That 's a nice way to sleep,—have your boat at anchor, and it 'll rock ye like a cradle, only ye must be careful a storm don't come up all of a sudden and rock ye over. Ye can wind yer line around yer wrist, so 's 't if a cod does come and give it a yank, you 'll wake up. That 's the way my father did. And he 'd had a nice long nap, when all at oncet—yank! suthin' had holt. Off went the tarpaulin, and up he jumped, and he thought he 'd got a whopper, by the way it run off with his line. But before he 'd begun to pull, the line slacked, as if nothin' was on it; and the next minute up come a loon close alongside the boat, and looked at him, and my father looked at the loon, and thought he noticed suthin' queer hangin' out of his bill. Then the loon dove, and then my father felt a whopper on his line ag'in, and he began to pull, and, by sixty! if he did n't pull up that loon and bring him into the boat! He had dove I don't know how many fathom for the bait, and got hooked jest like a fish."

"That *is* a good story!" said Mr. Bonwig, who had a sportsman's relish for such things. "What makes folks say *crazy as a loon?*"

"I d'n' know," Joe replied, "without it 's 'cause they holler so. Did n't ye never hear a loon holler? You 'd think 't was a crazy feller, if ye did n't know. I s'pose *loonatics* are named after 'em."

"Not exactly," said Mr. Bonwig. "*Lunatics* are named after *Luna;* that 's the Latin name for the moon, which affects people's brains, sometimes."

"I would n't give much for such brains!" said Joe, contemptuously. "Moon never hurt mine none!" Hence he argued that his own were of a superior quality. "You must have been to school to learn so much Latin!" he said, regarding Mr. Bonwig with fresh admiration.

Augustus nodded with dignity.

"What 's the Latin for *dory?*" Joe asked, thinking he would begin at once to acquire that useful language.

Augustus was obliged to own that he did n't know. Thereupon Joe's admiration changed to contempt.

"What 's the use of Latin," said he, "if ye can't tell the Latin for dory?" And Mr. Bonwig was sorry he had not said *doribus*, and so have still retained a hold upon Joe's respect.

"Why do folks say *silly coot?*" he asked, to change the subject.

"Wal, a coot *is* a silly bird—jest like some folks," said Joe. "Sometimes you may shoot one out of a flock, and the rest will fly right up to you, or jest stay right around, till you 've killed 'em all." Augustus thought he would like to fall in with such a flock. "There 's some now!" said Joe. "They 're goin' to the island. The sea runs so, we can't shoot very well from the boat, and I guess we 'd better land."

Landing was easy under the lee of the island, and the boat was hauled up on the beach. Then Joe set out to guide his friend to the best point for getting a shot.

"There!" said he, stopping suddenly near the summit of a ledge, "ye can see 'em down there, about three rods from shore. Don't stir, for if they see us we shall lose 'em."

"But we must get nearer than this!" said Mr. Bonwig, "for even *my* gun wont do execution at this distance."

"Don't you know?" Joe said. "They 're feedin'. When you come acrost a flock of coots feedin' like that, you 'll notice they all dive together, and stay under water as much as a minute; then they all come up to breathe agin. Now, when they dive, do as I do. There goes one down! there they all go! Now!" cried Joe.

He clambered over the ledge as nimbly as a lad could very well do, with an old "Queen's-arm" in each hand, and ran down rapidly toward the shore, off which the water-fowl were feeding. He was light of foot, and familiar with every rock. Not so Mr. Augustus Bonwig: he was very heavy of foot, and unacquainted with the rocks.

"Bl-e-hess m-y-hy hea-ah-rt!" he exclaimed,

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jolting his voice terribly, as he followed Joe down the steep, rough way.

"Here! quick!" cried Joe, dropping behind another ledge.

Poor Mr. Bonwig plunged like a porpoise, and tumbled with a groan at the boy's side.

"Flat! flat!" whispered Joe.

"I can't make myself any flatter!" panted Augustus, pressing his corpulence close to the ground. "I've scraped off two buttons, and skinned my shins, already."

"You *a'nt* quite so flat as a flapjack, *be* ye?" said Joe. "Never mind. We're all right." He peeped cautiously over the ledge, cap in hand. "There comes one of 'em up agin! There they all come! Now look; be careful!" Bonwig put up his head. "Next time they go down we'll run for them big rocks close by the shore; then we shall be near enough."

"Is that the way you do? Well, I *am* surprised!" said Bonwig. "As your father said, it requires a knack."

"There they go!" cried Joe, and started to run. Augustus started too, but stumbled on some stones and fell. When with difficulty he had regained his feet, Joe was safe in the shelter of the rocks, and the birds were coming to the surface again. It required no very fine eyesight to see Mr. Bonwig; he was, in fact, a quite conspicuous object, clumsily running down the craggy slope, with both arms extended,—the better to preserve his balance, I suppose, although they gave him the appearance of a man making unwieldy and futile efforts to fly. The coots saw him, and rose at once upon the wing.

MR. BONWIG'S SHOT RATTLE AROUND JOE'S EARS.

"Bang!" "Bang!" spoke Joe's old flint-locks, one after the other; for, having fired the first as the flock started, he dropped that and leveled and fired the second, almost before the last bird had cleared the surface of the water.

"Bang! bang!" answered Bonwig's smart two-barreled piece from the hill-side; and the startled Joe had the pleasure of hearing a shower of shot rattle on the rocks all around him. The enthusiastic sportsman, seeing the coots rise and Joe fire, and thinking this his only chance at them, had let off his barrels at a dozen rods, as he would very likely have done at a quarter of a mile, so great was his excitement on the occasion.

He came running down to the shore. "Hello! *hel-lo!*" said he, "I've saved these! look there!"

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And he pointed triumphantly at some birds which, sure enough, had been left behind out of the flock.

"By sixty!" grumbled Joe, "you come perty nigh *savin' me!* Your shot peppered these rocks —I could hear 'em scatter like peas!"

"Do you mean to say," cried Bonwig, "that I did n't kill those ducks?"

"All I mean to say is, they are the ones I fired at," said Joe, "and I seen 'em turn and drop 'fore ever you fired. Your gun did n't carry to the water at all. I 'll show ye."

Joe began to hunt, and had soon picked up a number of shots of the size used by his friend Bonwig.

"Bless my heart! Now I *am* surprised! The wind must have blown them back!" said Augustus.

"If that 's the case," muttered Joe, "I shall look out how I git 'tween you and the wind another time! By sixty! ye might have filled me as full of holes as a nutmeg-grater! And I rather guess there 's nicer sounds in the world than to have two big charges o' shot come rattlin' about your ears that fashion!" And he rubbed his ears, as if to make sure that they were all right.

"Well, well, well!" said the wondering Augustus, picking up more shot. "I *am*—surprised aint the word; I 'm astonished! Well, well, well!"

"You wait here," said Joe, "while I hurry and pick up them coots. There 's an eddy of wind takin' 'em right out to sea."

He disappeared, and soon Mr. Bonwig saw him paddling around the curve of the shore in his dory. Having taken the coots out of the water, he brought them to land, and showed them to the admiring Augustus.

"Now which way?" said the sportsman, filled with fresh zeal, "for I 'm bound to have luck next time."

"We 'll haul the dory up here, and go over on the other side of the island, and see what we can find there," said Joe.

"What a desolate place this is!" said Mr. Bonwig, as they crossed the bleak ledges. "All rocks and stones; not a tree, not a bush even; only here and there a little patch of grass!" He struck a schoolboy's attitude, on one of the topmost ledges, and began to declaim:

> "'I 'm monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute;
> From the center all round to the sea,
> I 'm lord of the ——'

Plenty of fowls, but there don't seem to be any brutes here," he commented, as he came down from his elevation.

"Guess ye learnt that to school, too, did n't ye?" said Joe.

"Young friend, I did," said Augustus. And he proceeded to apostrophize the salt water:

> "'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
> Ten thousand ——'

Thunder and blazes! who 'd have thought that rock was so slippery?" he said, finding himself suddenly and quite unexpectedly in a sitting posture. "Speaking of fleets, what are all those sails, Joe?"

"Fishermen. Sometimes for days you wont see scarcely one; then there 'll come a mornin' with a fair wind, like this, and they 'll all put out of port together."

"Hello! *hel-lo!*" said Augustus. "Who ever expected to see a house on this island? What little building is that?"

"It 's one of the Humane Society's houses; house of refuge they call it. They have 'em scattered along the coast where ships are most likely to be wrecked and there 's no other shelter handy."

"Nobody lives in it, of course?"

"I guess not, if they can help it," said Joe. "But more 'n one good ship has gone to pieces on this island. I remember one that struck here eight year ago. She struck in the night, and the next mornin' we could see her, bows up, on the reef yender, where the tide had left her; but the sea was so rough there was no gittin' at her in boats, and the next night she broke up, and the day after nary spar of her was to be seen, except the pieces of the wreck that begun to come ashore to the mainland, along 'ith the dead bodies. About half the crew was drowned; the rest managed to git to the island, but there wa' n't no house here then, and they 'most froze to death, for it was Winter, and awful cold. Since then this little hut has been tucked in here among the rocks, where the wind can't very well git at it, to blow it away; and come when ye will, Summer or Winter, you 'll always find straw in the bunks, and wood in the box, and matches in a tin case, and a barrel of hard bread, and a cask of fresh water. Only the wood and hard bread are apt to git used up perty close, sometimes. You see, fellers that come off here a-fishin' know about it, and so when they git hungry, they pull ashore with their fish, and come to the house to make a chowder. But I would n't," said Joe, assuming a highly moral tone, "without there was a barrel chock full of crackers! For, s'pose a ship should be wrecked, and the crew and passengers should git ashore here, wet and hungry and cold, and should find the house, and the box where the wood should be, and the barrel where the crackers should be, and there should n't be

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neither wood nor crackers, on account of some plaguy fellers and their chowder! No, by sixty!" said Joe, "I would n't be so mean!"

"It looks naked and gloomy enough in here!" said Augustus, as they entered.

"It would n't seem so bad, though, to wet and hungry sailors, some wild night in Janewary, after they 'd been cast away," said Joe. "Just imagine 'em crawlin' in here out of the rain and cold, and startin' up a good, nice fire in the chimbly, and settin' down afore it, eatin' the crackers!"

"How are the provisions supplied?"

"Oh, one of the Humane Society's boats comes around here once in a while, and leaves things. I don't believe but what it would be fun to live here," Joe added, romantically, "like Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday."

"Suppose we try it?" said Mr. Bonwig. "I 'll be Crusoe, and you may be t'other fellow."

"And we 'll shoot ducks for a livin'!" said Friday. "Come on, Mr. Crusoe!"

They left the hut, and went in pursuit of game, little thinking that accident might soon compel them to commence living the life that was so pleasant to joke about, more in earnest than either dreamed of doing now. But the story of how that came to pass will have to be related in another number.

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# THE DEAD DOLL.

By Margaret Vandegrift.

You need n't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There 's no use in saying she is n't, with a crack like that in her head.
It 's just like you said it would n't hurt much to have my tooth out, that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you had n't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I 'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!
As if I did n't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you?
You might make her *look* all mended—but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue 's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

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My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I had n't quite finished her elegant new Spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"

"AND HILDEGARDE SAW ME DO IT."

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it has n't cracked a bit.

But since the darling *is* dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her then under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

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# A PLAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HERE is the good old story of the JOLLY ABBOT OF CANTERBURY, told by Hezekiah Butterworth in ST. NICHOLAS for January last, arranged for parlor representation. Some of our young folks may be glad to learn it, and prepare their costumes, in time for the coming holidays. Mr. Stephens' pictures (in our January number, 1874) may be of use in giving hints for the costumes, or our boys may prefer to study up the matter elsewhere for themselves. To add to the effect, both boys and girls may take parts as nobles and attendants.

## THE JOLLY OLD ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

*Characters: King John, Nobles, Abbot of Canterbury, Shepherd, and Attendants.*

### SCENE I.

*King seated on his throne. Enter Noble, bowing.*

*Noble.* Good King, do you know how many servants the Abbot of Canterbury keeps in his house?

*King.* No.

*Noble.* A hundred!

*King.* That is more than I keep in my palace!

*Noble.* Do you know how many gold chains the Abbot has to hang over his coats of velvet?

*King.* No.

*Noble.* Fifty!

*King.* That is more than can be found among the jewels of the Crown! I will visit the Abbot of Canterbury. He has lived so long in luxury that he has lived long enough. Bring me my royal steed; I will visit him at once.

[*Exit Noble as curtain falls.*

### SCENE II.

*Abbot, elegantly dressed, seated in arm-chair. Enter King, attended by Nobles.*

*King.* How now, Father Abbot? I hear that thou keepest a better house than I. That, sir, is treason—high treason against the Crown.

*Abbot.* My liege, I never spend anything but what is my own. I trust that your Grace would do me no hurt for using for the comfort of others what I myself have earned.

*King.* Yes, Father Abbot, thy offense is great. The safety of the kingdom demands thy death, and thou shalt die. Still, as thou art esteemed a man of wit, and thy learning is great, I will give thee one chance of saving thy life.

*Abbot.* Name it, my liege.

*King.* Thou shalt, when I come again to this place, and stand among my nobles, answer me three questions.

*Abbot.* Name them, my liege.

*King.* Thou shalt tell me, first, how much I am worth, and that to a single penny. Thou shalt tell me, secondly, how long a time it would require for me to ride around the whole world. Thou shalt tell me, thirdly, what I am thinking.

*Abbot.* Oh, these are hard questions—hard questions for my shallow wit! But if you will give me three weeks to consider them, I think I may answer your Grace.

*King.* I give thee three weeks' space; that is the longest thou hast to live. If then thou canst not answer well these questions, three, thy lands and thy livings shall become the Crown's.

[*Exit King as curtain falls.*

### SCENE III.

*Abbot walking to and fro, apparently in deep thought. Enter Shepherd, staff in hand.*

*Shepherd.* How now, my Lord Abbot? What news do you bring from the King?

*Abbot.* Sad, sad news, Shepherd. I have but three weeks more to live, if I do not answer him three questions.

*Shepherd.* And what are these questions three?

*Abbot.* First, to tell him, as he stands among his nobles, with his gold crown on his head, how much he is worth, and that to a single penny. Secondly, to tell him how long it would take him to ride around the world. Thirdly, to tell him what he is thinking.

*Shepherd* Then cheer up, cheer up, my Lord Abbot. Did you never hear that a wise man may learn wit of a fool? They say I much resemble you. Lend me your gown and a serving-man, and I will stand in your place, and will answer the King's questions.

*Abbot.* Serving-man thou shalt have, and sumptuous apparel, with crosier and miter, and rochet and cope, fit to appear before the Roman Pontiff himself. Go, and thou shalt have thy reward if thou canst save my life.

[*Exit Shepherd as curtain falls.*

### SCENE IV.

*Curtain rises, and discovers the King and his Nobles, apparently awaiting the arrival of some one. Enter Shepherd, dressed as the Abbot.*

*King.* Now welcome, Sir Abbot. Thou dost faithfully keep the appointed day. Now answer

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correctly my questions three, and thou shalt save both thy life and thy livings.

*Shepherd.* Well, my liege, but to answer correctly I must speak the truth.

*King.* And thou shalt. Now tell me how much I am worth, and that within a single penny.

*Shepherd.* Twenty-nine pence. Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty; and since thou art willing to betray the Church, I think that thou must be one penny the worse than he.

*King* [*laughing*]. Why, why, my Father Abbot, I did not think that I was worth so little! And now, jolly priest, tell me just how long it would take me to ride around the world.

*Shepherd.* You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same until it riseth on the next morning, when you will have ridden the circuit of the world in just twenty-four hours.

*King* [*laughing*]. I did not think I could do it so soon. But now comes the question that will put thy wits to the test. What do I think?

*Shepherd.* You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but I am not. I am a poor shepherd, and that you may see [*throwing off his cloak*], and I have come to beg pardon for the Abbot and myself.

*King* [*laughing heartily*]. And thou shalt have it. Tell the Abbot that thou hast brought him a full and free pardon from the King. And as for thyself, I will give thee four nobles each week, for the merry jest thou hast shown me.

[*Curtain drops.*]

---

## GOING TO LONDON.

UP, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we go with baby!
I 'm the papa,
You 're the ma'ma,
You 're the pretty lady!

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
See how fast we 're going!
Feel the jar
Of the car?
Feel the wind a-blowing?

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we are this minute!
Rock a chair
Anywhere,
When we two are in it

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# OUT OF GRANDMAMMA'S TEA-CUP.

*(A Centennial Tea Story.)*

BY ELIZA WOOD.

IT was strange that we should all see an Indian in grandmamma's tea-cup on the night of December 16th, 18—, Emily and George, and little Dan and I. I am Godfrey.

A lone Indian, with a bow in his hand, shaped in the tea-leaves on one side of the cup, and on the other side, some scrawling writing, like this:

Emily read it "Fra Drake," and grandmamma was delighted.

"Now tell us a story about the old house on the wharf, grandmamma," Emily said, "and let me sit on the rug with my back close to your knees, for I shiver so at Indian stories."

We knew it was to be an Indian story, because grandmamma always took her text from some of the shapes that we children saw in the tea-leaves, and on that night we saw only the figure of an Indian and the writing.

"Let me get into your lap," said little Dan, "for my efelant is so tired."

Little Dan is only three years and a half; but he owns a very large, lead-colored canton flannel elephant. He sleeps with it, generally lying on his stomach with the beast under him, and keeps it on the nursery-table near him when he eats his meals.

George popped it into the soup-tureen one day at dinner, while Dan was gazing at the pudding; in consequence, there was a feud between George and Dan for two days, and a coolness for a week, although George allowed Dan to kick him, and good-naturedly assisted in bathing the elephant's feet and legs, which were greasy with chicken-broth.

"I 'll tell you the story that my mamma told me when I was a little girl and lived in the old house on the wharf," said grandmamma. "I have remembered the 16th of December ever since. I suppose you children don't know what happened on that night, Anno Domini 1773?"

"Efelants?" asked Dan, gravely.

He always entered into the conversation with solemnity, especially when about to fall asleep.

"It was n't Sir Francis Drake's return from his voyage round the world, was it," George asked, recklessly.

"Sit on him for a gaby," Emily whispered.

Grandmamma merely looked at him until he begged her pardon, and laughed nervously.

It was not that she was so intolerant of ignorance, but George had such a talent for exposing himself.

Emily and I were afraid to guess. I had the Repeal of the Stamp Act on the tip of my tongue, but I turned it into a cough, seeing George so discomfited.

"The old house," grandmamma began, "was like most other houses of its day. The second story overhung the first, the rooms were built around a huge stone chimney in the middle, the garden was paled in, and my grandfather was permitted to wharf before his door, and to make a 'causey' ten feet square from his wharf to low-water mark, to be free of access. When our whaler returned from a voyage, she came into our own wharf; and next to it but one was Griffin's wharf.

"In the winter season the family lived downstairs—grandmamma and grandpapa and Uncle Godfrey and my mamma, who was the only girl.

"On the night of my story—December 16th, 1773—my mamma had a bad cold and hoarseness, and her mother had to put her to bed quite early in the afternoon.

"I have slept in the same little truckle bed, when I was a child, in a small wainscoted room just off the sitting-room in which the family lived in winter. Lying in bed with the door open, one could see the huge fire-place, and the doors on either side, which opened into Uncle Godfrey's bedchamber and grandmamma's. The sitting-room extended nearly all across the back of the house.

"Grandfather came into the sitting-room by the back door just as grandmamma was pouring some hot water into a little china tea-pot from the tea-kettle that always hung from the crane.

"'Not making tea, I suppose, Maria?' he said, with a smile.

"'Yes, I am, Oliver, for the child; she needs something hot for her cold, and I think it a shame to throw away real good tea,' grandmamma replied.

"'Do you not know,' said grandfather, 'that the word *tea* ought not so much as to be once named

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by the friends of American liberty, and here you are openly using it before me, a Son of Liberty, and a selectman.'

"He picked up the beautiful little china tea-pot and flung it behind the back-log, a cloud of steam and ashes arising; then he turned to grandmamma and said:

"'I ask your pardon if I have been too hasty; but I am just from the assembly in the old South Meeting-house, and we are waiting there for Rotch's answer from the Governor. His time is up, and he must sail with the tea to-night.'

"Grandmamma did not answer. She was, with the poker, carefully lifting the tea-pot by the handle out of the ashes. There was a small piece nicked out of the spout, which seemed to pain her.

"Grandfather went out of the house and shut the front door with a heavy slam. Dear mamma closed her eyes then, to make her mother think she had been asleep during this little domestic scene. Grandmamma came and listened to her breathing, and tucked the bed-clothes in about her.

"'God bless you, my child,' she said, 'and help us all.' Then she took down her gray cloak and hurried out of the house.

"Poor mamma sat up in bed and wondered what it all meant.

"She knew a little about Rotch and the ship Dartmouth; that Mr. Rotch was the owner of the Dartmouth, which ship had come in to Griffin's wharf one Sunday morning, laden with one hundred and fourteen chests of the East India Company's tea; that, Sunday as it was, the selectmen had held a meeting, and that it was decided that the tea should not be landed.

"The school-children had come down to grandfather's wharf one Saturday morning to see the Dartmouth lying at Griffin's wharf, with two other tea-ships that were anchored there under guard, and mamma had joined in all their ceremonies that meant independence and liberty, except spitting upon a stamp which one of the boys had; that mamma declined to do, because she said it was a nasty trick. She had sacrificed her only doll when an effigy of George Grenville was needed for hanging upon a miniature Liberty Tree, and had joined in a feast under this tree (a barberry-bush in Coffin's field near the school-house) to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act.

"She had contributed liberally toward a testimonial of sassafras candy which was presented to the son of Edward Proctor, captain of the guard of the tea-ships; and yet the whole thing was a sad puzzle to her little brain, and it made her very unhappy to think that the end of it all was that her father had nearly broken the pretty china tea-pot, and her mother had left her alone in the house.

"Well, mamma, from her little bed, watched the bright flames of the wood fire in the sitting-room until it burned low and the tea-kettle stopped singing. It was quite dark outside and very still.

"Mamma crept out of bed and stole into the sitting-room with a blanket wrapped around her, and sat down on her little stool on the hearth. She wished herself back in bed as soon as she was seated upon the hearth; for the flickering fire-light made strange shadows on the wall, and the darkness in the corners of the room was so dense that it seemed to her miles deep, and she did not dare to turn her back to it, or return to her bedroom, for it was creeping toward her slowly. All the familiar objects in the room were shrouded in darkness except the strings of dried apples hanging from the center beam, and grinning like monster teeth, and the flitches of bacon that stretched and humped into wicked shapes to her terrified eyes. Then the darkness seemed to be infolding her, and the stillness hummed drearily in her head, and she tried to scream for her mother, but her voice would not come."

"Oh, don't let the Indian come now; I can't bear it," said Emily.

"He must come when he did come," said George; "must n't he, grandma?"

"Yes," answered grandmamma, "and he did come just as mamma was trying to scream; the shed door opened, and the back door into the sitting-room opened, and a very tall Indian strode in up to the chimney-place and lighted his pipe with a coal from the fire. Mamma tried to say, 'Don't kill me!' but her voice failed; and then a ray of hope came to her, that the Indian would go away without seeing her, and then he spoke to her.

"'Why, child, you 'll perish with cold,' he said. 'Go back to bed. Where 's your mother?"

"He stooped and picked her up and carried her to her bed, and was heaping some extra coverings upon her when a wild war-whoop resounded outside, and was echoed from various parts of the town.

"'That 's the signal,' he said, and rushed out of the back door.

"After that mamma could only remember a whirlpool of noises, war-whoops, and splitting sounds. Then a dead silence, and then her father and mother came in with the Indian, and threw on more logs and warmed themselves at the sitting-room fire.

"'I found the child sitting on the hearth, when I came home to light my pipe,' said the Indian, with the voice of Uncle Godfrey. 'I must see if she is awake.'

"Poor little mamma's voice came back then; she put her arms around his neck as he stooped

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over her, and sobbed out 'Are you a friendly Indian?'

"He burst out laughing with Uncle Godfrey's laugh, and carried her into the sitting-room, where, in her mother's lap, she told her unhappy story as well as she could for laughing and crying and kissing them all.

"Uncle Godfrey took off his crown of feathers, and knelt to mamma to pass her fingers through his soft fair hair.

"'Whatever did you do it for, Uncle Godfrey?' she cried, and then her father tried to explain to her what had happened in Boston harbor that night."

"What had happened, George?" asked grandmamma.

"A party of men disguised as Indians, at a concerted signal, had gone on board the tea ships, and splitting open the chests of tea, had emptied their contents into the water. Three hundred and forty-two chests."

"Why had they done this, Godfrey?"

"Because it had been resolved in the colonies not to use any articles taxed by the crown, and the consignees of the tea would not order the ships to sail back with their cargo, and a clearance was denied Mr. Rotch, and this was the only way to prove that we were in earnest."

"And we were in earnest," said grandma, with kindling eyes. "Our country's future might have been foretold that night, looking into those dark waters where the tea-leaves were unfolding.

"We now know the shapes they took: Lexington, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Bunker's Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Brandywine, Germantown, the war on the ocean, and Yorktown, when Lord Cornwallis delivered up his sword.

"Eight years after the battle of Lexington Washington issued a proclamation of peace."

"You look like a statue of Liberty when you say Washington, grandmamma," said George.

Grandmamma smiled, and little Dan cried out in his sleep, his nose was flattened against his elephant.

"I wish Dan would not make those startling noises," said Emily, whose back was still close to grandmamma's knees; "ring for his nurse, George."

"No, I want to carry the little rascal myself," said George.

So we all bade good night and thanked grandma for her tea-cup story.

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# TO THE "BOUQUET CLUB."

By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.

O Rosebud garland of girls!
  Who ask for a song from me,
To what sweet air shall I set my lay?
  What shall its key-note be?
The flowers have gone from wood and hill;
The rippling river lies white and still;
And the bird that sang on the maple bough,
Afar in the southland singeth now!

O Rosebud garland of girls!
  If the whole glad year were May;
If winds sang low in the clustering leaves,
  And roses bloomed alway;
If youth were all that there is of life,
If the years brought nothing of care or strife,
Nor even a cloud to the ether blue,
It were easy to sing a song for you!

Yet, O my garland of girls!
  Is there nothing better than May?
The golden glow of the harvest-time!
  The rest of the Autumn day!
This thought I give to you all to keep:
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold!

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"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, SIR?"

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# WHAT ROBBY SAW.

Birds know a great deal. They know how to find their food, and where to go for a change of climate. They know, too, how to build nests, and how to take care of their children. They are wise almost as soon as they are born.

But if you think birds cannot be taught anything besides the things that they know of their own accord, you are very much mistaken. They can be taught to do many funny tricks. I know a boy named Robby who has seen them, with his own eyes, do—*what*, do you think?

Why, he has seen two yellow canary-birds harnessed to a little bit of a coach, drawing it along in the liveliest way, with a canary-bird for a driver and another canary for footman. Think of that! Yes, and he has seen these same birds do even more than this.

He has seen them act a play. I 'll tell you about it.

First, one pretty little fellow, named Mr. Prim, came hopping in as lively as a cricket. Then came another pretty little yellow fellow, named Major Flit, and he had—A GUN! And—O, O!—what did Major Flit do but point his gun right at Mr. Prim and fire it off! Down fell Mr. Prim stark and stiff—his eyes shut tight, and his poor little toes curled under. But Major Flit was not sorry one bit for shooting poor Mr. Prim. He strutted about as if he had done something fine. Then another canary, named Corporal Gruff, came in, carrying two little pails of water. They were about as big as thimbles. He shook his head sadly as he looked at poor Mr. Prim lying so helpless and stiff. Then he hopped savagely up to Major Flit, and stared at him, with an air that said: "What does this mean, sir?"

Something dreadful might have happened then if, quick as a flash, Mr. Prim had not jumped up, as if to say:

"Ho! ho! you thought I was killed, did you? Well, I 'm just as much alive as you are!"

Now the birds had been taught by their kind master to do all this. The gun would go off and make a flash, but it had no shot in it.

Robby dreamed that night of Mr. Prim, the Major and the Corporal; the Major had on soldier clothes, and Mr. Prim was shaving himself before a yellow looking-glass! Was not that a funny dream?

If you ever go to a show where there are performing birds, look out sharply for Mr. Prim, the Major, and Corporal Gruff.



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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NO time for the usual compliments to-day, my chicks. Jack has news for you! A little bird tells him that Deacon Green thinks there ought to be a "Young Contributor's" department to ST. NICHOLAS, and that it will not do the children one bit of harm, provided the vanity of unfledged authors is not fed by printing their names. Hurrah for the deacon! He's written a letter to the editor about this matter, and Jack would n't be one bit surprised if something should come of it! Perhaps *next month*—who knows?

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will our Jack do then?—poor thing!"

writes a dear little boy. Bless his heart! Jack does n't mind the snow one bit. In this respect he differs from others of his race.

Ah! what wonderful folks these Scribners are, to be able to make a Jack-in-the-Pulpit blossom all Winter! This reminds me, strange to say, of

### DRIED UP ANIMALS COMING TO LIFE.

WELL. Wonders never cease. You'll excuse my bringing forward a dried up old adage, my chicks, as I wish to apply it strictly to something the birds told me—which is, that certain creatures of the worm and small fry order can be dried up completely, kept in that state for years, and then be brought to life again! Now it's bad enough to be a worm any way, but just conceive the state of mind a worm must be in who is brought to life after having been dried up for a dozen years! The pretty schoolmistress and Deacon Green were talking on this subject in the twilight last evening. Speaking of a minute sort of worms known as vinegar eels, she said that it was known to the botanist Linnæus that these worms could be dried up and then revived. Also, that she had read that somebody named Baker, in 1775, found that the young of *Anguillula tritici*, inclosed in diseased grains of wheat, could be revived, even after a desiccation of twenty-seven years, by being moistened with water; and other naturalists observed the same fact for shorter periods.

Ah! the school-mistress is a wonderful little woman. She brought out that *Anguillula tritici* so glibly that it made Deacon Green fairly blink.

### THE BRITISH BROAD ARROW.

WHAT a world this is! Hearing some persons mention the British Broad Arrow, I naturally inquired of the birds about it, knowing that they are specially interested, poor things! in arrows and in all sorts of weapons.

Now, what *do* you think they told me?

Why, the English Broad Arrow is n't an arrow at all. That is, it's not an arrow that you can fire from a bow at a mark, but it is a mark itself. Yet not a mark to be fired at. It is a mark stamped or cut upon wood and iron and certain other materials which belong to the British Government and are used about its naval ships or dock-yards. The Broad Arrow looks very little like an arrow, and very much like the print which a hen's foot leaves in the mud.

### REFUSED BLESSINGS.

"IT'S amazing," said Deacon Green, "how stupid we human beings are, little and big; what worthless things we strive for, and what blessings we carelessly cast away. In some parts of Japan, when you go home from a dinner, a servant is sent after you with a box containing everything that was offered to you at table and that you refused. Ah! what if some day an angel comes after us to show us all the blessings that were offered to us on earth, that we were too stupid or too obstinate or too proud to take!

### THE CROOKED STORY STRAIGHTENED.

As Jack wishes me to give a report concerning the "Crooked Story," printed on page 775 of the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, I comply with pleasure. Here is the first correct rendering (received Sept. 22d):

THE STORY.

A right sweet little boy, the son of a great colonel, with a ruff about his neck, flew up the road swift as a deer. After a time he had stopped at a new house and rung the bell. His toe hurt him, and he needed rest He was too tired to raise his fair, pale face. A faint moan of pain rose from his lips.

The maid who heard the bell was about to pare a pear, but she threw it down and ran with all her might, for fear her guest would not wait.

But when she saw the little one, tears stood in her eyes at the sight. "You poor dear! Why do you lie here? Are you dying?"

"No," he sighed, "I am faint to the core."

She bore him in her arms, as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bread and meat, held scent under his nose, tied his collar, wrapped him warmly, gave him some sweet dram from a vial (or phial), till at last he went forth hale as a young horse. His eyes shone, his cheek was red as a flower, and he gamboled a whole hour.

SARAH M. GALLAUDET (aged 10).

The same day brought an equally correct rendering by Nessie E. Stevens, who accordingly shares the honors with Sarah. F. E. C.'s rendering was received earliest of all (Sept. 21st), but she failed to

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change the words "drachm" and "shown." R. A.'s came in with Sarah's, but he had wrongly changed "side" (sighed) to *said*. The following girls and boys have straightened the story perfectly, falling behind Sarah and Nessie only in point of time:

F. C. Doubleday, Bertha W. Young, Charles D. Rhodes, "Rose," Anna Jerenson, Sallie C. Schofield, H. L. Brown, Mary Troxell, Laurie T. Sanders, Addie Lawrence, Lily Graves, W. C. Kent, "Pigeon," Helen F. Mackintosh, Harry G. Perkins, "Mayflower," May Harvey, Bessie H. Van Cleef, James E. Whitney, Belle Peck, Charley Read, John C. Williams, Lenora Louise Crowell, "Hamlet," William Harding, Katie H., Jessie M. Metcalf, A. Eugene Billings, Jennie Carman, Lulu Van Eaton, Theodore W. Birney, Annie Lee Macreading, Mamie A. Johnson, Harry C. Powers, Annie E. Westcott, Mary B. Leiper, Poblito Herberto, Nellie Kellogg, Helen W. Clarkson, Nellie F. Elliott, Nellie Fairbairn, Annie I. Earle, Mamie F. Danforth, Florence M. Easton, Harry Wigmore, Cora J. Whiting, Nellie Shed, William J. Haines, Mary Toumey, Clara Mack, George A. White, and Stevie B. Franklin.

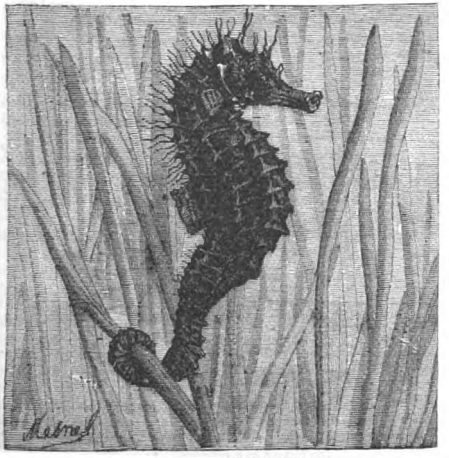
Many other "straightenings" of the "Crooked Story" have been received, but they each contain one or more errors. Every effort, however, is heartily appreciated, and I hope to hear from all the writers again on the next similar occasion.

In praising one and all for trying to straighten the crooked story, I must not ignore its several offenses against correct pronunciation. It was allowable, for the puzzle's sake, to claim the same sound for such words as *when* and *wen*, *are* and *ah*, *arms* and *alms*, *sore* and *saw* (especially as these are the too common pronunciations); but now that the puzzle is solved, we all must be doubly careful to sound our r's and h's, and give each word its full value.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

### WHOA! HORSEY!

HAVE you ever heard of sea-horses? I have. The birds tell me there are plenty of them in the sea. If it's so, I'll thank the editors of ST.



THE SEA-HORSE (*HIPPOCAMPUS*).

NICHOLAS to show you a picture of one, and then, may be, you'll be able to find out further particulars for yourselves.

### RESPECT YOUR TEACHERS.

"RESPECT your teachers, boys," said Deacon Green to two smart young fellows from town who were just now walking "across lots" with him. "Respect your teachers. I don't mean only that you should treat them with outward deference, but I want you to truly honor them. If you try to do it and can't—why, go to another school. Honor the man who teaches you, who preaches you, who reaches you, say I."

The boys laughed at the deacon's funny rhyming, but I noticed that they straightened up as he spoke, and, from the bright look in their eyes, it was evident that they took his idea.

### LEFT-HANDED ANIMALS.

MONKEYS and boys, as a general rule, take hold of things most naturally with the right hand; but nearly all other animals may be said to be left-handed; that is, whenever their claws, paws, or feet serve the purpose of hands, the left is used instead of the right. I am told that Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated traveler, who had sharp eyes of his own, gave it out as a fact that lions, tigers and leopards always strike their prey with the left paw, and that, so far as his observations went, all quadrupeds could be called left-handed. Even parrots extend their left claw when they wish to take anything from your hand; and in gnawing a bone, a dog almost invariably steadies it with his left paw.

What is your experience, my pets? Do pigs generally put their left foot in the trough, or not?

### EGGS AND STONES.

"DON'T carry eggs and stones in the same basket."

That's all I heard—a mere passing remark of the deacon's. Can my boys and girls make anything out of it? It strikes me that often when things go wrong in every-day affairs, it may be because somebody has tried to carry eggs and stones in the same basket. Persons of *tact* never do this.

### A SHREWD FARMER.

HERE is a letter that will amuse the chicks who have been prying into cows' mouths of late; though I hope they will not admire the cute farmer too much. There are some kinds of shrewdness which Jack does n't by any means hold up as good examples:

DEAR JACK: Your Item concerning "Cows' Upper Teeth," reminds me of an incident which occurred in an adjoining town.

A city gentleman who had just purchased a farm in the country, wished to buy some cattle with which to stock it. He therefore attended an auction where cows were to be sold. One of them, a remarkably fine animal, soon attracted his attention, and he bought her at a fair price. He was examining his purchase, when a farmer, who unfortunately had arrived too late to buy the cow himself as he had intended, drove up, and thus accosted him:

"I say, friend, did you bid off that cow?"

"I did," was the reply.

"Well, did you know that she had no front teeth in the upper jaw?"

"No," replied the gentleman, indignantly. "Is that so?"

"You can see for yourself."

The gentleman examined the mouth of the cow, and finding no upper teeth, immediately went to the auctioneer and requested him to sell the cow again.

"What's the trouble?" asked the auctioneer.

"She has n't any upper front teeth," was the reply.

"Very well," replied the auctioneer with a smile, "I 'll put her up once more."

He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had given the information to the city gentleman, bid her off at the same price.

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# THE LETTER-BOX.

THE model schooner-yacht which is to be given as a prize to the boy or girl who shall best work out the "Prize Puzzle," in this month's Riddle-Box, is a very handsome vessel of first-rate sailing qualities. The hull is two feet and a half long, and the whole length from tip of bowsprit to the end of the boom is four feet eight inches. Height from keel to top of mainmast three feet four inches. It is not only a good boat to look at, but it is a good fast vessel to sail, and all its sails and rigging "work" just as if it were a real schooner. It was built by Fitch of Broadway, who makes so many of the model yachts which sail in the races on the lakes in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and in Central Park, New York. It is clipper-built and is a fast sailer. It has six sails: a jib and a flying-jib, a foresail and a foretopsail, a mainsail and a maintopsail. All the necessary "sheets" and ropes will be found in their places and in working order. It is a good vessel, a handsome vessel, and a fast vessel, and its name is ST. NICHOLAS. Any boy who gets this little schooner-yacht ought to be a happy fellow, if there is any water near his home where he can sail it. And any girl who gets it ought to be happy too, if she has a brother or a boy friend who can help her sail it. It is a very different boat from the awkward affairs we grown folks used to sail when we were young. No such beautiful fast-sailing miniature yachts were made in those days.

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C. McL.—You will find in the 11th verse of the 20th chapter of Proverbs a better reply to your letter than any we can give you. May it encourage and inspire you as it should.

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Syracuse, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: In the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS a little girl speaks of cows' teeth, and Jack said that it was a matter of dispute between naturalists whether cows have upper teeth or not. I thought I would find out yesterday, so I went to the butcher and asked him if cows had upper front teeth, and he said they had none, but way back in their mouths they had some large teeth called grinders. Good bye.—Yours, truly, ROSA DICKINSON.

Jack did not say there was any dispute among *naturalists* in regard to this matter, for naturalists and scientific men know all about it, of course. But he will be very glad, we know, to hear that a little girl has gone to work and investigated this matter herself.

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Stratford, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please be kind enough to tell me from what piece or hymn this quotation is taken: "I was mounted higher in the chariots of fire, and the moon was under my feet."—Yours, CLARA L. RAYDER.

The source of the quotation referred to is Charles Wesley's hymn on the happiness of the convert, beginning

"O, how happy are they,
Who the Savior obey."

The last stanza reads:

"I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet."

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BIRD-DEFENDERS.—Another "Grand Muster-Roll" of Bird-defenders will be printed in the Spring, and will contain all the names received by us from October 1st to the date of its publication.

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EMMA T. writes that as her uncle has promised her, at Christmas, a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS for this year, she would like to know how best to dispose of her monthly numbers, after she has read them. "It's of no use to keep them," she says, "if I am going to have a fresh, new, bound volume anyway."

We will tell you, Emma, and all other girls, and boys too, who may have back numbers which they do not intend to bind, what is the very best thing that can be done with them. If you know any boys or girls who are too poor to buy ST. NICHOLAS, or who do not for any other reason get the magazine, send your back numbers to such children and tell them, when they have read them to pass them on to other boys and girls who may not have them. Then, if the numbers are passed on from these to others, and so on as long as they last, which will be a good while if they are not too carelessly handled, each number may give delight and instruction to a great many children who otherwise would never see the magazine at all. This plan is not only a generous one, but it is very easy and costs no money.

Some of our readers who bind their magazines may also know poor girls and boys to whom they would like to give back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, if they had them to spare. To these we would say that Scribner & Co. are willing to send six back numbers for fifty cents, to any boy or girl who will write, enclosing the money, and stating that the numbers are to be given away to poor children who will pass them on. But if you do not know any boys and girls to whom you can give your back numbers, send them to some institution for poor or suffering children. There are establishments of this kind in nearly every large city, and you may feel sure that the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS will be most gladly welcomed by the little inmates. Among the institutions of the kind in New York are Dr. Knight's Hospital for Crippled Children, Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, and the children's department of Bellevue Hospital.

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NEXT month, Jack-in-the-Pulpit will report on the answers to the crow and pigeon story.

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HIRAM, N. C.—"Epizoötic" is a word of five syllables—ep-i-zo-ot-ic, the two o's being distinctly sounded. It is compounded of two Greek works, *epi*, upon, and *zoos*, an animal. The word which means a murrain or pestilence among animals is properly the noun *ep-i-zo-o-ty*—epizootic being an adjective, corresponding with the word epidemic as applied to human diseases. For instance, it is right to say, "My horse has the ep-i-zo-o-ty," or "my horse has the epizootic disease." But if you refer to the disease among animals as you would to a general epidemic among men, you may say the epizootic is raging. In this case the noun disease is understood.

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MADELINE PALMER asks if it is "right for a Bird-defender to chase a peacock, in hope that some of its feathers may drop out during the chase?"

We believe that Madeline has reference to a boy Bird-defender. Let her ask him this question: "Suppose a big, cross old peacock were to see you put a piece of cake in your pocket, and in order to make the piece of cake bounce out of your pocket, that peacock were to chase you around the yard, and over the fence, and up the road, and through the bushes, and into the briars, and across mud puddles; every now and then giving you a nip in the legs, or a punch in the back, nearly scaring the life out of you, until at last the cake was jolted out of your pocket, and then the peacock should stop and eat it up,—how would you like that?"

If he says he would not like it, then tell him that he ought not to chase peacocks to make them drop some of their possessions.

If he says he would like such treatment, then you can tell him that he has not as much feeling as a peacock.

---

HERE is an account from H. R. C. of the trials of a young printer:

We have in our office a boy, whose duties are to copy letters, go to the post-office and bank, run on errands, and do anything else of an unimportant and trifling nature that is to be done. He is fourteen years old, and is very bright. Almost his only fault is that he is always in an attitude of restless longing for lunch-time to arrive, and is also somewhat too fluent in conversation. His name is Albert Jenkins, familiarly contracted to Jinks.

Last Christmas somebody gave him a copy of the Life of Benjamin Franklin, and a perusal of that thrilling romance implanted in Jinks's mind an ardent desire to be a practical printer. With a rigid economy worthy of a better cause, he began to hoard up a large portion of his weekly wages, with the intention of purchasing a printing-press. He even cut down his usual daily pie allowance one-half, and sometimes

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did n't eat a sandwich a-week. After practicing this heroic self-denial for several months, Jinks rushed insanely into the office one morning, and, dragging me to a corner of the room, stated in a breathless manner that a person up-town had an "Inimitable" foot-power press, with furniture, ink-roller, composing-stick, and everything else complete, not to mention numerous fonts of appropriate type. The man, having wearied of amateur printing, was anxious to sell out, and had offered the establishment to Jinks for the insignificant sum of fifteen dollars. Jinks possessed eleven dollars and ninety cents, and his business with me was to borrow the remainder of the purchase money. I yielded to his wishes, and he went off as happy as a boy whose teacher is taken suddenly ill and breaks up school.

He bought that press, and, taking it home, placed it beside his bed, so that it might be the last object upon which his eyes should gaze at night, and the first to greet his waking. The dreams of affluence and luxury which are written of in that absorbing work the "Arabian Nights," were cold and dull realities when compared to the gorgeous visions of future wealth which floated through Jinks's mind in connection with his press. He was unchangeably convinced that the reputation of Guttenberg, Faust, Caxton, and other printers of not inconsiderable repute, would be entirely eclipsed by the typographical fame of Jinks.

He at once proceeded to set up some type, choosing as his experimental sentence: "ALBERT JENKINS, PRINTER. GOOD WORK AND SMALL PROFITS." This is the way the "proof" looked when it was struck off:

"AL⊠ERT JE⊼KIN SP⊠IN⊥ER

GOO⊂ WOR⊼ ANDS⊠ AL⊤ P⊠OFI⊥S."

Even the partial and prejudiced eyes of Jinks could not regard this as a success. In fact, he was a good deal mortified, and began to doubt his chances for notoriety in the printing line—enviable notoriety, at any rate. However, after several trials, he corrected the blunders, and took another impression. In this the types were all right, but he had applied the ink with a too prodigal hand, and, instead of a clear and well-defined line of printing being presented to his admiring eyes, the job looked like a well-used blotting-pad. Then, after this was remedied, his "form" tumbled down, and the types fell into what is technically called "pi," which was not at all to Jinks's taste. Anybody but a boy would have become discouraged at these repeated disasters, but hope springs eternal in the boyish breast; and Jinks, finally triumphing over all difficulties, was able to turn out quite a creditable job of printing. Then he became a nuisance to the household. He printed names, mottoes, and short moral apothegms all over everything he could lay his hands on—not sparing his shirts, collars, and cuffs, upon which his name appeared in every variety of type. His clothes were saturated with a mixture of printers' ink and benzine; and by reason of getting his hands caught with painful frequency in the press, his fingers were perpetually encased in linen bandages, and looked like a row of rag-babies.

It is the unanimous sentiment of Jinks's family that he ought to have his printing done by a regular printer, and dispose of his press at auction; but the indefatigable Jinks persists in his career of paper-smearing and finger-mashing, and it is to be hoped that his perseverance will ultimately place him in the front rank of American "typos."

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THE following names of boys and girls who sent answers to puzzles in the September number, were unavoidably crowded out of the November issue, and are therefore inserted here: Mamie A. Johnson, "Mena, Nina and Tina," Fannie M. Harris, Etta B. Singleton, Charley Gartrell, Alma Sterling, "Jenny Wren," George H Eager, B. G. B., Mark W. C., F. Sykes, Claire de Figaniere, Laura S. Benedict, "Hollyhock and Sunflower," Marion A. Coombs, Hattie F. Johnson and E. Louise Tibbetts, Eugenia C. Pratt, A. B. E., Rachael Hutchins, Rudolph Matz, "Scamp and Nero," George F. Wanger, Esq., C. E. Wickes, Amory Prescott Folwell, William C. Delanoy, Belle E. Gibson, Hattie Gibson, Charles H. Delanoy, Eleanor N. Hughes, "Phil A. Tely."

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers might like to hear about our three rather queer pets.

The first we got was a young hawk. He was covered with down that looked like lambs' wool. He is now all feathered and nearly grown, but has never tried to fly, but sits out in the yard and hops around a little. We feed him with beef principally, but he is very fond of mice. We call him Abe.

Our next pet was a young flying squirrel. We found it with our little kitten, and although the kitten was large enough to play some, and the squirrel was no larger than a mouse, they seemed to think as much of that as they did of the kitten. He died yesterday. We had taken him away from the cats and gone to feeding him milk; we think that was what was the matter with him. He was nearly full-grown. We think that the cats brought him in. We all felt very badly on account of his dying—he was so soft, and pretty, and 'cute.

Our third pet is the queerest of all, I think. He is a little mulatto boy. There was a load of orphan children brought here to be distributed, and I took him. He is about nine years old, and a real nice little fellow. He is perfectly contented and often tells us that he likes us, and we are very fond of him. I am only sixteen, and I suppose it was a rather long venture; but, then, there are only my mother and me at home. His name is Georgie Newton. F. J. KELLOGG.

---

WE are sure our boys and girls will be interested in the following little poem when they know that it is the last work of their friend Hans Christian Andersen. Soon after he had written this he died:

"Like to the leaf which falleth from the tree,
O God, such only is my earthly life.
Lord, I am ready when Thou callest me,
Lo! Thou canst see my heart's most bitter strife—
'T is Thou alone canst know the load of sin
Which this my aching breast doth hold within.

"Shorten the pains of death, shake off my fear,
Give me the courage of a trusting child.
Father of Love, I fain would see Thee near.
In pity judge each thought and act defiled—
Mercy, I cry! dear Lord, Thy will be done,
Save me, I pray, through Jesus Christ Thy Son."

---

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS writes: A few days ago we were at the Indian pueblo of San Domingo, and a very pleasant old warrior came to camp to see us, bringing some water-melons with him which he graciously bestowed on our mess. In return I gave him a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, which he carefully examined upside down in front of my tent, not showing much interest until he came to a picture of a mountain sheep. And then his brown old face was covered with a broad grin, and he poured out his ecstasy in a series of exclamations in his own language and Spanish that lasted the greater part of the afternoon. "Ah, cimarron! cimarron! cimarron! bueno! bueno! bueno!" Cimarron was his name for mountain sheep, and bueno, as you know, of course, is Spanish for good. Here was something that he knew, and he danced the book up and down to give an idea of the sheep's motion, and imitated the noise of a gun, whereat he let the page fall over to indicate death. He skipped about with more liveliness than any one would have believed his poor old legs to be capable of: kissed the picture again and again, pressed it against his breast, brought us more melons in the fullness of his gratitude, and eventually went away murmuring, "muchas gracias, señor, much gracias!" meaning many thanks.

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Clinton, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS your answer to Nora Abbott's question: "Why does corn pop when placed over the fire?"

I have heard another explanation. Corn contains air, and when placed over the fire the heat causes it to expand, and that breaks the skin. Apples and potatoes when placed in an oven will often "pop" open for the same reason.—Yours truly, FLORA HOLT.

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Cuba, Mo

DEAR JACK: our cow has got upper back grinders and so has our calf, but they have n't got upper front teath. our cow and calf is called Devon and they have everything all right as God means them to have. I read in ST. NICHOLAS every month since the first number came out, and think its the jolliest book in the world. I am a printer and am a good speller, I believe, and can read well to myself but not out loud, but am a bad writer; but I can knock center with my rifle three times out of five. JOHNNY R.

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Lynn, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The great elm-tree that Jack spoke of in the September number is in our yard; and besides the currant-bush, there is a young maple in it.—Yours very truly,
WILLIE F. MORGAN.

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A WORD to you, boys and girls! If you intend renewing your subscription to ST. NICHOLAS, or if you intend to subscribe, *do it now!* If you wait until the busy days just before the holidays, you may be subjected to some delay in getting your numbers. Last year over twenty thousand people waited almost until Christmas-time before sending in their subscriptions, and the consequence was, that even with their strong force of clerks, it was impossible for the publishers to get all the subscriptions entered and the magazines mailed in time. And many people grumbled very much because they had to wait. It costs no more to attend to these business matters promptly than to put them off until the last minute, and in this case promptness will not only save Scribner & Co. a great deal of trouble, but may save yourselves some watching and waiting. Talk to your father and mother about this.

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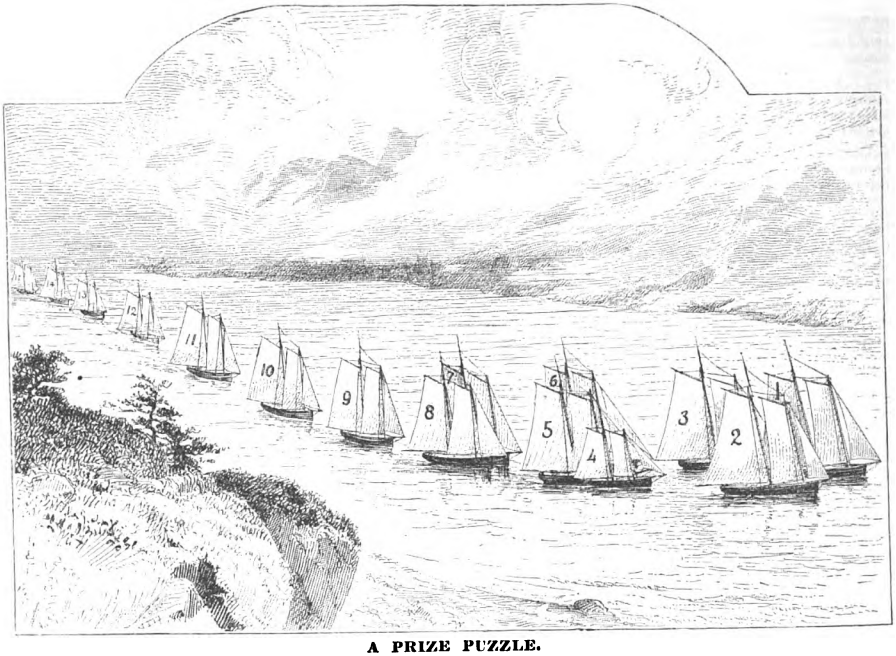
# THE RIDDLE-BOX.




A PRIZE PUZZLE.

**The Race of the Pilots.**

*Explanation.*—Each of these pilot-boats represents a noted character in the world's history, described in the table below. Boat No. 1, near by, is of the present century; No. 15 belongs to ancient times; and all the boats between are ranged accordingly, *in chronological order*. The bow of a boat extending in advance of another signifies that its representative was born later. When bows are on a line, you are to understand that the characters they represent were born in the same year; and when a boat sails quite clear of those before and after it, you may know that the man it represents lived and died during a period when neither of the others was in existence.

---

Now, girls and boys, who can give the right name to each of the pilot-boats?

Send in your answers, young friends, carefully written on one side of the paper, giving the number of each boat, with the name of the distinguished person it represents, and the date of his birth and death, with not over thirty additional words concerning him. Sign your name to your answer, and write your notes on a separate sheet.

An answer must comprise all of the fifteen boats. All correct answers received before January 15th shall be acknowledged in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, and to the author of the very *best* answer shall be awarded a prize, namely:

THE BEAUTIFUL SAILING SCHOONER-YACHT,

described in Letter-Box on page 132 of present number. Neatness, careful penmanship, correctness of spelling, and promptness shall also be taken into account. In case of "a tie" as to the merit of the best answers, the prize must be awarded by lot, and a second prize of

THE FIRST VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS,

beautifully bound, will be awarded.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

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1. An eminent and noble-hearted American, a native of Kentucky, of whom Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "He is the true history of the American people of his time." He died from violence, forty-three years after the death of No. 2.

2. A Hanoverian; the son of a musician. Though a distinguished organist in early life, he did not begin until the age of thirty the scientific study that made him one of the most eminent men of the century. He was a great discoverer of things that have never been on earth. His son bears a distinguished rank in his father's profession.

3. A great musical composer. He wrote sonatas at the age of ten. In his prime, he produced principally what is known as sacred music. His oratorios give him his highest fame. He was blind for several years before his death. He lies in Westminster Abbey, though he was born in Prussian Saxony.

4. A celebrated Flemish painter. He was once an ambassador to England, and was knighted by a king of England and by a king of Spain. His most famous picture is in Antwerp. He was a superb colorist.

5. An Italian mathematician and natural philosopher. Also an inventor and world-renowned discoverer. He

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was cast into prison on account of his teachings. You can find one of the signs of the zodiac in his name.

6. The greatest man in his own calling the world has ever seen. His wife was older than himself. The year of his death is the repetition of two numerals, and the request made from his grave has been honored for centuries.

7. A great German reformer, the son of a miner. Among his many literary labors, a very important translation stands chief. His character was distinguished for ardent zeal and unconquerable courage, combined with generosity of heart and great prudence when occasion demanded. Carlyle says of him: "He was not only the tongue, but the sword of his time."

8. An Italian statesman and diplomatist. He has been considered the incarnation of ambition, craft, and revenge. His name has been made odious by some writers, while others, claiming that he has been misrepresented, defend him as a fine scholar and true patriot. His masterpiece was a history of Florence.

9. An Italian poet of great renown. A lofty, solemn, grand-natured man, whose poetry is a delight to scholars and thoughtful readers. His greatest poem was not known to the world until after his death. He took an active part in the politics of Florence, and finally was banished from his native city for life.

10. A noble and heroic character. An illustrious knight and a commander in a sacred cause, he refused to be made a king, saying "he would never accept a crown of gold where his Savior had worn a crown of thorns. He is the hero of one of the works of a celebrated Italian poet.

11. An emperor, a king of France, the founder of an empire and also of a dynasty of kings. He built a cathedral especially for his own burial-place. He established churches, monasteries, and schools, and promoted learning, arts, and civilization. He was the most powerful monarch of his time, and he died thousands of years after the flood.

12. Surnamed "the Great." A famous Eastern city is named after him. At his death he divided his empire between his three sons, whose names all began with the same letter.

13. A celebrated historian. One of the greatest men and ablest generals that ever lived. Six of his words have become immortal. Three were written in his letter to the Roman Senate, and three were uttered as his murderers fell upon him.

14. A great general of ancient times. When he was nine years old, his father took him to Spain, and made him swear on the altar of the Gods eternal hostility to the Romans. When over sixty years of age, he took poison to escape the power of his enemies.

15. An illustrious Greek philosopher, and a man of great culture. He received his surname from a Greek word signifying broad, on account of the breadth of his forehead, or, as some say, of his shoulders. He was once sold as a slave, but was ransomed.

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### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form the names of two American poets. 1. An English clergyman celebrated for his eccentricities and religious zeal. 2. A reiterated exclamation. 3. Established rules. 4. A dexterous movement. 5. Ambiguous. 6. That which lives forever.

A. O'N.

### EASY REBUS.

### LATIN WORD-PYRAMID.

THE center, left side, and right side form a celebrated message. Cross-words: 1. A letter originally wanting. 2. One-third of a day's work. 3. A conjunction. 4. Unworthy persons.

KOIRER.

### SQUARE-WORD.

To be my first each tree can claim;
My next, a bird of noble name;
My third set people shiv'ring round;
My fourth the antelope is found;
My fifth, the brewer likes his beer
When ready customers appear.

J. P. B.

### INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

THE blanks in each sentence are to be filled with words pronounced alike but spelled differently. 1. The —— tree grew by the ——. 2. The —— had reference to the ——. 3. You will not —— if you wear ——. 4. The —— was fastened to a ——.

CYRIL DEANE.

### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. Something with which to catch fish. 3. A peculiar kind of puzzle. 4. A certain measure for liquids. 5. A consonant.

T. W

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(The name of a famous English author.)

MY first is in chair, but not in seat;
My second is in hot, and also in heat;
My third is in have, but not in hold;
My fourth is in brave, but not in bold;
My fifth is in lake, but not in pond;
My sixth is in pledge, but not in bond;
My seventh is in sharp, but not in dull;
My eighth is in draw, but not in pull;
My ninth is in sin, and also in crime;
My tenth is in cent, but not in dime;
My eleventh is in knock, but not in hit;
My twelfth is in glove, but not in mit;
My thirteenth is in pen, but not in quill;
My fourteenth is in sick, but not in ill.

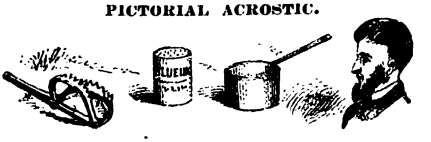
RUBY SEAL.

### EASY ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of five letters. The 1, 5, 4, 2, 3 is to deserve. The 4, 5, 1, 2, 3 is to send. The 3, 2, 1, 5, 4 is a watch or clock. The whole is worn by high priests.

CYRIL DEANE.

### PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.

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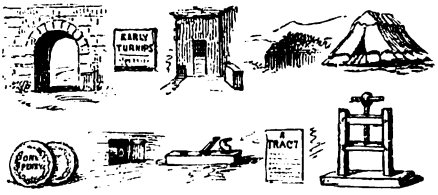
### DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and form a complete diamond: 1. Part of an animal. 2. Forms. 3. Necessary to boats. 4. Parts of ships. 5. A cave.

The following form the diamond: 1. A part of every atlas. 2. A short poem. 3. To spoil. 4. A tree. 5. A letter. C. D.

### PREFIX PUZZLE.

(Prefix a word to each of these designs and make a word of it.)




### HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.

1. ELLA, have you done that hem? 2. O, what have you there? 3. Will you ever finish that work? 4. Come to me, Rebecca. J. J. T.

### CHARADE.

I AM composed of three syllables, of which my first is a little river in England that gave name to a celebrated university; my second is always near; my third sounds like several large bodies of water; and my whole is the name of a Persian monarch, the neighing of whose horse gave him a kingdom and a crown. F. R. F.

### ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 7, 5, 2, 6, 8 is a large man. My 8, 9, 15 is a weight. My 8, 11, 10 is a combination of metal. My 12, 2, 8 is a small animal. My 3, 2, 3, 4 is an article of ornament. My 1, 14, 16 is what old people sometimes wear. My 13 is a consonant. My whole is the name of an American author. J. J. T.

### DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD, in eloquence, that part which tells,
   And leave a class of snails that have no shells.
2. Behead an instrument for marking sound,
   And leave a girl's name, with fair meaning found.
3. Behead a covering for the head in fight,
   And leave a constellation large and bright.
4. Behead a kind of grief, and for the rest
   Find a white bird who wears a handsome crest.

B.

### CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. COME, men, to work. 2. This lance I entomb in the earth. 3. Mr. Lucas has come home. 4. Give Bob a lesson to learn. 5. Is Louise a selfish girl? 6. Do you consider Otto talented? 7. She rows a boat nicely. Concealed in the above sentences are seven words having the following significations: 1. A keepsake. 2. Old. 3. Money. 4. To pack. 5. An artist's necessity. 6. The whole amount. 7. A famed individual. These words, written down in regular order, will form a double acrostic, the initials and finals naming two Shakespearian plays. CYRIL DRANE.

Othello Macbeth

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

EASY ENIGMA.—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix FORE. Forearm, Forecastle, Foreclosed, Fore-horse, Forelock, Foreman, Forewheel, Foreside, Foresail, Foredeck.

BURIED PLACES.—1. Augusta. 2. Utica. 3. Sing Sing. 4. Lowell. 5. Troy. 6. Skaneateles.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—
S
I T
P E N
P E R I
A N T I C
W R E T C H
A L L E G R O
B A S S V I O L
D I P T H E R I A
D R E A R I N E S S

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Milton, Handel.
M—arc—H
I —d— A
L —io— N
T —oa D
O —liv— E
N —ai L

EASY METAGRAM.—Gull, Hull, Pull, Dull, Full, Lull.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Larkspur.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Bush, Tree.
B—us—T
U—she—R
S —al— E
H —ar— E

ENIGMA, No. 2.—The Riddle-Box.

A FLOWER ACROSTIC.—Hans Christian Andersen.—Heartsease, Althæa, Narcissus, Snowdrop, Chrysanthemum, Heliotrope, Rosemary, Ivy, Spiræa, Tuberose, Iris, Amaranth, Nasturtium, Anemone, Nigella, Daisy, Elder-blossom, Reseda (Mignonette), Syringa (Lilac), Eglantine, Nymphœa (Water-lily).

SPORTIVE ANAGRAMS.—1. Draughts—hard tugs. 2. Tennis—sent in. 3. Some do in dominoes. 4. Hours at—authors. 5. Or she—horse. 6. Rambles—marbles. 7. Spent in—tenpins. 8. But not—button. 9. Venison—in ovens. 10. Antelope—one plate.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Horse-chestnut.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—
L
S E T
S C O R E
L E O P A R D
T R A C E
E R E
D

ELLIPSES.—1. Guy. 2. Clarence. 3. Dan. 4. Jesse. 5. Frank. 6. Benjamin. 7. Joseph. 8. Lewis. 9. George. 10. Bertram. 11. Eddy. 12. Harry. 13. Jonathan. 14. Robert.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Central Picture: A Terrible Adventure. Bird, Terrier, Arab, Nail, Rat, Vine, Tub, Rule, Tarn, Tavern, Burnt, Beet, Turtle, Eel, Bat, Barn, Net, Nut, Tern, Bear, Tail, Bridle, Barrel, Turret, Tent.

There was a mistake in the puzzle in the October number entitled "Reversals." The only answers that could be given to the two final clauses are: "Snap—pans," for No. 6, and "Trip—pirt" for No. 7; but the former is hardly admissible, and the latter, of course, incorrect. The answers to the first five are: 1. Meet—teem. 2. Brag—garb. 3. Bats—stab. 4. Deer—reed. 5 Spot—tops.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER were received, previous to October 18, from Florence E. Hyde, "Gussie," Willie P. Dibblee, Lena Dibblee, Beammie Johnson, Beula Ingels, Lulu F. Potter, Hattie F. Johnson, E. Louise Tibbetts, Georgie Hays, Abbie N. Gunnison Arnold Guyot Cameron, Madelaine Palmer, "L. and N.," Bessie H. Van Cleef, "A Sunbeam," Charles W. Coleman, "Sunflower and Hollyhock," Jessie G. Mackintosh, Julia Lathers, "Pearl," Harry Wigmore, Mamie A. Johnson, "Mayflower,"

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ST. CHRISTOPHER.

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III. JANUARY 1876. No. 3.

## THE PARABLE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

BY H. H.

To a king's court a giant came,—
"O King, both far and near
I seek," he said, "the greatest king;
And thou art he, I hear.

"If it please thee, I will abide;
To thee my knee shall bend;
Only unto the greatest kings
Can giants condescend."

Right glad the king the giant took
Into his service then,
For since Goliath's mighty days
No man so big was seen.

Well pleased the giant, too, to serve
The greatest king on earth;
He served him well, in peace, in war,
In sorrow, and in mirth,

Till came a wandering minstrel by,
One day, who played and sang
Wild songs, through which the devil's name
Profanely, loudly rang.

Astonished then the giant saw
The king look sore afraid;
At mention of the devil's name,
The cross's sign he made.

"How now, my master! Why dost thou
Make on thy breast this sign?"
He said. "It is a spell," replied
The king—"a spell divine,

"Which shall the devil circumvent,
And keep me safe and whole
From all the wicked arts he tries
To slay my precious soul."

"Oh, ho, my master! then he is
More powerful than thou!
They lied who called thee greatest king;
I leave thy service now,

"And seek the devil; him will I
My master call henceforth,"
The giant cried, and strode away
Contemptuous and wroth.

He found the devil soon. I ween
The devil waited near,
Well pleased to have this mighty man
Within his ranks appear.

They journeyed on full many a day,
And now the giant deemed
At last he had a master found,
Who was the king he seemed.

But lo! one day they came apace
To where four road-ways met,
And at the meeting of the roads
A cross of stone was set.

The devil trembled and fell back,
And said, "We go around."
"Now tell me," fierce the giant cried,
"Why fearest thou this ground?"



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The devil would not answer. "Then
I leave thee, master mine,"
The giant said. "Of something wrong
This mystery is sign."

Then answered him the fiend, ashamed:
"'Twas there Christ Jesus died;
Wherever stands a cross like that,
I may not, dare not bide."

"Ho, ho!" the giant cried again,
Surprised again, perplexed;
"Then Jesus is the greatest king,—
I seek and serve him next."

The king named Jesus, far and near,
The weary giant sought;
His name was everywhere proclaimed,
His image sold and bought,

His power vaunted, and his laws
Upheld by sword and fire;
But him the giant sought in vain,
Until he cried in ire,

One winter eve, as late he came
Upon a hermit's cell:
'Now by my troth, tell me, good saint,
Where doth thy master dwell?

"For I have sought him far and wide,
By leagues of land and sea;
I seek to be his servant true,
In honest fealty.

"I have such strength as kings desire,
State to their state to lend;
But only to the greatest king
Can giants condescend."

Then said the hermit, pale and wan:
"Oh, giant man! indeed
The King thou seekest doth all kings
In glorious power exceed;

"But they who see him face to face,
In full communion clear,
Crowned with his kingdom's splendor bright,
Must buy the vision dear.

"Dwell here, O brother, and thy lot
With ours contented cast,
And first, that flesh be well subdued,
For days and nights thou 'lt fast!"

"I fast!" the giant cried, amazed.
"Good saint, I 'll no such thing.
My strength would fail; without that, I
Were fit to serve no king!"

"Then thou must pray," the hermit said;
"We kneel on yonder stone,
And tell these beads, and for each bead
A prayer, one by one."

The giant flung the beads away,
Laughing in scornful pride.
"I will not wear my knees on stones;
I know no prayers," he cried.

Then said the hermit: "Giant, since
Thou canst not fast nor pray,
I know not if our Master will
Save thee some other way.

"But go down to yon river deep,
Where pilgrims daily sink,
And build for thee a little hut
Close on the river's brink,

"And carry travelers back and forth
Across the raging stream;
Perchance this service to our King
A worthy one will seem."

"Now that is good," the giant cried;
"That work I understand;
A joyous task 't will be to bear
Poor souls from land to land,

"Who, but for me, would sink and drown.
Good saint, thou hast at length
Made mention of a work which is
Fit for a giant's strength."

For many a year, in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went,

And on his giant shoulders bore
All travelers who came,
By night, by day, or rich or poor,
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.

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One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,
He sudden heard a call:
"Oh, Christopher, come carry me!"
He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.
"It must be that I dreamed,"
He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed

Again the feeble, distant cry:
"Oh, come and carry me!"
Again he sprang, and looked; again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,
Like infant's soft and weak;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.

Down on the bank a little child
He found,—a piteous sight,—
Who, weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good-will, he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride,
He tossed him, as men play with babes,
And plunged into the tide.

But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land,

And, staggering, set the infant down,
And turned to scan his face;
When, lo! he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ, his king,

Until the infant spoke, and said:
"Oh, Christopher, behold!
I am the Lord whom thou hast served!
Rise up, be glad and bold!

"For I have seen and noted well
Thy works of charity;
And that thou art my servant good,
A token thou shalt see.

"Plant firmly here upon this bank
Thy stalwart staff of pine,
And it shall blossom and bear fruit,
This very hour, in sign."

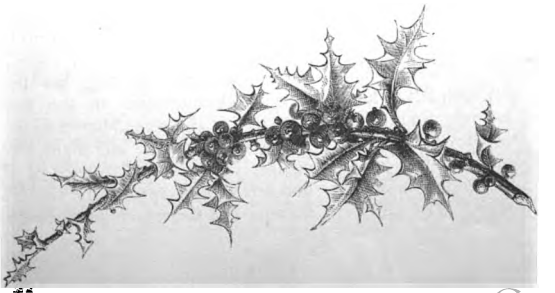
Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.
The giant, left alone,
Saw on the bank, with luscious dates
His stout pine staff bent down.

For many a year, St. Christopher
Served God in many a land;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand,

On altar fronts and church's walls;
And peasants used to say,
To look on good St. Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

I think the lesson is as good
To-day as it was then—
As good to us called Christians
As to the heathen men:

The lesson of St. Christopher,
Who spent his strength for others,
And saved his soul by working hard
To help and save his brothers!



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# THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE FOREST.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE New Year's story I am about to tell is well known to German children, all of whom go tripping through fairyland in the golden days of childhood. It was written by a good German baron, Frederic de la Motte Fouqué, who wrote the beautiful fairy-story "Undine," about which all of our readers have heard. It does not appear, however, in the popular translations of the works of the delightful old baron. It is quite a romance in the original, but we have reduced it to a very brief and simple story.

The nobleman who wrote it, and who loves good people and children almost as much as Hans Christian Andersen loved them, declares that this is a story that ought to be told. He does not say why; he leaves his readers, young and old, to guess that by their own firesides. So, you see, the story is something of a riddle—one must live in a particular way to find it out.

Berthold was a German merchant. He traveled much from city to city. In Germany there are long, dark forests, through which he often journeyed.

One evening, he became bewildered in one of these forests. He was riding on horseback, and just as the far sunset was flaming over the tall tops of the trees above him, he was startled to find he had ridden out of his way. He carried great treasure in his saddle-bags—jewels, ready money and bills of exchange. In the recesses of the forests there were robbers.

As he was proceeding along a lone defile, after nightfall, he espied a man walking in the foot-path before him. He called to him, saying:

"Who are you?"

"I am a collier. I live with my family apart from the world, in this forest."

"Can you give a stranger who has lost his way a night's lodging?"

"I have no right to refuse hospitality to a stranger. In God's name, you are welcome."

Berthold followed the man till they came to a little cottage. The good wife met them at the door with a lamp, and a happy family of children greeted the collier's return.

The evening passed pleasantly. The merchant told stories of his journeys, and soon felt at home among the children gathered lovingly around him.

At last it was proposed that they should sing. The sweet voices of the children were just joining in a merry roundelay, when a sudden and loud knocking was heard at the door. The children stopped singing, and the collier said firmly: "In the name of God, come in!"

Upon this, the door slowly opened, and a little old man, of gentle appearance and manners, came stealing in, greeting the family courteously, and taking the lowest place at the table. His garments were of some ancient pattern; he seemed wan and woe-begone, as though reduced by disease. Berthold gazed at him with a feeling of great curiosity and surprise, but said nothing. He once met his eye; there was something in it so deeply mysterious that he felt a chill creeping over him, and he began to be restless and ill at ease.

At last the little old man folded his hands, and, turning to the collier, said:

"It is the hour of prayer."

The collier at once began to sing "Now all the woods are sleeping," in which the whole family joined, filling the house with such delightful music that the merchant listened like one enchanted.

Presently a voice rose above the rest. It startled Berthold, and made the cottage tremble. It was the little old man's.

The family knelt down, and the collier prayed. Then they all rose up with loving words, and the little old man glided out of the door, bowing as humbly as when he came in.

But presently the door opened again, and the little old man once more appeared. He threw a look of fearful wildness upon Berthold, then disappeared, the door closing after him with violence.

"He is a little touched in mind," said the merchant, nervously.

"He is perfectly harmless," said the collier. "I have not seen any evil in him for a long time. But," he added, "the only chamber I can give you for the night has a door that does not shut very tightly; *he* comes into it in the night, but do not fear him; if you do not think any evil thought or do any evil act, he will go out of his own accord."

Berthold's heart was now far from tranquil. He pressed his portmanteau of treasures close to his side as the collier lighted him up the narrow stairway to his room.

He lay down, placing his portmanteau and weapons beside him on the bed, but he could not sleep. He remembered what the collier had said about the little old man, that the safeguard against him was the absence of all evil thoughts and acts. In this respect the collier's family seemed secure; but the merchant knew how great was his

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own greed for gain; how it made him hard and uncharitable, and he tried to put away all evil thoughts and to think of the hymn, "Now the woods are all reposing," lest the little old man should appear.

A little past midnight he fell into a troubled sleep, and his mind began to wander over his schemes for gain. He was dreaming of the good bargain he had made, or expected to make, when he was startled by a noise close by. He raised himself in bed, and saw the little old man in the moonlight, moving about the room. The merchant at first looked upon him with a feeling of curiosity rather than alarm or anger, and while he did so, all was well. But he at last became irritable under the disturbance, and, when the little old man at last approached the bed, Berthold's irritability kindled into anger, and wicked thoughts began to fill his mind, and he found it hard to restrain his lips from wicked words.

At last, the little old man touched the portmanteau containing the merchant's treasures. This was too much. The merchant's caution forsook him, and he was filled with rage.

"Back! you vile robber! back, from my baggage!" he exclaimed, seizing his pistols. The little old man started back, as in terror. He seemed to be in an agony of prayer. A change seemed coming over him. He appeared conscious of it, and, going toward the door, disappeared.

Berthold gazed after him and then remembered the collier's admonition in regard to the danger of evil thoughts. He wished that he had acted differently, for he wished to bring no evil on the family.

There was a sound at the latch; the door opened, when an evil-looking giant, wearing a red mantle, appeared. He laughed wildly, and said: "I begin to be free again. You have made me *grow!*"

"HE THREW A LOOK OF FEARFUL WILDNESS UPON BERTHOLD."

Berthold saw that the giant was none other than the little old man.

The merchant leaped from his bed and discharged his pistol. The giant vanished, growing taller and more fearful as he disappeared.

In a moment, the collier hurried up the stairs.

"In the name of God," said he, rushing into the room, "what have you been doing to our house-spirit?"

"House-spirit!" said Berthold, like one in a dream. "What do you mean?"

"He has just gone out of the house," said the

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collier, "perfectly monstrous in his size, and inflamed with fury!"

But the collier saw that the merchant did not understand him, and he entreated him to go down into the common apartment where all of the family, aroused by the report of the pistol, had now met. The children shrunk away from him as he entered the room, and the collier's wife was in tears.

"And now," said the good woman, "we must live all those years over again."

"This may all seem strange to you," said the collier to the merchant; "but when my wife and I first came to the cottage to live, we found it haunted by a terrible specter, such as I have just seen disappear. But I said to myself, I will not fear him, for if I am a truly Christian man no power of evil can harm me. I will overcome him with a good life, and he shall not overcome me. So, in the name of God, I remained. Red Mantle—for such is his name—appeared to us continually, but we ceased to fear him. I brought up my little ones to believe that nothing could harm them while they trusted in God; and that any specter would grow less and less who dwelt in a family who had loving hearts and lived pure lives. So Red Mantle at last became my little ones' playmate. We restrained our dispositions, we guarded our thoughts, we loved each other. We prayed together much, and the specter began to grow more gentle and to shrink in size, year by year, until he became the dwarf you saw when he came in the evening to prayers. All evil disappeared from his face, and we all loved him as a meek and harmless house-spirit, and expected that he would soon be released from this troubled state and vanish forever."

The next morning, the merchant left the cottage. Years passed away; he traveled from city to city, and into countries remote from Germany, but he never forgot the experiences of that night.

One afternoon, near sunset, he found himself on the borders of the same forest as before, and he resolved again to strike down the defile and see what had become of the good collier family.

It was somewhat late when the cottage appeared before him. He dismounted and entered. They were singing, "Now all the woods are sleeping." It was the hour of prayer!

The merchant knelt down beside the white-haired old man, expecting every moment the house-spirit would re-appear. But the little old man did not come. Only a soft light was shed abroad amid the shadows of the room, and a sweet, low melody arose, like the touch of the most delicate fingers on finely attuned musical-glasses.

It was all that remained of the house-spirit, for the collier and his family had all these years lived pure and holy lives.

"That was once our house-spirit," said the collier, "but it can only now make its presence known to us as a gentle light and a strain of music, sweet and low. We have subdued him by innocence and prayer."

O ye who read this untrue, true story by the light of the winter fireside, does the new year open with some specter in your hearts and homes? Unriddle the tale of the collier family.

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# PICCOLA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

POOR, sweet Piccola! Did you hear
What happened to Piccola, children dear?
'T is seldom Fortune such favor grants
As fell to this little maid of France.

'T was Christmas-time, and her parents poor
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas-day;
Their little darling no joy might stir,
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

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But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas-day,
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;
Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,
'T was plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild—
Never was seen such a joyful child.
"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?
There was a little shivering bird!
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you,
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

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# THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER V.

### NEW PARTNERS.

THE boys were a little shy of Mr. Montague Morse. He had the appearance of "a city chap," Hiram Fender said. He wore a plaid velvet vest, a black frock-coat (somewhat seedy, to be sure), and his trousers, though tucked into the tops of his calfskin boots, were more suitable for Boston streets than for the plains. Then he was very precise in his language, and had a way of saying "good morning," instead of "mornin' to yer," which quite discomfited Hiram and Tom. The latter took the earliest opportunity to declare that "that Boston feller was cranky." It seemed very odd, too, that he should be knocking about there on the frontier, alone, and seeking a chance to get in with some party bound across the continent. To be sure, he said that his party had broken up and had left a yoke of cattle on his hands; but how did they know that he had not stolen these oxen? Arthur fairly shuddered when this dark suspicion crossed his mind; and he looked involuntarily to see if their new acquaintance did not have the "game leg" by which Johnny had described a missing adventurer. Morse, however, told a very straightforward story, and his manner was so frank and open that one of the party, at least, regarded him with favor. Barnard said, after much deliberation, "That fellow is clear grit."

One afternoon, the boys, leaving Tom at home "to keep house," crossed the river and hunted up Morse, who was temporarily quartered at the camp of some Illinois men. They saw his oxen quietly grazing in the meadow hard by, and soon satisfied themselves that he had honestly come into possession of them. The people at the Illinois camp knew all the circumstances of the breaking up of the Boston man's party, and they incidentally told the story all over again while gossiping about the intended trade with our boys.

"But if we take your cattle in with our team, we shall have to trade off our horses, and get a yoke of oxen for ourselves," interposed Barnard.

"Hosses? have you got a hoss for sale?" asked one of the Illinois party.

"We have a pair," replied Barnard, "which we shall not want if we go on with cattle. What do you think are best for the plains—cattle or horses?"

"Well, some allow that hosses is best, because they 're the fastest; then, agin, there 's them that allows that cattle 's best, because they hold out better in the long run. Then, agin, cattle can feed where hosses would c'enamost starve to death. Hosses is delicate critters, powerful delicate. How much do you allow you 'll get for yer hoss?"

Hiram broke in with the information that they had not made up their minds to sell. They were only considering the matter. At this, a silent man, who was mending his trousers in a corner of the tent, spoke up:

"I know four chaps camped down by the creek. They 've got a cheap yoke of cattle—a young cow and a smart little steer; jest the thing for a leadin' yoke."

Arthur laughed outright at the idea of driving a cow in an ox-team.

"Well, yer may laugh, young feller," said the man, as he shut one eye to thread his needle; "but let me tell ye that cows is cows in Californy—one hundred and sixty or seventy dollars a head, I 've heerd tell; and a good drivin' cow will pull like all possessed, if she 's rightly yoked. Then there 's yer milk all through, yer see, fur nothin', so to speak." And he resumed his mending.

"It would n't do any harm to go and see that team of mixed critters," suggested Hiram.

So the boys started up, and, getting directions from the party in the tent, went off in search of the camp by the creek. As they were moving away, the spokesman of the Illinois men called after them:

"I 'll trade with ye for that white hoss of your 'n. I seen him when we war comin' through Ioway. Say sixty-five dollars?"

"He 's wuth seventy-five," called back Hiram; and the boys went on together, the Boston man leading off at a great pace. They searched around a long time before they found the camp of the men who had a yoke of cattle to sell. At most of the camps where they inquired, things seemed gloomy. The latest news from California was unfavorable. Many were talking about turning back; but many others were doggedly completing their preparations for the final start. One man, standing on the wheel

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of his wagon, with a marking-brush and pot of paint, was printing on its canvas cover the words, "California or bust." This was a sort of defiant declaration that many men thought it necessary to make, considering how many people were endeavoring to discourage others. The sign was common on the tents and wagon-covers of the emigrants. Others had such inscriptions as, "We are bound to go through," or "Bound for the Sacramento," and one party had painted on their wagon-cover, "Root, hog, or die."

It was a picturesque sight, this city of emigrants. More people were here than on the east side of the river. Most of them had completed their outfit at Council Bluffs, and were fixing up the few odds and ends that were needed before the final start. They already affected the rude ways and manners of the plains. For the most part, the men wore slouched hats and red or blue flannel shirts; they discarded coats and vests, and wore belts at the waist. The weather was mild, for it was now early May, and groups of emigrants were cooking in the open air, or carrying on a sort of outdoor housekeeping, of which their wagons were the foundation. Here and there was a family of father, mother, and children. One wagon the boys saw had "No more Missoury for us" painted on its dingy red cover in black letters; a flock of white-haired children—Arthur said there were sixteen—climbed out and in, staring open-eyed at the strangers. This populous group had no tent, but lived wholly in the wagon, an enormous affair with a tall top, high at each end and lower in the middle. The father of the family, a yellow-faced, discouraged-looking man, wearing mud-colored clothes of homespun, "allowed" that he was from "Arkansaw," and was not quite sure whether he should go to California or Oregon. He should go by the North Platte route, and turn off to the north by the Fort Hall road, if the gold news should "peter out" by the time he reached that point.

"Gosh! how that Boston feller do walk," sighed Hiram, who found it difficult to keep up with their new comrade. Morse strode on ahead, talking eagerly over his shoulder; the hard buds of the "rosin-weed" plants that covered the meadow rattled against his boot-legs as he measured off the ground. Arthur trotted along somewhat laboriously, and wondered if all Boston people walked like Mr. Montague Morse.

They found the men who had the ox and cow for sale—four great hulking fellows who had four yoke of cattle among them. They had had two wagons, one of which they had exchanged for provisions and cash in the town of Council Bluffs, and the other they retained. They would sell the ox and cow together for sixty-five dollars. The cow was "skittish and a little wild-like," but a good milker and was first-rate in the yoke. The steer—well, there he was, a small black fellow, with one horn crumpled down in the oddest sort of way.

"Strong as a steam-ingine," explained the owner. "Strong as a steam-ingine and tame as a kitten. And, strannger, he's just the knowingest critter you ever see. 'Pears like he was human, sometimes—hey, Tige!" and the man affectionately patted the little black steer on his nose.

"Is this all you've got to sell?" asked Hiram, rather discontentedly.

"Well, the fact is, strannger," replied the man, "we don't reely want to sell. 'Pon my word, we don't. But we've no need fur all these cattle, and we do need the money. I just hate like pison to part with Old Tige. (His name's Tiger, you see, and we call him Tige, for short.) But we've got three other yoke and a light load; and we allow to go through right peart, without no trouble."

The boys walked around the cattle two or three times more, their owner entertaining them with a long string of praises of his odd yoke, as he sat on the wagon-tongue and talked fast.

"Come now, say sixty dollars and it's a trade. I want the money powerful bad," he concluded.

Arthur pulled Hiram's sleeve and said:

"Take him, Hi; take him. I like that little black steer."

Hiram spoke up: "Give us the refusal of this yer yoke of cattle until to-morrow?"

"We have not yet concluded whether we shall buy any cattle here, or go on with our horses," explained Barnard. Morse looked a little disappointed, but said nothing.

OLD TIGE.

It was agreed that the boys should have until next day to make up their minds about buying the cattle at sixty dollars for the yoke. As they walked back, Morse, thoughtfully whipping off the weed-tops with his ox-goad, said:

"You fellows take account of stock—wagon, outfit, provisions, and team. I'll put in my yoke of cattle and my share of provisions and outfit, or money to buy them, and will pay you my proportion of the cost of the wagon. Partnership limited; the concern to be sold out when we get through; share and share alike. How's that?"

"That's fair," said Barnard. But Hiram nudged him, and he added: "We'll talk it over. You come across and see us the fust thing to-morrow morning."

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It was agreed, and the boys went back to their camp to discuss the proposition. Barnard and Hiram were really the final authorities in the matter; but Arthur and Tom exercised the younger brother's privilege of saying what they thought about it. Arthur thought the Boston man must be a good fellow. He was bright and smart; and Arthur had noticed that he spoke cheerily to the white-headed children in the Arkansas wagon. Besides, he was always pleasant and full of jokes, added the boy, with a feeling that that was not conclusive, though he had formed his opinions partly by it.

"I suppose we have really made up our minds to go with oxen. I like that Boston chap. We can't get another yoke of cattle—if we sell your horse and buy the ox-and-cow yoke—any better than by taking this man into camp with us," argued Barnard.

"But them store clothes!" said Hiram, with some disgust.

"Why, he can't help it if he has to wear out his old city clothes," said Arthur, eagerly. "He is not foolish enough to throw them away. So he wears 'em out for common ones. Don't you see?"

"And he's a powerful walker," added Hiram, with an expression of admiration on his freckled face. "Golly! how that chap kin walk, though!"

And this turned the scale. The Boston man was solemnly voted into the partnership.

Tom once more objected that Morse was "stuck up," and he was once more suppressed by his brother, who reminded him that he talked too much with his mouth. This frequent rebuke having silenced Tom, Hiram added:

"A feller that knows as much about cattle as he does, and kin walk like he does, is n't stuck up. Besides, he 'll put in just about eighty dollars inter the company's mess."

At this, little Johnny, who still clung to the boys, started up. "Eighty dollars! Oh, I've got eighty dollars. Wont you take me through for that?"

Hiram looked with some disdain on the little fellow, who was trembling with excitement, and said: "You got eighty dollars, my little kid! Where?"

Johnny hastily slipped off his striped trousers, and, turning out the lining of the waistband, showed eight flat, round disks of something hard, carefully sewed in.

"Them's it! them's it! Eight on 'em; eight ten-dollar gold pieces, all sewed in." And, slitting little holes in the cloth, he showed the coins, sure enough, each sewed in separately from the other.

"Poor little chap! We don't want to take your money," said Barnard.

"No," added Hiram. "Besides, you haint got no clothes wuth speaking about. You can't go across the plains in them clothes."

"They're not 'store clothes,' though, Hiram," added Arthur, with a laugh. Arthur's heart had gone out to the poor little waif, and he reminded his comrades that part of his money might be used for an outfit, and it would be only fair to take part as his share of the cost of the trip.

"Besides, I've got clothes," said the waif; and, unrolling his bundle, he showed some coarse woolen shirts, a pair of cowhide shoes, overalls, and a few small articles of wearing apparel.

Barnard inspected these critically, and said: "No woman folks put these up; but they'll do better than nothing."

Arthur felt a touch of homesickness at this remark, and his thoughts flew back to his mother as he glanced over his own tidy suit, the work of his mother's hands. He saw her again at the garden-gate, as he had seen her many a time while camping out in the lonely Iowa prairies; and, with a soft voice, he said:

"Let's take Johnny along, boys. He shall have half of my blankets."

"What do you say, Barney?" asked Hiram, with a little glow in his honest heart, though he looked at the waif with an air of severe scrutiny.

"I'm agreed, if you are," replied Barnard. "But I tell you what it is, Arty,—our tent is full, and we can't have any more passengers nor lodgers. The partnership is complete this time."

At this, Johnny, who had ripped out the gold coins from his waistband, put them into Hiram's hand, and said:

"Am I going through with you?"

"Well, I allow you shall go through with us, youngster. It's share and share alike, you know; and you are to do your part of the work. That's all. There's nothin' comin' to ye when we get through. Understand that?" And a hard look flitted across the young man's face as he jingled the gold in his palm.

Johnny protested that he understood the bargain perfectly. He was to have such clothes as they thought necessary. The rest of his cash was to pay for his share of the provisions needed for the trip.

Next day, Morse came over early, with the information that the Illinois men would give seventy dollars for Hiram's white horse. Morse was informed of the conclusion of the partnership discussion. The terms were once more gone over and fairly understood on both sides, and the bargain was ratified.

"Now, then," said Barnard. "This is Mister Hiram Fender, late of Lee County, Illinois, known

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as Hi Fender, for short. This is Thomas Fender, brother of the same, and 'a right peart boy,' as he says; otherwise Tom. And this infant is my brother, Arthur Adams Stevens, probably the best boy that ever lived—except me; and is known in this camp as Arty. As for myself, I am Arty's brother, which is glory enough for me, and my name is Barker Barnard Stevens; otherwise Barnard, usually called Barney for short, and sometimes dubbed Barney Crogan by my small and impertinent brother."

The boys laughed heartily at this long speech. Morse, not to be outdone in advancing into intimate acquaintance, said:

"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce myself—Montague Perkins Morse, late of Hovey & Co.'s, Boston; now bound for California, or bust; and generally known as Mont Morse, or, if you prefer it, Mont,—and very much at your service."

With a great deal of enthusiasm, the boys celebrated this happy conclusion of affairs by going over the river and closing the two bargains. The white horse was sold to the Illinois men for seventy dollars; and they took Tige and Molly, for these were the names of the ox and cow, at the sum agreed upon the day before.

"We will move over here to-morrow," said Hiram, "and we will take the cattle off your hands then."

"But to-morrow is Sunday," said Mont. "We are not going to travel Sundays, are we?"

Hiram looked a little troubled for a moment. Then Barney cheerily said:

"Oh, no; we are not going to travel Sundays, except in cases of great emergency. Are we, Hi?"

"Certainly not," answered Hiram, briskly. "Never allow to travel on Sundays, not if we can help it."

"Then you 'll keep the cattle until Monday, wont you?" asked Barnard.

"Well, if you fellers are too pious to come over on Sunday, you may take 'em away now," said the man, gruffly.

"All right," replied Hiram. "We 'll take them now, and be beholden to nobody for nothin'."

So the cattle were taken across the ferry, and the boys had milk with their corn-meal mush that night.

"A mean old hunks," growled Hiram. "Wanted us to smash Sunday all to pieces, did he? Well, I allow we made just two milkings out of him."

Sunday here was not like the Sabbath at home. Labor was generally suspended throughout the camps, however, except where some impatient party stole out with their teams, driving along with a half-subdued air, as if afraid "to smash Sunday all to pieces." Generally, the emigrants, looking neat but uneasy in their particularly clean clothes, lounged about the wagons and "traded" in undertones, or discussed the latest news from California by way of the States.

The bright May sun shone down upon a motley mass of people scattered among tents or grouped around wagons. About noon, the blowing of a horn announced that a religious service, of which notice had been previously circulated, would begin. There was a general sauntering in the direction of a cluster of wagons, near which a preacher, standing on a feed-box, called the people about him.

Five or six women, wives of emigrants, aided by twice as many men, formed a choir, and their voices rose sweetly on the air with the familiar hymns of Christian service. Then the minister, after devotional exercises, preached a little sermon from the text in Romans viii., 17. He talked about heirs and heirship; he dwelt on the fact that they were all seeking an inheritance, and while he advised wisdom and prudence in this search, admonishing the people about him to seek the true riches, he reminded them that they were joint heirs; that their inheritance was mutual. He taught them to forbear with one another; to be patient, loving, and to go on in their journey of life, as across the continent, with unselfishness, bearing each other's burdens.

"That's a right smart chance of a sermon," said Hiram, as they moved away after the last hymn had been sung and the attentive crowd had dispersed. "A good sermon; and just you remember what the parson said about toting one another's burdens, you Tom, will ye?"

Tom received this lesson with some show of indignation, and said: "O yes, you 're the man that hears sermons for some other feller, you are."

But Arthur added, in the interest of peace:

"Tige can't carry the yoke alone. Molly must bear up her end. So if you and I don't wash the dishes and get supper, Hi and Barnard can't drive the wagon and get wood and water."

"Good for you, Arty," said Hiram, heartily. "And even little Johnny here is goin' to pitch in and do his share. I know he is, for I seen him choppin' wood this mornin' like sixty."

Johnny colored with pleasure at this rude praise, and Arty declared that Johnny was one of the joint heirs whom the preacher had talked about.

The debate about the sermon and their future united interests was a good end to a pleasant day. Mont had taken up his abode with the party. The tent was full, and the six young fellows were paired off among the quilts and blankets that covered their floor of grassy earth.

That night, Arthur felt Johnny stirring under the blankets by his side.

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"What is the matter, Johnny?" he asked.

The boy put his thin hand on his companion's shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "I love you."

Arty kissed the little waif and said, "It's a bargain." Then they slept again.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ADRIFT.

"WELL, now, Johnny, you do look right peart." This was Hiram's opinion of the little lad when he had been equipped with his new clothes. He brought enough apparel with him for common wear; but he needed a serviceable suit for a change. This, with the necessary boots and shoes, a warm jacket for cold weather, and some additional supplies which his enlistment in the company required to be bought, made quite a hole in the eighty dollars which he had put into the common fund.

"Never mind, youngster," said the good-natured Hi. "I allow we'll have enough for all hands to get through on; so as you pitch in and do your share of work, we sha' n't find no fault."

Johnny declared his willingness to do all he could for the benefit of the company, whether it was picking up fuel, washing dishes, or driving the team. He was quite a man now, he thought, though only a little fellow. For was n't he bound for California to make his fortune? And he was going with his own resources, too, and could earn his way. This thought made the boy cheerful and happy; the color came again into his cheeks; he grew merry and frolicsome; and, before the last days of preparation were over, the poor outcast was, as Hi said, "right peart."

They had delayed at the river a long time. There were many things to be disposed of, and their places supplied with articles which were more needed. There were preventives against scurvy to be bought, for they had heard that some emigrants ahead of them had suffered from that dreadful disease, just as sailors do on the ocean when their vegetables and fresh provisions give out. So the boys laid in a supply of dried apples and vinegar, and traded away some of the stuff of which they had an excess. Then parts of the wagon had to be changed for the oxen, as they were now to make the voyage across the plains with cattle instead of horses.

One bright May morning, they took down their tent, packed their bedding, loaded the wagon, yoked up the cattle, and began their long, long tramp across the continent. Numerous other emigrant trains were stretching their way over the rolling prairies to the westward, and the undulating road was dotted with the white-covered wagons of their old neighbors of the canvas settlements by the Missouri River. Looking behind, they saw, with a little pang of regret, the well-beaten spot where they had made their home so long. Around that place still lingered a few emigrants, who waved their hats to them by way of cheer, as the long procession of adventurers wound its way over the ridges. Beyond and behind them was the flowing river; the bluffs which give their name to the town bounded the horizon, and still beyond was the past life of these young fellows, with all their struggles; there was home.

Before them lay the heart of the continent with its mysteries, difficulties, and dangers. They tramped on right bravely, for beneath the blue horizon that lured them forward were wealth, fame, adventure, and—what these bright young spirits most longed for—opportunities for making their own way in the world. At any rate, they had turned their backs on civilization and home.

Their fortitude was tested somewhat severely during their very first week on the track across the continent. They expected disagreeable things, and they found them. They had been traveling through a rolling country, destitute of timber and dotted with only a few bunches of brushwood by the creeks. Barney, Arthur, and Tom took turns at driving the team. Mont strode on ahead. Hi and Johnny "changed off" with riding Old Jim, for whose back a saddle had been "traded" for at the Bluffs. The young emigrants were in first-rate spirits, and when a light rain came up at night, they laughed blithely over the prospect of soon getting used to the "hardships" of which they had been so often warned. It was discouraging work, however, cooking supper; for, by the time they had camped, the rain fell in torrents. They got their camp-stove into the tent, and, by running out its one joint of pipe through the open entrance, they managed to start a fire. More smoke went into the tent than out of it, for the wind had veered about and blew directly into it. Then they decided to strike the tent and change it around so as to face to the leeward. This was a difficult job to do while the rain fell and wind blew. But the boys packed their camp stuff together as well as they could, and took down the tent.

"Hold on tight, boys!" shouted Barnard, cheerily, for the canvas was flapping wildly in the wind, and threatened to fly away before it could be secured. Arty held up one pole and Barnard the other, while Mont, Hi, and Tom ran around to pin the canvas to the earth, Johnny following with the bag of tent-pins. Just then a tremendous gust came, and away flew the tent like a huge balloon, jerking Tom head over heels as it went. Poor little Johnny clung to it desperately, having caught hold of one of the ropes as it went whirling over

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his head. He was dragged a short distance and gave it up, his hands being cut and torn by the line.

"Stop her! stop her!" yelled Hi, and away they all ran after the flying canvas. The cattle were cowering under the lee of a few bushes across the road, and the apparition of the collapsed tent coming over their heads, startled them so that they ran wildly in all directions. The cow was caught by the horns, a fold of the tent-cloth having been entangled on them, and she set off, frantically bellowing, across the prairie. The canvas by this time was so wet and heavy that it could not be dragged far, and, when the boys came up, poor Molly was a prisoner. They rescued their fugitive house, and, in sorry plight, took it back to where their camp was now exposed to a pelting rain.

"Aint this fun, Arty?" said Hi, grimly, when they were once more under cover.

"Fun alive!" replied Arty; "and so long as we have a roof over us for the night, we are in great luck. But how we are ever to get supper is more than I know."

"Supper!" retorted Barnard. "I 'd like to know where we are going to sleep to-night. Every inch of ground is sopping wet, and no fire that we can build will dry it."

"We can get a good fire in the stove," said Mont, sagaciously, "and keep moving it about until we dry the worst of it; and, when it stops raining, it will drain off a great deal. But it does not look much like holding up," he added, as he looked out at the sheets of rain. "And if it don't hold up, we may as well not go to bed at all."

Indeed, the prospect was rather gloomy, and the young emigrants began to think themselves early introduced to the disagreeable part of their trip. They managed to keep up a roaring fire in their camp-stove, however, and the air in the tent was dry and warm. They made tea, and fried their meat, and, with dry crackers, secured a tolerable meal. By midnight the rain abated and ceased flowing under the canvas. They then lay down on the damp blankets, and slept as best they might. Toward morning Arty awoke, and, hearing the rain on the canvas roof, reached out his hand and found the ground near by covered with water. Water was everywhere around him. He lay in a puddle which had accumulated under him. At first, he thought he would turn over and find a dry spot. But he immediately discovered that that would not be a good plan. He had warmed the water next him with the natural heat of his body. To turn

"AWAY FLEW THE TENT LIKE A HUGE BALLOON."

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over was to find a colder place. So he kept still and slept again as soundly as if he were not lying in a small pond.

They were wakened after sunrise by the sound of wagons driving by. Jumping up from their damp beds, the young emigrants found themselves somewhat bedraggled and unkempt. But the rain had ceased, the sun was shining brightly, and what discomfort can long withstand the influence of a fair day, sunshine, and a warm wind?

The cattle, fastened up the night before to the wagon-wheels, were lowing for freedom; and the boys were at once ready to begin preparations for another day's journey. They spread their bedding and spare clothing in the sunshine, brought out their camp-stove, built a fire, and had a jolly breakfast with hot biscuits and some of the little luxuries of camp fare.

All that day the boys traveled with their blankets spread over the wagon-top, in order to dry them in the hot sun; but not one of the party complained of the discomforts of the previous night, nor showed any sign of being any worse for sleeping in the rain.

"It gets me, Mont," said Hi Fender, "that a city feller, like you, should put up with such an uncommon hard night without growling."

"Oh, that's nothing when you get used to it," said Mont, lightly.

"But you are getting used to it sooner than I am," replied Barnard, with admiration for the young city fellow's pluck.

"There aint much such accommodations in Boston, I allow?" said Hi. "No sleepin' out in canvas tents, with the water creeping under your blankets, in that village, is there?"

"Well, no; but we cannot bring city ways out on the plains, you know, Hi; and as long as we have a canvas roof over us, we ought to be satisfied and thankful. By the way, I wonder how those Pike County fellows got on last night. They intend to sleep in their wagon when they have reduced their load, but they sleep on the ground now. Must have found it a little damp last night."

Barnard thought that Bush, with his heifer and go-cart, would be worse off than anybody they knew. Bush was a jolly emigrant, traveling all alone with a hand-cart fixed up with shafts, into which was harnessed a young cow. He had quarreled with his partner at Council Bluffs, and had gone off in a fit of disgust. His entire worldly wealth was packed into the little cart, with one or two sacks of flour, some "side-meat," beans, and coffee. His cooking apparatus consisted of a frying-pan and a tin pot, in which latter useful utensil he made his coffee and cooked everything that could not be cooked in his frying-pan.

"I don't believe Bush put in much time singing last night," said Tom. "If his fiddle was n't drowned out, he was, I 'll just bet."

"There he is now!" said Arty, and as he spoke they saw Bush's tall form stalking beside his queer little team, and rising over a swell of the prairie, just ahead.

At camping-time that night they overtook Bush, who was as gay and light-spirited as ever. He hailed the boys with heartiness and begged the privilege of baking a cake of dough in their camp-stove.

"The fact is, boys," he explained, "me and Sukey had a rough time of it last night, and I guess a hot corn-dodger will help us both mightily. Hey, Suke!" he said lovingly, for Bush and his vicious little cow were on very good terms.

"Rain?" he said in answer to the boys' inquiries. "Rain? Oh, no, I guess not. It did n't rain at all worth mentioning. It jest came down on the run. Well, it did. I crawled under the go-cart, where the water wa' n't more than a foot deep. It was n't dry quarters; but I could have got along as gay as you please only for my legs. They 're so all-fired lengthy that they stuck out and got wet. When I pulled 'em in, my head stuck out, and when I pulled my head in agin, my legs stuck out. Pity about them legs, aint it, boys?" he added, looking down at his canvas-covered limbs. "Howsomever, I thought of you chaps. I 'm used to it, but you Boston fellers aint seasoned yet. I was camping by myself over behind the divide, to keep out of the wet, and when I saw your tent get up and dust, I started to lend you a hand. But you corraled the pesky thing before I could get to you."

"Much obleeged, I 'm sure," said Hi. "But we caught her on the critter's head afore she went far."

"Yes, yes, a tent's a mighty onhandy thing, I do believe. Good enough for them that can't get along without it; but, as for me, as the revolutionary feller said, gimme liberty or gimme death. I 'd rather sleep out o' doors."

"Queer feller, that Bush," said Hi, when they were squatted about their camp-table at supper-time. "He 's tough as sole-leather and chipper 'n a cricket. And he allows to go clean through to Californy with that 'ere go-cart and heifer. Why the Mormons will steal him, his cow and his cart, and all, if he ever gets so far as Salt Lake."

"They 'll be smart, then, for he sleeps with both eyes open," said Barnard, who admired Bush very much.

They were camped in a low, flat bottom, by the river Platte. Tall cotton-woods fringed the river-bank, on the north side of which the emigrant road then ran. Here were wood, water, and grass in

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plenty; and at this generous camping-ground many emigrants pitched their tents for the night. After supper was over, the boys strolled out among the camps and enjoyed the novel sight. The emigrants had now got into the ways of the plains, —were doing their own cooking and washing, had put on their roughest manners and roughest clothes, and were already beginning to talk about the Indians. The Cheyennes, it was said, were very troublesome just beyond Fort Laramie; and it was reported that one party of emigrants had been attacked near the Point of Rocks and all hands killed.

At one camp-fire where our boys lingered, Bush was the center of a large party, to whom he was singing his one great song, "Lather and Shave." It was a famous song of many verses—ninety-nine, Bush said; but he never had time to sing them all, though often invited to give them. His violin had, so far, survived all misadventures and furnished lively music for the company. One handsome young fellow, with a tremendous voice, sang a ditty about emigrating to the gold mines, of which the refrain was:

> "Ho! ho! and away we go,
> Digging up the gold on the Sacramento!"

All the by-standers and loungers joined in this chorus with spirit and emphasis, the last syllable of Sacramento being shot out with a will—"Toe!"

At another camp, they found a forlorn little woman dandling a child on her knee, sitting on a wagon-tongue, while her husband was trying to get supper under her directions. The fire would not burn, the man was awkward, and his patience seemed clean gone as he finally squatted back on the ground and caught his breath, after blowing at the fire until he was red in the face.

"Yes, we 've had a powerful bad streak o' luck," he complained. "First, she took sick at the Bluffs," he said, jerking his head toward the woman on the wagon-tongue. That kep' us there nigh onto a month; and my pard, he got out of patience and lit out and left us. Then the young one up and had the cholery yesterday, and we broke down in that thar slew just beyond Papes's, and we had to double up teams twicet that day. And now then this 'ere blamed fire wont burn, and we be agoin' to Californy. We be," he added, with great sarcasm. "I never could build a fire; hit 's woman's work, hit is! Oh, look at yer, smolderin' and smudgin' thar!" he continued, addressing the sulky fire. With a sudden burst of rage, he kicked the smoking embers to the right and left with his heavy boot, and said, "Blarst Californy!"

"Here, let me try," said Tom. "I 'm right smart at fire-bildin';" and the boy gathered the half-charred embers together, and deftly fanned a flame from them by wafting his hat before the coals, into which he poked some dry stems and grass. The fire recovered itself cheerily, and the man looked down on Tom's stooping figure with a sort of unwilling admiration. Arthur did not like the looks of a husband who seemed so indifferent to his wife and baby.

"Here, give me the baby," said he; "I 'll tend it while you get your supper. And, Mister, you had better look after your cattle. I see they 've got all snarled up with that ox-chain."

"Drat the cattle!" said the man; and he went off to swear at the poor beasts which had managed to turn their yokes and worry themselves generally into a tangle, while waiting for their master to take care of them for the night.

"Don't mind him," sighed the woman, relinquishing the sick baby to his volunteer nurse. "Don't mind him. He 's got a right smart of a temper, and he do get contrairywise when things goes contrairywise, and the good Lord knows they have gone contrairywise ever since we left the States. Now trot the young one easy-like, if he hollers, and I 'll just rattle up some supper for my ole man."

Arty held the baby as tenderly as he could, softly moving up and down on his knee the unpleasant-looking feather pillow on which it was laid. A tall young girl came around from behind the wagon; looked at the emigrant's wife, who was kneading biscuit, kneeling on the ground; looked at Arthur, who was crooning a little song to the sick baby; and then she remarked: "Goodness, gracious me!"

"Nance!" said Arthur, looking up.

"Yes, it 's Nance," retorted the tall young girl, with some asperity. "Leastways, I 'm called sich by folks that have n't got no more manners than they have room for."

"Beg pardon, Miss Nancy. But you surprised me so, you know."

"I suppose you don't allow I 'm surprised. Oh, no, not the leastest bit. You a-tending baby out here on the perarie! Howsomever, I like it, I like it! I declare to gracious, I do!" she added in a milder tone. "It 's just what boys are fit for. Hope you 've learned to make bread by this time. Scalded their flour, the ornery critters! Oh, my!" and, overcome by the recollection of that first great experiment of the boys when in Iowa, the tall young girl sat down on the wagon-tongue and doubled herself up again.

"Never mind," she said, disengaging herself from her laugh. "If you 'll come over to our camp, I 'll give you some yeast—real hop-yeast; brought it all the way from Ioway myself. It 's good enough to bust the cover of your camp-kettle off."

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"Your camp! Are you going to California?" asked Arthur, with surprise.

"Goin' to Californy! Of course we be. What else do you suppose we'd be campin' out here on the Platte, miles and miles away from home, for?"

"But how did you pass us?"

"Could n't say. Dad, he allowed he would n't stop at the Bluffs more 'n one day. Oh, he's got the gold fever just awful!"

"Was he thinking of going to California when we passed your place in Iowa?"

"Could n't say. He seen the folks piling by on the emigrant road, bound to the gold mines. He used to set on the fence and swap lies with 'ém by the hour, and ma just hollerin' at him from the back-door all the while. Oh, my! was n't she mad, though!"

"Did n't she want to come?"

"Not at first; but she got to talking with some of the women-folks on the road, and then she and dad talked gold night and day. They jest got wild. So one day, dad, he let the place, picked up his traps, bundled us into the wagon, and here we be."

"How do you find it, as far as you've got?" asked Tom, who by this time had become very much interested in Nance's story.

"Pretty tolerable-like. How's yerself?"

"Oh, it's pretty good fun, all but washing dishes," replied Tom, bashfully.

"Washin' dishes!" retorted the girl, with great scorn. "And you call yer handful of tin plates and things washin' dishes. Don't I wish you had to do up the dishes I had at home in Ioway! Oh, it's real persimmons, this,—just nothing to do. Barefooted, you see," and Nance put out a brown foot, to show that she had left her shoes with civilization.

"Where's your other fellers?" she asked,—"specially that one that scalded his flour?"

Arthur explained that they were about the camps, having tarried where Bush was playing his violin for a "stag dance," as it was called, down by the cotton-woods.

"Well, you come over to our camp to-morrow, early, and I'll give you some real hop-yeast. It's worth a hull raft of bakin' powder and self-risers. We're off at sun-up. So long!" And Nance was gone.

"Right smart chance of a gal, that," commented the emigrant, whose anger had cooled, and who was sitting on an ox-yoke contentedly smoking his pipe.

"So Miss Sunbonnet is going to California, is she?" said Barnard, when the boys related their interview with that young woman.

"Yes," replied Arthur, remembering Nance's brown foot; "she's going a-digging up the gold on the Sacramen—toe!"

*(To be continued.)*

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# JOURNEYING THROUGH THE DAY.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

COME, children, come! we must hasten on,
For still it's a long, long way;
A happy long way, ere our journey be done—
We are journeying through the day.

Think! here is another day begun,
So close on the one that's gone;
And to-morrow will be another one,
As soon as the east can dawn.

The day! what a wonderful thing it is—
So full of love and delight,
From the time of the mother's morning-kiss
Till the kiss that comes with "Good-night!"

And it leads from the east, and goes to the west,
And follow it we will;
Though, whether we work, or whether we rest,
We stay in the same place still.

For here it begins, and here it ends,
All on the sun's highway;
We need not part from home and friends,
To journey through the day.

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# HOW PLANTS COME FROM SEEDS.

By Annie J. Mackintosh.

## Part II.

You remember that in our last paper we noticed some of the differences between plants having their origin in two-lobed seeds and those growing from undivided seeds. But there are other differences just as great, and as strongly marked. If you examine a twig from any ordinary tree, you will find that the outside covering may be easily removed, and seems to be quite distinct from the wood. I need not tell you that this covering is called bark; and you know, too, that the trees that grow in your neighborhood are all provided with this outer coat.

But examine a piece of straw. You would not think for a moment of calling its covering bark; it is much more like a very thin skin or coating of varnish.

Now, if there are leaves on the various stems which we are examining, you will find that those which are parallel-veined all belong to the stems which have no bark, while the net-veined leaves are attached to the bark-covered branches.

Thus we have another difference between the two great divisions of plants. Let us see if we cannot discover still another. Take a portion of your corn-stalk and split it lengthwise; you find that it is stringy or fibrous. Examine a piece of wood in the same way, and you will see that it is solid. Now take a cross-slice from the corn, and another from one of the branches, and let us compare them. In the corn you find nothing but the skin-covering, and the ends of the fibers, like little specks, scattered through a spongy substance called cellular tissue (see Fig. 2, next page); while in the other slice (Fig. 1) you see first the bark, then one or more layers of solid wood; and in the middle you find the heart-wood or pith, so that the slice presents the appearance of a number of rings arranged around the center. By counting these rings in trees which have been cut down, you may judge of the number of years which have elapsed since they first showed themselves above ground, for the tree adds a new ring or layer to its growth every year. Such plants are called "exogenous," or



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outward-growing plants, because the new layer is formed just within the bark, and outside those of previous years. The fibrous plants grow by additions to their inward surface, thus pushing the

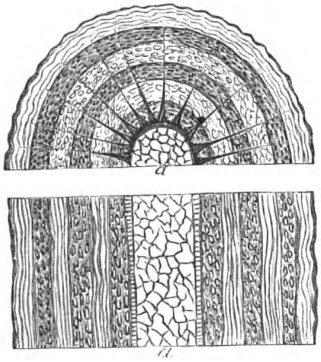

FIG. 1.—MAGNIFIED SECTIONS, TRANSVERSE AND LONGITUDINAL, OF OUTWARD-GROWING PLANT.

older parts outside. This class is entitled "endogenous," which means inward-growing.

Did you ever think that the plants not only grow but live? A very different life from ours, to be sure, yet resembling it in some points, and in none more than in the necessity for food. This food consists of earthy matter, gases and moisture, and these three combined constitute sap. The organs employed in providing food are the roots and leaves. The former take in earthy matter and moisture from the earth, while the latter obtain moisture and gases from the atmosphere. You may see this earthy matter, which is the solid part of the plant, very easily, if you live where wood is used as fuel. In the burning, the heat drives into the air both gas and moisture, leaving behind only the earthy matter, which we call ashes.

The stem of the plant is composed of minute cells or cavities, too small to be seen by the naked eye. These cells may be compared to little boxes, and you must try to imagine them piled one above the other, the bottom of one cell forming the top of the one just below. If you will remember that these separations are thinner than the sides of the cells, you will understand how the moisture, taken up by the rootlets, is forced from the cells below to those above, traveling thus until it reaches the leaves.

These too, as I have already said, assist in providing for the support of the plant. If you examine a common leaf under the microscope, you will find that the whole surface, more especially that of the under part, is covered with small holes, or breathing pores, which are said to open or close, as the conditions of the atmosphere prove favorable or otherwise, to the collection of food-material.

When the moisture and earthy matter, taken up by the roots, have reached the leaves, they are mixed with the air and moisture which the leaves are constantly drawing in; thus mixed it forms sap, and passing back again through the plant, nourishes and builds up the parts which require it. If the supply be greater than the demand, that which is unused is carried down to the roots, where it mixes with the new material and passes again to the leaves. Thus a constant circulation is kept up during the summer months; but as fall approaches, the movement becomes slower and slower, until, when winter has really come, the plant sleeps, like the dormouse and hedgehog, until gentle showers and warm sunshine whisper that it is time to wake; then the sap begins again to flow, the buds expand and burst, and we know that spring has really come.

Now we shall have something to say of flowers. Collect specimens of as many different varieties as possible, but among them try to have a lily of some sort, as it is much easier to examine the parts in a large flower. In addition to these, we shall require a knife, a strong pin, and the magnifying glass.

Take a lily, then. What gives it its beauty? The leaves, of course. Well, these leaves taken together, just as they are on the flower, are called the corolla, which means crown; if we speak of a single leaf, it is called a petal. With your knife remove the corolla, being careful not to injure the heart inside. Having cut away the crown, you find inside a circle of stems (Fig. 3, *a*, *a*), surmounted

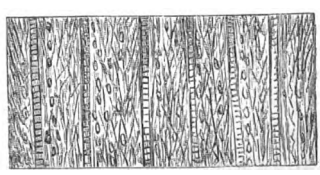

FIG. 2.—MAGNIFIED SECTIONS, TRANSVERSE AND LONGITUDINAL, OF INWARD-GROWING PLANT.

by oblong tips which are covered with yellow powder or dust. These stems are called stamens, and consist of two parts; the filament, which is the stalk, and the anther, the part which holds the dust. Remove some of the latter and place it

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under the glass, when you will find that it is composed of rounded grains; this dust is called pollen. Now take a tip and examine it carefully through

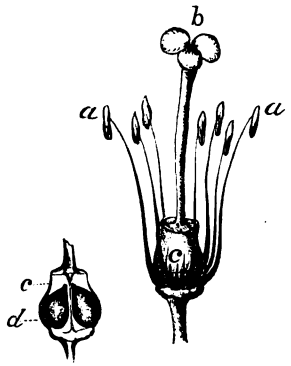


FIG. 3.—STAMENS, PISTILS, AND SEED-VESSEL.

the glass, turning it round with the pin; you see now that it is not a knob, but a little bag of skin, which seems to have been burst. This bag, or sac, is called the anther, and its duty is to hold the pollen until perfectly ripe, when it bursts, covering itself with the dust.

You have now remaining a greenish stem, at the end of which is a berry-like enlargement; this stem is called the pistil (Fig. 3, *b*), and the enlarged portion is the ovary (Fig. 3. *c*), which holds the seeds. If you will, without separating them, cut the pistil and ovary lengthwise, and put them under the glass, you will be able to see plainly the seeds neatly packed in the ovary (Fig. 3, *d*); you will also observe that the pistil is a hollow tube leading down to the ovary.

We have now learned the names of the parts in the flower which we have been examining, but the lily is not a complete flower; it lacks one part which you may find in some others of your specimens, as the rose, pink, morning-glory, &c. We refer to the green leaves outside of the corolla. This circle is called the calyx (Fig. 4, *a*), which means "flower-cup;" though ordinarily green, it is sometimes bright-colored, as in the case of the fuchsia.

We will make a list of the parts, so that you may memorize them more easily:

1. Calyx. (Fig. 4, *a*.)
2. Corolla. (Fig. 4, *b*.)
3. Stamens; filament, anthers, pollen. (Fig. 3, *a*, *a*.)
4. Pistil; ovary, seeds. (Fig. 3, *b*, *c*, *d*.)

A complete flower will present all of these several parts, but many are lacking in one or more of them. Some, as the lily, have no calyx, others have no corolla—mignonette for instance; in some species the stamens are found in one flower and the pistil in another, as in Indian corn. Others, still, have all the stamen-bearing flowers on one plant, while another of the same species produces flowers containing pistils only; of this class the red maple is given by Prof. Gray as an illustration. There are also flowers which produce neither stamens nor pistils, of which the snow-ball will be a familiar example.

You already know that the seeds (Fig. 3, *d*), from the beginning of the flower, are packed away in the ovary (Fig. 3, *c*), but these seeds will be perfectly useless unless a portion of the pollen is allowed to come in contact with them; by useless we mean, that if planted they would never grow. But how is this accomplished? Touch the pistil, it is sticky; now, the pollen being very light, is dislodged by every passing breeze, and some of it is sure to fall upon the pistil, when it sends down through the tube a root-like thread, which, touching the seeds, makes them fertile, in some way which we do not understand. From this you will learn that the portions necessary to make the seeds productive are the stamens and pistils. In flowers which contain both you will observe that, if they are upright upon their stems, the pistil is apt to be shorter than the stamens, while if they droop, the reverse is the case; this is to enable the pollen more readily to reach the pistil. In cases where the stamens and pistils are separated, Dame Nature sometimes employs the wind and sometimes the insects which crawl over the flowers as her messengers; the pollen sticks to their legs and bodies, and they carry it very nicely for a short distance. But for long journeys the wind is much better, and cases have been mentioned of pollen traveling in this way for hundreds of miles.

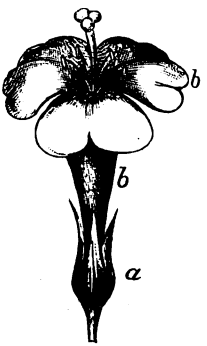


FIG. 4.—PARTS OF A FLOWER.

After the pollen has reached the seeds, time only is required to enable them to ripen, so that we have now completed the circle: from the seed back to it again. But do not imagine that you know *all* about the subject. If, however, you have learned enough to prompt you to notice and experiment for yourselves, your time will not have been wasted.

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# WHAT THEY DID NOT DO ON THE BIRTHDAY OF JACOB ABBOTT B., FAMILIARLY CALLED SNIBBUGGLEDYBOOZLEDOM.

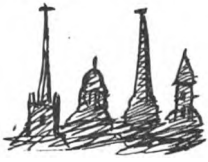
*(With illustrations by J. B.)*

BY M. S. B.

I WONDER if anybody in this city remembered that last Wednesday was Snibbuggledyboozledom's birthday. I guess nobody thought a word about it until the next day, which was a great pity, for everybody ought to have remembered it and turned out, and shouted and fired guns, and made speeches and processions; and I would write and tell you all about what they did. But as they did n't celebrate the day at all, I can only write what they *did n't* do.

THE BELL IN THE FIRE-TOWER.

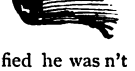
In the first place then, we were not waked up before light by a crowd of three or four hundred boys shouting and firing guns and fire-crackers and parlor-match pistols, and yelling, "Hurrah for Abbott, seven years old!" "Three cheers for Jakey, seven years old!" Then at sunrise the big bell in the fire-tower did not strike seven times: "Boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong!" and all the other bells in the steeples did n't strike in with a tremendous uproar: "Ding-dong-ding! ding-dong-ding! ding-dong-ding!" just as loud as they ever could n't sound. What a clatter they did n't make!



THE OTHER STEEPLES.

And all the flags in the city were not flying all day from sunrise till dark. And the boys all over the city did n't keep at work every minute of the day popping off fire-crackers and torpedoes, and little toy cannon that would shoot off a shot about as big as this: and used a nail for a ramrod. Sometimes they would n't light the crackers and throw them up in the air, to see them go off before they came down again; and sometimes they would n't hold them out in little iron pistols, to look like shooting; and sometimes they would n't bury them in the ground, and then touch them off, so as to throw the dirt up all around like a mine; and sometimes they would n't put a fire-cracker on a little chip (for a boat) and sail it off on the water, and light the cracker to see it blow up the boat. I tell you they did n't have a *splendid* time, and every boy's father did n't give him ten cents, all for his own, to buy peanuts or candy, or anything else he wanted.

And then in the afternoon there was n't a grand procession three miles long, with lots of soldiers in bright-colored uniforms, and brass bands, each one with a drum-major with a tall bearskin cap and a gold-headed staff, and Masons with queer little white aprons, and firemen with their engines and hose-carts and ladder-trucks, and the mayor and common council, and three trained monkeys on as many little ponies, and an elephant and two camels, and a clumsy rhinoceros with his horn on his nose (a very ugly nose too), and thirteen ministers in carriages. And they did n't go through all the streets and up to the park, and then the mayor did n't make a grand speech two hours long, telling how gratified he was n't to assist in the celebration of such a day, and what an honor he did n't consider it to the city to be the residence of two such great folks as himself and Snibbuggledyboozledom.



And then they did n't have a grand display of fire-works—great rockets that went s-s-s-izz away up in the air and then sent down lots of red and purple and green stars, and wheels that spun around and around with a whiz-z-z and threw off all manner of beautiful sparks, and Roman candles that burned with sparks and threw up with a "pop" brilliant white and colored balls. And at the end they did n't send up an enormous fire-balloon, thirty-five feet across, with red and white and blue stripes up and down it, and "Snibbuggledyboozledom, 1875," in large gold letters reaching all around it. And it did n't sail, sail, sail away, shining at first like a great big moon, and sailing, sailing, sailing further off till it looked no bigger than a star, and then sailing, sailing, sailing away till we could n't see it at all. And I don't believe it ever came down at all, anywhere. Because, you see,

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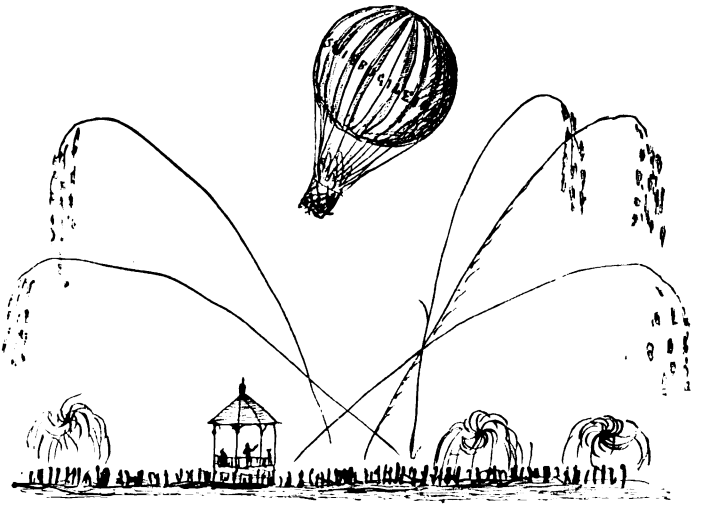

THE CROWD, THE FIRE-WORKS, THE MAYOR SPEAKING, THE ROCKETS, AND THE BALLOON.

if it did n't ever go up, it could n't ever come down!

And that was the end of the things that did n't happen on the boy's birthday. Only the next day the papers did n't have lots of news about it—how one man did n't have his hat knocked off by a rocket that went along straight instead of going up in the air, and fifteen boys and three girls did n't get their fingers and faces burned with the fire-crackers and things, and ten horses were not frightened and did n't run away, smashing nine wagons and barking fifteen trees, and five houses were not set on fire by sparks and crackers, and the usual number of such mishaps did not take place. And there were not about fifteen thousand pints of peanuts sold, and five thousand glasses of soda water, and a corresponding amount of other good things.

And then (this part did really happen) everybody went to bed and went to sleep, just as if it had been any common day.

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# CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

By J. H. Woodbury.

We were frozen in, within a bight of the coast in Camden Bay; to the northward of all our northern possessions; within the Arctic Circle, where there is one long winter night for months, unbroken by a rising sun.

We had lingered too long on that northern shore, where we had been cruising through the short summer season for whale-oil to feed the lamps at home.

Home! Home! The full meaning of the word came to us, as we sat round our own dim-burning lamps down in our well-protected quarters in the steerage and talked of the loved ones whom we had left there. Should we ever return to them? Yes; every one believed it, and we were still cheerful.

The sun had been long gone, and it was Christmas-time; and because it was Christmas-time we thought the more of those we had left at home. Santa Claus, too, and the stockings he used to fill when we were there, came to our minds; and the sleigh-rides, the skating, coasting—and the dear girls who used to be such a help to us in enjoying it all—we remembered *them* you may well believe!—and we talked of them as well. Every man—of course,

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we were all men, though some were a little under age—told about his own particular girl; and if you could have heard us, you would have thought each one had an angel at home, sure! You can't imagine how lovely the girls become, so far away! Just go beyond the Arctic Circle and get frozen in, and you 'll know all about it.

The girls—the *dear* girls!—we could only talk about them; but that was some comfort. We were all resolved to carry home something nice for them, at least, and to that end we had been "scrimshawing" whalebone ever since the sun had set.

I don't think you will find *scrimshawing* in the dictionary, for the word is n't used much on shore. It means, cutting, etching, scratching, carving—making all sorts of pretty things out of whalebone. We had made jagging-knives, and things to keep the girls straight, and things which we had no names for, and were still working away on our whalebone "fixins" when Christmas came.

I will tell you how *we* were "fixed." The ship lay not far from the shore, within a bight of the coast, as I have said, so that there was a semicircle of snow-covered hills in full view from our decks; the nearest being hardly more than a mile distant. Although we had no sun, the moon was with us, round and full, at Christmas-time, and the snow-covered hills glistened in its light. We often walked as far as the hills, and sometimes over them, to give our limbs the exercise they needed; but as yet had never found anything very attractive in that direction.

We suffered less from the cold than you might suppose. The ship was well provided with all sorts of warm clothing, and the captain gave us all the extra garments we needed, at the ship's expense. The quarters of the foremast hands had been changed from the forecastle to the steerage—the space in which had been sufficiently enlarged to accommodate them as well as the boat-steerers—and all, but the officers in the cabin, now lived there together. The cabin was separated from the steerage only by a bulkhead.

The cabin contained a stove, in which a fire was kept always going, giving that apartment a moderate degree of warmth. The galley range had been lowered into the steerage, where it stood a little to one side of the hatchway, and having plenty of fuel, consisting in part of whale-scraps, a fire was kept constantly going in that also. Besides, the walls of our apartment were lined all around with sails—of which we had a large supply, besides those we had unbent from the yards after the ice had fastened upon us—and all around, outside, the ship had been banked with snow, almost as high as the rail. Indeed, we did not suffer much with cold; but the moisture accumulated in our close quarters to such an extent as to cause some discomfort from that source.

The few light duties we had to perform occupied but a small portion of our time, and we were allowed to pass the remainder of it pretty much in our own way. It was almost worth while to be frozen in, for one reason at least: we were not obliged to turn out every four hours to stand a watch on deck. Still we had regular hours for sleep, and were called out at an appointed time. We still felt that we were under our captain's control, though his authority was much relaxed.

After all, it was not such a very bad thing to be frozen in, except for its keeping us so much longer from home, and from all the world besides ourselves. On the whole, the time passed rather pleasantly. Having plenty of whalebone, both white and black, and tools to work it with—and withal a turning-lathe—we passed more time in making fancy articles for home than in any other way.

But as Christmas drew near there was some talk about a visit from Santa Claus. From certain indications he might reasonably be expected, and it was even proposed that we should all hang up our stockings. Several of our number were making caps, mittens, mufflers, and such things, with which they were taking unusual pains; more than they would be likely to if they were going to wear the articles themselves; and this was what suggested to us that Santa Claus might possibly come.

Uncle Jim, our oldest man, was inclined to laugh at the idea, however. He was of the opinion that Santa Claus would n't come away up there just to please a few half-frozen whalemen; but if he *should* come, he would want something bigger than stockings to put his nick-nacks in. He advised hanging up our *trousers*, with the bottoms of the legs tied together with rope-yarns.

"Most likely," said he, "if he brings anything, it will be pickles, and old cheese and whisky,"—Uncle Jim was a dry old chap—"or something of that sort."

Having no sun, we could only tell by the moon, and the captain's chronometer, when Christmas came, but we were ready to usher it in. Everybody was so wide awake that Santa Claus could not possibly have got into the steerage without being seen; and for that reason, as we supposed, he did not come. But we were as merry, perhaps, as though he had been there. We rang the forecastle bell for an hour, and ran up the stars and stripes at the mizzen peak, and should have fired a salute with the two old guns on the quarter-deck, had they not been so filled with frost that there was danger of bursting them. While we were making all the noise we could, the cook, with another man and a boy to help him, began to get our

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Christmas dinner; to which we looked forward with great expectations.

We had running and leaping matches and other games in the open air, till we were tired of them, and then we went down again into the steerage, and, while the dinner was cooking, we had songs, speeches, and theatricals. Booth was n't there, but we had Jack Short, probably the best star actor at that time within the Arctic Circle. Short made an awful Richard. Taking the first man he could lay hands on for a horse, he made the rest of us fly to our bunks for safety; and then we could n't help laughing to see the black cook's eyes stick out as he stood behind his coppers stabbing at Short with his longest beef-fork to keep him off.

In the midst of our fun, a strange voice hailed from on deck, and we all tumbled up to see who was there and what was the matter.

Behold! there stood Santa Claus himself! It could be no other; it was just like the pictures we had all seen of him, and every one recognized him at once. He spoke to Short, whom he seemed to recognize as our leading man, in a voice that was thick with frost.

"I 'm a little late," said he; "but I was sure of getting here before sunrise, anyhow, so I thought I 'd attend to all the others first. Mighty hard driving up this way. Broke a trace, crossing Winnipeg, and had to stop to mend it. Upset all my traps, too, coming down the Saddle-Back Mountains. But I 'm here at last, all right, and if you 've got any oats I 'd like to give my team a feed before I begin to unload."

"Have n't got an oat," says Short; "but where 's your team? Trot it up."

The heads of the team were visible, and the next moment four curious-looking animals came up the inclined snow-plane to the open gangway, drawing a sledge (which looked very much like the one we had built to use about the ship), and leaped upon deck. The sledge was loaded with packages and bundles, all labeled, but the *team* was what at first most interested us.

Those animals were not reindeer, nor dogs—unless they were a new species that we had not yet heard of. They had only two legs, and they wore boots. But their bodies and heads were covered with fur, and something that looked like raveled-out stocking yarn. Their heads looked somewhat like dogs' heads; but as none of them had their tongues out, we suspected they were not dogs at all. In some respects, especially in height, they resembled our four boat-steerers; and when we remembered that we had not seen the boat-steerers below for an hour or more, we thought it just possible that they might have been transformed into these strange animals.

The captain, and the others who lived in the cabin—all but the mate—came up to look at Santa Claus and his team. As for the sledge, we all felt sure we had seen it before; but we were not going to accuse Santa Claus of deception, or with stealing, to begin with. Evidently he had brought us presents, and we ought to be satisfied.

"No oats!" exclaimed he as if astonished, when his team stood stamping and shaking themselves on deck. "What have you been living on all winter?"

"Nothing to brag of, as yet," said Short. "We 've been eating odds and ends, mostly. The doctor 's got some good beef in his coppers to-day, though, and if your hounds are hungry enough to eat that, they can have some."

"Hungry! Have n't stopped to eat nor drink, till now, since we left Kamtchatka, almost twenty-four hours ago! Been clear round, you know. Guess they 'll pick your beef-bones if you give 'em a chance! And that reminds me, I 've got a few fixin's here that wont go bad with your Christmas dinner, and I guess I may as well give 'em to ye right away." And at once Santa Claus began to unpack.

The packages he drew out first were labeled, in very bold letters, "For General Distribution." There was a keg of molasses, two whole hams, frozen pickles, condensed milk, a package of cheese (very old cheese, that had been packed in brandy, or something else that was strong enough to keep it), pilot bread (a better quality of bread than we got every day), a quantity of preserved bananas, somewhat resembling figs, a box of mustard, vinegar, pickled potatoes, and a bag of dried apples.

All these Santa Claus unloaded, while we crowded around him, and then came articles of clothing, each bearing in large letters the name of one of the crew. A pair of boots for one, a flannel shirt for another, a Guernsey frock for a third, and so on. Every man of us got something to cheer his heart and show that he was not forgotten. Old Santa seemed to know us all, and handed to each his particular package, accompanying it with some appropriate remark.

We could not but admire the old fellow while he was doing this, but when it appeared that he had brought us *letters from home*, our enthusiasm almost upset him. From out a deep pocket he drew letter after letter, and, slowly reading the superscription, handed it to the one to whom it belonged. To every one, even the cook, he brought a letter.

But it was too cold to read the letters on deck, and we at once transferred all our presents to the steerage. Then we invited old Santa and his team to go down with us and hear the news and get some dinner. But the dinner would not be ready for

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an hour, and the old fellow thought he could n't wait. He had only an empty sledge now, he said, and his spaniels would take him home in a jiffy. Most likely his wife would have dinner waiting. So he cracked his long whip, and away they went, round the stern of the ship; and we all rushed below.

Then such a time as we had—I can hardly tell! Of course, we read our letters first; but, after all, it was evident they had not been written by those from whom we most wished to hear. Yet there was news in them, such as it was. For instance, Sam Miller learned that Eliza, the girl he used to talk about, had got three new beaux since he left home, and was in an "awful pucker" because she did n't know which she liked best.

Another of the girls whom we had heard about was married, and had moved to Kansas; and another had started alone and on foot for the North Pole to look for her sailor-man, and had not been heard from since. But this was not half:

Grandmother Goose was dead. The Dutch had taken Holland again. Uncle Seth had shingled his barn. They were talking of putting a new lightning-rod on the meeting-house. Ann Eliza had sprained her ankle running after grasshoppers. Sarah Jane had lost her waterfall, and all the other girls were going to give up waterfalls because she could n't find it again. Such as these were the items of news we got; and though, after all, there was not a word that could be depended upon about the dear ones at home, the letters helped to make our Christmas merry. By the time they were read, our dinner was ready; and I venture to say that never was there a more generous Christmas dinner served up so near the North Pole, or a jollier crew there to partake of it.

SANTA CLAUS APPEARS ON DECK.

I will add, that we got out of the ice at last, and after a little more whaling returned to the Sandwich Islands with a full ship. Our next Christmas was passed at Bahia, only a few degrees south of the Equator, in Brazil, beneath a blazing sun, in the midst of tropic scenery, and surrounded with nearly every kind of tropical production.

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# MARJORIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Marjorie sat on the door-step shelling peas, quite unconscious what a pretty picture she made with the roses peeping at her through the lattice-work of the porch, the wind playing hide-and-seek in her curly hair, while the sunshine with its silent magic changed her faded gingham to a golden gown, and shimmered on the bright tin pan as if it were a silver shield. Old Rover lay at her feet, the white kitten purred on her shoulder, and friendly robins hopped about her in the grass, chirping "A happy birthday, Marjorie!"

But the little maid neither saw nor heard, for her eyes were fixed on the green pods, and her thoughts were far away. She was recalling the fairy-tale granny told her last night, and wishing with all her heart that such things happened nowadays. For in this story, as a poor girl like herself sat spinning before the door, a Brownie came by, and gave the child a good-luck penny; then a fairy passed, and left a talisman which would keep her always happy; and last of all, the prince rolled up in his chariot, and took her away to reign with him over a lovely kingdom, as a reward for her many kindnesses to others.

When Marjorie imagined this part of the story, it was impossible to help giving one little sigh, and for a minute she forgot her work, so busy was she thinking what beautiful presents she would give to all the poor children in her realm when *they* had birthdays. Five impatient young peas took this opportunity to escape from the half-open pod in her hand and skip down the steps, to be immediately gobbled up by an audacious robin, who gave thanks in such a shrill chirp that Marjorie woke up, laughed, and fell to work again. She was just finishing, when a voice called out from the lane:

"Hi, there! come here a minute, child!" and looking up, she saw a little old man in a queer little carriage drawn by a fat little pony.

Running down to the gate, Marjorie dropped a curtsey, saying pleasantly:

"What did you wish, sir?"

"Just undo that check-rein for me. I am lame, and Jack wants to drink at your brook," answered the old man, nodding at her till his spectacles danced on his nose.

Marjorie was rather afraid of the fat pony, who tossed his head, whisked his tail, and stamped his feet as if he was of a peppery temper. But she liked to be useful, and just then felt as if there were few things she could *not* do if she tried, because it was her birthday. So she proudly let down the rein, and when Jack went splashing into the brook, she stood on the bridge waiting to check him up again after he had drank his fill of the clear, cool water.

The old gentleman sat in his place looking up at the little girl, who was smiling to herself as she watched the blue dragon-flies dance among the ferns, a blackbird tilt on the alder-boughs, and listened to the babble of the brook.

"How old are you, child?" asked the old man, as if he rather envied the rosy creature her youth and health.

"Twelve to-day, sir;" and Marjorie stood up straight and tall, as if mindful of her years.

"Had any presents?" asked the old man, peering up with an odd smile.

"One, sir—here it is;" and she pulled out of her pocket a tin savings bank in the shape of a desirable family mansion painted red, with a green door and black chimney. Proudly displaying it on the rude railing of the bridge, she added, with a happy face:

"Granny gave it to me, and all the money in it is going to be mine."

"How much have you got?" asked the old gentleman, who appeared to like to sit there in the middle of the brook, while Jack bathed his feet and leisurely gurgled and sneezed.

"Not a penny yet, but I'm going to earn some," answered Marjorie, patting the little bank with an air of resolution pretty to see.

"How will you do it?" continued the inquisitive old man.

"Oh, I'm going to pick berries and dig dandelions, and weed, and drive cows, and do chores. It is vacation, and I can work all the time, and earn ever so much."

"But vacation is play-time—how about that?"

"Why, that sort of work *is* play, and I get bits of fun all along. I always have a good swing when I go for the cows, and pick flowers with the dandelions. Weeding is n't so nice, but berrying is very pleasant, and we have good times all together."

"What shall you do with your money when you get it?"

"Oh, lots of things! Buy books and clothes for school, and if I get a great deal, give some to granny. I'd love to do that, for she takes care of me, and I'd be so proud to help her!"

"Good little lass!" said the old gentleman, as

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he put his hand in his pocket. "Would you now?" he added, apparently addressing himself to a large frog who sat upon a stone looking so wise and grandfatherly, that it really did seem quite proper to consult him. At all events, he gave his opinion in the most decided manner, for, with a loud croak, he turned an undignified somersault into the brook, splashing up the water at a great rate. "Well, perhaps it would n't be best on the whole. Industry is a good teacher, and money cannot buy happiness, as I know to my sorrow."

The old gentleman still seemed to be talking to the frog, and as he spoke he took his hand out of his pocket with less in it than he had at first intended.

"What a very queer person!" thought Marjorie, for she had not heard a word, and wondered what he was thinking about down there.

Jack walked out of the brook just then, and she ran to check him up; not an easy task for little hands, as he preferred to nibble the grass on the bank. But she did it cleverly, smoothed the ruffled mane, and, dropping another curtsey, stood aside to let the little carriage pass.

"Thank you, child—thank you. Here is something for your bank, and good luck to it."

As he spoke, the old man laid a bright gold dollar in her hand, patted the rosy cheek, and vanished in a cloud of dust, leaving Marjorie so astonished at the grandeur of the gift, that she stood looking at it as if it had been a fortune. It was to her, and visions of pink calico gowns, new grammars, and fresh hat-ribbons danced through her head in delightful confusion, as her eyes rested on the shining coin in her palm.

Then, with a solemn air, she invested her first money by popping it down the chimney of the scarlet mansion, and peeping in with one eye to see if it landed safely on the ground-floor. This done, she took a long breath, and looked over the railing, to be sure it was not all a dream. No, the wheel-marks were still there, the brown water was not yet clear, and if a witness was needed, there sat the big frog again, looking so like the old gentleman, with his bottle-green coat, speckled trousers, and twinkling eyes, that Marjorie burst out laughing, and clapped her hands, saying aloud:

"I 'll play he was the Brownie, and this is the good-luck penny he gave me. Oh, what fun!" and away she skipped, rattling the dear new bank like a castanet.

When she had told granny all about it, she got knife and basket, and went out to dig dandelions; for the desire to increase her fortune was so strong, she could not rest a minute. Up and down she went, so busily peering and digging, that she never lifted up her eyes till something like a great white bird skimmed by so low, she could not help seeing it. A pleasant laugh sounded behind her as she started up, and looking round, she nearly sat down again in sheer surprise, for there close by was a slender little lady, comfortably established under a big umbrella.

"If there *were* any fairies, I 'd be sure that was one," thought Marjorie, staring with all her might, for her mind was still full of the old story; and curious things do happen on birthdays, as every one knows.

It really did seem rather elfish to look up suddenly and see a lovely lady all in white, with shining hair and a wand in her hand, sitting under what looked very like a large yellow mushroom in the middle of a meadow, where, till now, nothing but cows and grasshoppers had been seen. Before Marjorie could decide the question, the pleasant laugh came again, and the stranger said, pointing to the white thing that was still fluttering over the grass like a little cloud:

"Would you kindly catch my hat for me, before it blows quite away?"

Down went basket and knife, and away ran Marjorie, entirely satisfied now that there was no magic about the new-comer; for if she had been an elf, could n't she have got her hat without any help from a mortal child? Presently, however, it did begin to seem as if that hat was bewitched, for it led the nimble-footed Marjorie such a chase that the cows stopped feeding to look on in placid wonder; the grasshoppers vainly tried to keep up, and every ox-eyed daisy did its best to catch the runaway, but failed entirely, for the wind liked a game of romps, and had it that day. As she ran, Marjorie heard the lady singing like the princess in the story of the Goose-Girl:

"Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdkin's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow,
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales and rocks,
Away be it whirled,
Till the silvery locks
Are all combed and curled."

This made her laugh so, that she tumbled into a clover-bed, and lay there a minute to get her breath. Just then, as if the playful wind repented of its frolic, the long veil fastened to the hat caught in a blackberry-vine near by, and held the truant fast till Marjorie secured it.

"Now come and see what I am doing," said the lady, when she had thanked the child.

Marjorie drew near confidingly, and looked down at the wide-spread book before her. She gave a start, and laughed out with surprise and delight; for there was a lovely picture of her own little home and her own little self on the door-step, all

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so delicate, and beautiful, and true, it seemed as if done by magic.

"Oh, how pretty! There is Rover, and Kitty, and the robins, and me! How could you ever do it, ma'am?" said Marjorie, with a wondering glance at the long paint-brush, which had wrought what seemed a miracle to her childish eyes.

"I 'll show you presently; but tell me, first, if it looks quite right and natural to you. Children sometimes spy out faults that no one else can see," answered the lady, evidently pleased with the artless praise her work received.

"It looks just like our house, only more beautiful. Perhaps that is because I know how shabby it really is. That moss looks lovely on the shingles, but the roof leaks. The porch is broken, only the roses hide the place; and my gown is all faded, though it once was as bright as you have made it. I wish the house and everything would stay pretty forever as they will in the picture."

While Marjorie spoke, the lady had been adding more color to the sketch, and when she looked up, something warmer and brighter than sunshine shone in her face, as she said, so cheerily, it was like a bird's song to hear her:

"It can't be summer always, dear, but we can make fair weather for ourselves if we try. The moss, the roses, and soft shadows show the little house and the little girl at their best, and that is what we all should do; for it is amazing how lovely common things become, if one only knows how to look at them."

"I wish *I* did," said Marjorie, half to herself, remembering how often she was discontented, and how hard it was to get on, sometimes.

"So do I," said the lady, in her happy voice. "Just believe that there is a sunny side to everything, and try to find it, and you will be surprised to see how bright the world will seem, and how cheerful you will be able to keep your little self."

"I guess granny has found that out, for she never frets. I do, but I 'm going to stop it, because I 'm twelve to-day, and that is too old for such things," said Marjorie, recollecting the good resolutions she had made that morning when she woke.

"I am twice twelve, and not entirely cured yet; but I try, and don't mean to wear blue spectacles if I can help it," answered the lady, laughing so blithely that Marjorie was sure she would not have to try much longer. "Birthdays were made for presents, and I should like to give you one. Would it please you to have this little picture?" she added, lifting it out of the book.

"Truly my own? Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Marjorie, coloring with pleasure, for she had never owned so beautiful a thing before.

"Then you shall have it, dear. Hang it where you can see it often, and when you look, remember that it is the sunny side of home, and help to keep it so."

Marjorie had nothing but a kiss to offer by way of thanks, as the lovely sketch was put into her hand; but the giver seemed quite satisfied, for it was a very grateful little kiss. Then the child took up her basket and went away, not dancing and singing now, but slowly and silently; for this gift made her thoughtful as well as glad. As she climbed the wall, she looked back to nod good-bye to the pretty lady; but the meadow was empty, and all she saw was the grass blowing in the wind.

"Now, deary, run out and play, for birthdays come but once a year, and we must make them as merry as we can," said granny, as she settled herself for her afternoon nap, when the Saturday cleaning was all done, and the little house as neat as wax.

So Marjorie put on a white apron in honor of the occasion, and, taking kitty in her arms, went out to enjoy herself. Three swings on the gate seemed to be a good way of beginning the festivities; but she only got two, for when the gate creaked back the second time, it stayed shut, and Marjorie hung over the pickets, arrested by the sound of music.

"It 's soldiers," she said, as the fife and drum drew nearer, and flags were seen waving over the barberry-bushes at the corner.

"No, it 's a picnic," she added in a moment; for she saw hats with wreaths about them bobbing up and down, as a gayly trimmed hay-cart full of children came rumbling down the lane.

"What a nice time they are going to have!" thought Marjorie, sadly contrasting that merry-making with the quiet party she was having all by herself.

Suddenly her face shone, and kitty was waved over her head like a banner, as she flew out of the gate, crying rapturously:

"It 's Billy! and I know he 's come for me!"

It certainly *was* Billy, proudly driving the old horse, and beaming at his little friend from the bower of flags and chestnut-boughs, where he sat in state, with a crown of daisies on his sailor-hat and a spray of blooming sweetbrier in his hand. Waving his rustic scepter, he led off the shout of "Happy birthday, Marjorie!" which was set up as the wagon stopped at the gate, and the green boughs suddenly blossomed with familiar faces, all smiling on the little damsel, who stood in the lane quite overpowered with delight.

"It 's a s'prise party!" cried one small lad, tumbling out behind.

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"We are going up the mountain to have fun!" added a chorus of voices, as a dozen hands beckoned wildly.

"We got it up on purpose for you, so tie your hat and come away," said a pretty girl, leaning down to kiss Marjorie, who had dropped kitty, and stood ready for any splendid enterprise.

A word to granny, and away went the happy child, sitting up beside Billy, under the flags that waved over a happier load than any royal chariot ever bore.

It would be vain to try and tell all the plays and pleasures of happy children on a Saturday afternoon, but we may briefly say that Marjorie found a mossy stone all ready for her throne, and Billy crowned her with a garland like his own. That a fine banquet was spread and eaten with a relish many a Lord Mayor's feast has lacked. Then how the whole court danced and played together afterward! The lords climbed trees and turned somersaults, the ladies gathered flowers and told secrets under the sweetfern-bushes, the queen lost her shoe jumping over the waterfall, and the king paddled into the pool below and rescued it. A happy little kingdom, full of summer sunshine, innocent delights and loyal hearts; for love ruled, and the only war that disturbed the peaceful land was waged by the mosquitoes as night came on.

Marjorie stood on her throne watching the sunset while her maids of honor packed up the remains of the banquet, and her knights prepared the chariot. All the sky was gold and purple, all the world bathed in a soft, red light, and the little girl was very happy as she looked down at the subjects who had served her so faithfully that day.

"Have you had a good time, Marjy?" asked King William, who stood below with his royal nose on a level with her majesty's two dusty little shoes.

"Oh, Billy, it has been just splendid! But I don't see why you should all be so kind to me," answered Marjorie, with such a look of innocent wonder, that Billy laughed to see it.

"Because you are so sweet and good, we can't help loving you—that's why," he said, as if this simple fact was reason enough.

"I'm going to be the best girl that ever was, and love everybody in the world," cried the child, stretching out her arms as if ready, in the fullness of her happy heart, to embrace all creation.

"Don't turn into an angel and fly away just yet, but come home, or granny will never lend you to us any more."

With that, Billy jumped her down, and away they ran, to ride gayly back through the twilight, singing like a flock of nightingales.

As she went to bed that night, Marjorie looked at the red bank, the pretty picture, and the daisy crown, saying to herself:

"It has been a *very* nice birthday, and I am something like the girl in the story, after all, for the old man gave me a good-luck penny, the kind lady told me how to keep happy, and Billy came for me like the prince. The girl didn't go back to the poor house again, but I'm glad *I* did, for *my* granny isn't a cross one, and my little home is the dearest in the world."

Then she tied her night-cap, said her prayers, and fell asleep; but the moon, looking in to kiss the blooming face upon the pillow, knew that three good spirits had come to help little Marjorie from that day forth, and their names were Industry, Cheerfulness, and Love.

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## TROUBLE AHEAD.

By A. D. W.

MERRY Christmas! girls and boys.
Santa Claus with team and toys
Now is starting on his way,
With his overladen sleigh,—
Never heeding cold or wetting,
Not a single town forgetting.
But a puzzled look he bears
As he moves among his wares;
And I doubt if ever yet
Was Santa Claus in such a pet.
Now he purses up his lips,
Snaps his rosy finger-tips;
All in vain he scans his store,
Names the children o'er and o'er,—
*Just one boy* deserves a switch,
And he has forgotten *which*.

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# CHRISTMAS IN THE FAR EAST.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

Christmas in the East!—in a land where it never snows, and where the houses do not even have chimneys, as fires are not needed to sit by, and the cooking is done in little shanties built apart from the dwellings. But then it is always warm enough to leave doors and windows wide open, and dear old Santa Claus may take his choice of entering by either of these instead of a chimney, thus escaping the chance of getting burned or begrimed with soot.

THE LITTLE PRINCE AND HIS PLAYMATE.

The Orientals themselves do not know much about Christmas, either as a holiday, or the blessed anniversary that commemorates the birth of our dear, loving Saviour, who was born as a babe in Bethlehem, and who died for us on Calvary. But we who went from pleasant homes and happy firesides in this fair land did not forget the good old fashion of "Christmas-keeping," nor fail to tell our little ones of the "trees" and "stockings," or the feasting and presents, and the "good times" generally that belong to this cheery season. We had in our beautiful Eastern home, embowered in its wonderful tropic flowers so fragrant and so fair, a blue-eyed boy, with fair, rosy cheeks, and soft, wavy hair like a cloud of golden sunlight; and there was another who came often to play with him—a little prince, of slight, graceful figure, with the rich, bronze complexion of that sunny clime, and beautiful dark eyes that flashed like diamonds. His glossy black hair was worn very curiously,—at the back cut close to the head, and in front, where it was almost a foot long, coiled in a smooth knot on the top of the forehead, and confined by a long, golden pin set with very costly diamonds. Around this knot of hair was always twined a wreath of jessamines or tuberoses that were held in place by

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jeweled pins. His simple costume consisted of only two flowing garments of silk or embroidered muslin, but the deficiency was more than made up by jewelry, of which he wore incredible quantities, in the varied forms of rings, chains, anklets and bracelets. There were half-a-dozen or more gold necklaces around his throat, and an equal number of chains across the left shoulder, passing under the right arm; a jeweled girdle of very great value was clasped about his waist; heavy gold bracelets, one above another, filled nearly the entire space between his wrist and elbow, and many more, just as massive and costly, were around the brown ankles, while every finger was literally loaded with rings.

But the most curious of all was a tiny talisman of quaint workmanship, suspended by a slender chain about the child's neck, and designed, so his mother told me, to keep off witches and evil spirits. The head nurse had placed this "charm" on the baby's neck at his birth, and, sleeping or waking, it was never removed. On his visits to my house, the little prince was always attended by thirty or forty servants, who crouched down about the halls and verandas, ready to wait on their little lord and see that he was kept out of harm's way. On first entering, the wee prince would step gravely forward and hold up his sweet face to me for the usual kiss, and then, seating himself on a low ottoman, would beckon one of his servants to come and remove his cumbrous ornaments, that he might the better enjoy a romp with my little son. So one costly decoration after another would be taken off, and as they were laid all together in one glittering pile there seemed almost enough to stock a small jewelry store. Thus relieved, the little prince would bound away with the joyous exclamation: "Now I can play ever so nice!" The two playfellows loved each other very dearly, and seemed never to weary of being together; yet they would look into each other's faces with questioning wonder, as if to ask why they were so different. The little prince would stroke fondly the soft, golden curls of his companion, and then run to a mirror and stand for minutes together, feeling and scrutinizing his own glossy locks of raven blackness; while my own fair boy would pat lovingly the bronze-tinted cheek of the handsome little prince, and then look at his own tiny, dimpled hand, white almost as a snow-flake, to see if the color had been transferred by touching. As different as possible they were in everything, yet both so very lovely and charming, one never knew which most to admire. One was round, chubby and dimpled, with cheeks like a fresh rose, and eyes blue; the other, pale, dark, slender and graceful—one all roguishness and fun; the other noting everything about him, and strangely wise and dignified for his years.

They were very near of an age, the little prince being the senior by only a few months; and when the Christmas after their fifth birthday came round, I determined to give them a celebration—such an one as they had never seen in all their five-year lives. That they might enjoy to the full the pleasant surprise, I kept my own counsel and told them nothing, except that the young prince was to come and spend the day with me, and bring his little sister. My boy knew there was to be company, as usual, on Christmas-day, and that was all. On Christmas Eve, Santa Claus arrived with mysterious-looking parcels—enough to set Master Harry half crazy with curiosity, and render it extremely difficult to get him off to bed at his usual early hour. When relieved of his presence, we set to work in good earnest and soon had all things arranged to our minds.

At six o'clock on Christmas morning, our merry prattler was aroused by a bombardment of Chinese fire-crackers against the nursery door; and, before he could be arrayed in his simple dress of white muslin, more than half of the twenty little guests who had been invited were already in the reception-room. A few moments more brought the remainder, the little prince and his sister among them; and then the folding-doors that led to papa's study were thrown open, and Santa Claus stood revealed to the astonished group! Yes, there stood "His Excellency" dressed in fantastic garb of green and gold Chinese "knee breeches," and huge, glittering buckles on his white-soled shoes; while over all, as if the thermometer had been standing at zero instead of 102°, was thrown a bright crimson cloak, and his cap was surmounted by a crest of what seemed to be real, genuine icicles. From the capacious pockets of his fantastic cloak, Santa Claus scattered bonbons and fire-works profusely around, standing guard meanwhile over the beautiful tree that adorned the center of the apartment and towered in majestic height almost to the ceiling.

Not one of the children had ever seen Santa Claus before, and they were lost in wonder as to where he could have sprung from, with his long, white beard and frosty hair, so strangely opposed to his merry voice and frolicsome pranks. There is no telling how long the disguise would have been kept up, but in romping with one of the little ones, the false mustache dropped off, and could not be replaced, and the merry peal of laughter that followed betrayed the imposture, as with a scream of delight little Harry exclaimed: "Papa! my own papa!"

So cloak and crown were thrown aside, and

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"papa" in his own person no longer guarded the tree, but invited all to approach and partake of its precious fruits. It was a gracefully formed orange-tree, alive and growing in a huge tub, every twig and branch loaded with the fragrant blossoms, and green and ripe fruit in the various stages. Among the branches were tiny Chinese lanterns of oiled silk, painted in fantastic pictures of angels and dragons, winged women and flying fish, and all the other impossible things that Chinese artists love to paint. The gifts and toys that decorated the tree were just as wonderful, but in quite a different way. There were toy sets of furniture of exquisitely carved ivory instead of wood; miniature steamboats and chariots that could be wound up like a clock, and made to run for half an hour; magic tumblers and jugglers acting like things of life; artificial basins of water with fish and ducks swimming in them, which by means of a magnetic needle could be made to gather around a pretty little maiden, whose call was expressed by raising her hands; miniature tea-sets of beautiful porcelain; curious ivory balls cut within balls, and various other things that I have not time here to describe, besides puzzles, games and bonbons in seemingly endless variety. On the topmost summit of the tree hung the American and Siamese flags with blended folds. The national banner of Siam is a white elephant on a crimson ground. The top of a light and graceful tree seemed a queer place for an elephant, but, I have no doubt, our youngsters thought the gay colors floating over the green leaves and golden fruit looked very handsome. Upon tiny twigs, that could support nothing more weighty, were hung small crystallized fruits, and among them floated a tiny, silken flag, on which were written these lines:

"Though mighty deeds by right,
From older folks are due,
Yet little ones should try
Some good, at least, to do.

The gentle child, though small,
May little favors show;
And loving words to all
From infant lips may flow."

The tree, with all it contained, was given up to the little ones to be disposed of just as they wished; and that they found in its fruits boundless stores of enjoyment no one would have doubted, after hearing their glad shouts of joy during all the hours of that happy Christmas-day. So busy and so merry were they over their treat that they could scarcely be persuaded to stop at nine o'clock long enough for breakfast; but when dinner came at four P. M. both curiosity and the spirit of frolic were somewhat abated, and they sat down to the feast, prepared to do full justice to the good things set before them. Twenty high chairs had been collected from the neighboring families for the use of the little guests, and they sat around that long table, as beautiful a group of laughing, rosy cherubs as ever were collected under a roof. The eldest of the company was less than six, and the youngest—dainty, flaxen-haired little Blanche—scarcely three. Right merrily they chatted and joked, and talked baby nonsense—sometimes in English, more frequently in Siamese or Malay—for three-year-old linguists who talk half-a-dozen languages are often found in the East. But never a discord was heard, a word of impatience, or an angry retort from all that happy group.

At six (which is twilight within the Tropics), we had a grand display of fire-works: rockets, squibs and fire-wheels, tokas and Roman candles; and then the merry party broke up, to return to their several homes. Among all my tiny guests not one was more delighted than the little prince, as wonderingly he inspected all the arrangements of this *first* Christmas in which he had ever, really, taken any part. Santa Claus and the tree were very prodigies of beauty and skill in the eyes of the little fellow, and over and over again, as his parents told me, were all the details of that cheery Christmas festival reënacted within the broad halls of the grand palace royal, of which this beautiful boy was the most cherished ornament. He decked out one of his attendants as Santa Claus, and a dozen little half-brothers and sisters, all near his own age, served as guests. Not an important item of the celebration he so much enjoyed was omitted; and it shows the wonderful aptitude of the royal child, that after witnessing only for a single time these varied details he should be able to reproduce them with such accuracy. Now, in his young manhood, it is still the same intelligent aptitude applied to the introduction from other countries of many of the inventions and improvements of the day, that has given to Siam such a wonderful impetus in progress, and to the two youthful sovereigns of that fair land, the first place among Oriental monarchs. For that little head now wears a crown; the tiny, dimpled fingers so busy in plucking the fruits of the Christmas-tree, to-day grasp a jeweled scepter, and the boy folded so lovingly in my arms on that happy Christmas-day, now occupies the glittering throne of the "Sacred and great kingdom of Siam," and receives the loving homage of its ten millions of inhabitants.

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# HOW WILLIE COASTED BY MOONLIGHT.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

"COME, Willie! I would n't be toasting
My shins at the fire all night,
When the snow is so splendid for coasting,
And the full moon is shining so bright.

"I would n't be such a young napper,
For anything under the sun.
Come! on with your fur cap and wrapper!
We are sure to have capital fun.

"Dobb's Hill is the place. You must hurry!
The boys all are out in the snow!
And tell your mamma not to worry;
We 'll be back by ten—as you know."

So Willie got up and bestirred him;
But David had gone ere he woke.
Said Willie: "I certainly heard him—
Yes, surely 't was David that spoke."

Then off Willie started to find him,
With his cap, and his mittens, and sled.
"Stop, David!" he shouted behind him;
But David heard nothing he said.

"He 's gone to Dobb's Hill, where the coasting
Is best—for the hill 's very high;
And David has always been boasting
He could run his sled farther than I!"

Then up to Dobb's Hill Willie floundered,
But lo! not a boy to be seen;
And he stood in the snow there, and pondered,
And wondered what David could mean.

'T was almost as clear as the noon-light—
The trees towered tall overhead;
He stood in the silence and moonlight,
And mournfully looked at his sled.

"I 'd better go back, then," said Willie;
"There 's little fun coasting alone.
But then, it seems stupid and silly
Not having some fun of my own."

Now while he took time for deciding,
And this way and that turned his head,
He saw a small figure come riding
Straight *up* the hill-side, on a sled.

"Ho, David!" cried Will, "you 've been hiding;
But this is as strange as a dream,—
For how in the world are you riding
*Up hill* without horses or steam?"

But never an answer got Willie—
The figure sat still as a gnome;
He began to feel solemn and chilly,
And wished he had never left home.

But slowly and slowly the figure
Moved up o'er the snow and the ice;
Then suddenly seemed to grow bigger,
And leapt from his sled in a trice.

"Come, Willie!" he cried, "we 'll together
Coast down on my sled to the lake;
There was never such glorious weather
For a journey like that we shall take."

"But *you* are not David!" said Willie;
With strangers like you I 'll not go."
Said the man: "You must go, willy-nilly,
For I am your uncle, you know,—

"Your uncle, Cadwallader Biornson,
From Lapland. It can't be denied:
Your mother's half-brother, Luke Johnson,
Was mine—on your grandmother's side.

"I was coming this evening to see you;
But am glad that I met you just here.
I was n't quite sure it could *be* you,
Until I could see you quite near.

"It 's a wonderful sled that I carry—
'T will take you wherever you will;
So get on behind me—don't tarry;
We 'll take *such* a ride down the hill!"

Here he loosened his cap and his wrappers,
And showed him an honest old face.
What a pity he told him such whappers,
And talked with so winning a grace!

For Willie was coaxed to believe him,—
He was sure such a twinkling eye
Could never betray or deceive him,
And yet he could hardly tell why.

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"He looks like old Santa Claus, clearly!
Perhaps he will take me to see
Where he keeps all the toys that he yearly
Hangs up on the Christmas-tree!"

So off in the moonlight they started,—
"His uncle" before, he behind,—
And Willie was gay and light-hearted,
As downward they flew like the wind.

Faster and faster and faster!
Far down on their slippery track;
And Will, he stuck on like a plaster
Behind the old gentleman's back.



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But soon it grew colder and colder,
No end to the hill anywhere,
And he saw o'er the Laplander's shoulder
That they seemed to be flying through air.

And round them the stars were all flashing,
Auroras waved wild overhead,
Till at last came a terrible crashing
That shook him all over with dread.

And a blue flying meteor shot by him—
He shrank from the glare and the heat,
For it flamed and it thundered so nigh him,
He started and fell from his seat!

He fell from his seat—and it woke him—
Still there by the fire, it would seem!
And David *will* tease him and joke him,
Because he once told him his dream.

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# LES AVENTURES DE CINQ CANARDS.

C'était une belle matinée de printemps; le soleil brillait, les oiseaux chantaient, l'herbe était toute couverte d'une fraîche rosée. Dans le ruisseau qui longe le jardin, un joli petit ruisseau qui coule doucement à travers des prairies émaillées de fleurs, Maman Cane donnait des leçons de natation à ses petits; vous savez bien que le premier devoir d'un canard est de bien apprendre à nager, et naturellement, Madame Cane soignait beaucoup cette branche de l'éducation de ses petits. Elle les corrigeait quand ils ne nageaient pas bien, leur faisait tenir la tête droite, et enseignait en outre aux deux aînés à plonger. Les canetons n'en étaient pas à leur première leçon et faisaient déjà bonne figure dans l'eau. Aussi, après avoir étudié quelque temps, les jeunes écoliers demandent à leur maîtresse la permission d'aller faire une petite promenade à la nage; elle le leur permet, et voilà nos canetons qui s'élancent gaiement avec le courant. Les deuce aînés ouvraient la marche et servaient d'avant-garde; ensuite venaient les trois autres; c'était la première fois qu'ils s'en allaient seuls, et ils regardaient tous à droite et à gauche, parceque tout leur était nouveau et étrange. A mesure qu'ils nageaient, le ruisseau s'élargissait; de gais papillons voltigeaient parmi les fleurs, et de jolis oiseaux chantaient sur les buissons. Ils nageaient déjà depuis quelque temps, lorsque tout à coup un grand bruit se fit entendre; l'eau fut agitée; les canards effrayés, se retournèrent juste à temps pour voir les pattes de derrière d'un gros vieux crapaud disparaître sous l'eau.

"Ce n'était vraiement pas la peine de nous effrayer pour si peu de chose," dit le plus grand des canards, qui s'appellait Neptune; mais lui aussi avait bien eu peur. Ils rirent de leur frayeur, et continuèrent leur chemin; à ce moment, leur attention fut attirée par des cris piteux poussés par un des trois petits canards; il avait vu quelque chose au bord du ruisseau qu'il croyait être bon à manger et il était allé se fourrer le bec entre deux pierres et ne pouvait plus le retirer. Il se débattait comme un furieux quand les autres arrivèrent; les deux grands le saisirent, chacun par une aile, les deux autres petits le prirent par la queue, et ils tirèrent tant qu'ils purent. Enfin, à force de tirer, ils finirent par dégager leur petit frère, le bec à moitié disloqué, et en proie à un mal de dents horrible. Il pleurait à chaudes larmes mais ses camarades réussirent à le consoler, et il les suivit à quelque distance, mais sans rire et sans jouer avec eux. Tout en nageant, ils arrivèrent devant une maison où il y avait un petit chien; aussitôt que celui-ci les aperçut, il fondit droit sur eux en aboyant de toutes ses forces, comme s'il eût voulu en gober au moins deux à la fois. Mais en arrivant au bord de l'eau, il s'arrêta, indécis, sans avoir le courage d'y entrer. Quand les canetons virent combien il était lâche, ils s'arrêtèrent, le regardèrent avec mépris, et joignirent leurs couacs de défi à ses aboiements furieux. Au bruit qu'ils firent, la porte de la maison s'ouvrit, un petit garçon sortit, et vint en courant vers nos canetons. Il n'avait pas l'air bien gentil, et quand, au lieu de chasser le petit chien, il se mit à ramasser des pierres, les canards commencèrent à se douter de ses intentions. L'avant-garde donna le signal de la fuite, et, tournant bec, ils filèrent à toutes pattes. Il était temps, car le petit garçon était déjà en train de leur jeter des pierres. Mais heureusement, plus il jetait de pierres, moins il réussissait à les atteindre. Quand ils furent hors de portée de ses attaques, ils se retournèrent pour voir ce qu'il allait faire. Le petit gamin pleurait presque de rage, et courait le long du ruisseau pour arriver plus près d'eux; mais sa colère l'empêchait de voir où il mettait les pieds; il fit un faux pas, pouf!—le voilà dans l'eau. En entendant ses cris de détresse, sa mère accourut, le retira de l'eau, et lui donnant deux bons soufflets, l'emmena dans la maison se sécher. La chute du petit emporté excita un rire fou chez les canards, mais ils pensèrent qu'il était plus prudent de ne pas continuer leur promenade ce jour-là, et se mirent en route pour aller retrouver la maman.

En revenant, il ne leur arriva rien qui vaille la peine d'être raconté, et ils passèrent le reste de la journée à causer de leurs aventures, et à les détailler à la Maman Cane.

(Translations of this little story will be received until February 15th.)

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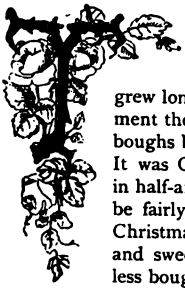
# TOINETTE AND THE ELVES.

*(A Christmas Story.)*

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



THE winter sun was nearing the horizon's edge. Each moment the tree-shadows grew longer in the forest; each moment the crimson light on the upper boughs became more red and bright. It was Christmas Eve, or would be in half-an-hour, when the sun should be fairly set; but it did not feel like Christmas, for the afternoon was mild and sweet, and the wind in the leafless boughs sang, as it moved about, as though to imitate the vanished birds. Soft trills and whistles, odd little shakes and twitters;—it was astonishing what pretty noises the wind made, for it was in good humor, as winds should be on the Blessed Night; all its storm-tones and bass-notes were for the moment laid aside, and gently, as though hushing a baby to sleep, it cooed and rustled and brushed to and fro in the leafless woods.

Toinette stood, pitcher in hand, beside the well. "Wishing Well" the people called it, for they believed that if any one standing there, bowed to the East, repeated a certain rhyme and wished a wish, the wish would certainly come true. Unluckily, nobody knew exactly what the rhyme should be. Toinette did not; she was wishing that she did, as she stood with her eyes fixed on the bubbling water. How nice it would be! she thought. What beautiful things should be hers, if it were only to wish and to have! She would be beautiful, rich, good—oh, so good! The children should love her dearly, and never be disagreeable. Mother should not work so hard—they should all go back to France—which mother said was *si belle*. Oh, dear, how nice it would be! Meantime, the sun sank lower, and mother at home was waiting for the water, but Toinette forgot that.

Suddenly she started. A low sound of crying met her ear, and something like a tiny moan. It seemed close by, but she saw nothing.

Hastily she filled her pitcher, and turned to go. But again the sound came, an unmistakable sob, right under her feet. Toinette stopped short.

"What *is* the matter?" she called out bravely. "Is anybody there; and if there is, why don't I see you?"

A third sob—and all at once, down on the ground beside her, a tiny figure became visible, so small that Toinette had to kneel and stoop her head to see it plainly. The figure was that of an odd little man. He wore a garb of green, bright and glancing as the scales of a beetle. In his mite of a hand was a cap, out of which stuck a long-pointed feather. Two specks of tears stood on his cheeks, and he fixed on Toinette a glance so sharp and so sad, that it made her feel sorry and frightened and confused all at once.

"Why, how funny this is!" she said, speaking to herself out loud.

"Not at all," replied the little man, in a voice as dry and crisp as the chirr of a grasshopper. "Anything but funny. I wish you would n't use such words. It hurts my feelings, Toinette."

"Do you know my name, then?" cried Toinette, astonished. "That 's strange! But what is the matter? Why are you crying so, little man?"

"I 'm not a little man. I 'm an elf," responded the dry voice; "and I think you 'd cry if you had an engagement out to tea, and found yourself spiked on a great bayonet, so that you could n't move an inch. Look!" He turned a little as he spoke, and Toinette saw a long rose-thorn sticking through the back of the green robe. The little man could by no means reach the thorn, and it held him fast prisoner to the place.

"Is that all? I 'll take it out for you," she said.

"Be careful—oh, be careful!" entreated the little man. "This is my new dress, you know—my Christmas suit, and it 's got to last a year. If there is a hole in it, Peascod will tickle me, and Bean Blossom tease till I shall wish myself dead." He stamped with vexation at the thought.

"Now, you must n't do that," said Toinette, in a motherly tone, "else you 'll tear it yourself, you know." She broke off the thorn as she spoke, and gently drew it out. The elf anxiously examined the stuff. A tiny puncture only was visible, and his face brightened.

"You 're a good child," he said. "I 'll do as much for you some day, perhaps."

"I would have come before if I had seen you," remarked Toinette, timidly. "But I did n't see you a bit."

"No, because I had my cap on," replied the elf. He placed it on his head as he spoke, and,

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hey, presto! nobody was there, only a voice which laughed and said: "Well—don't stare so. Lay your finger on me now."

"Oh!" said Toinette, with a gasp. "How wonderful! What fun it must be to do that! The children would n't see me. I should steal in and surprise them; they would go on talking, and never guess that I was there! I should so like it! Do elves ever lend their caps to anybody? I wish you 'd lend me yours. It must be so nice to be invisible!"

"Ho!" cried the elf, appearing suddenly again. "Lend my cap, indeed! Why, it would n't stay on the very tip of your ear, it 's so small. As for nice, that depends. Sometimes it is, and sometimes it is n't. No, the only way for mortal people to be invisible is to gather the fern-seed and put it in their shoes."

"Gather it? Where? I never saw any seed to the ferns," said Toinette, staring about her.

"Of course not—we elves take care of that," replied the little man. "Nobody finds the fern-seed but ourselves. I 'll tell you what, though. You were such a nice child to take out the thorn so cleverly, that I 'll *give* you a little of the seed. Then you can try the fun of being invisible to your heart's content."

"Will you really? How delightful! May I have it now?"

"Bless me! do you think I carry my pocket stuffed with it?" said the elf. "Not at all. Go home, say not a word to anybody, but leave your bedroom window open to-night, and you 'll see what you 'll see."

He laid his finger on his nose as he spoke, gave a jump like a grasshopper, clapping on his cap as he went, and vanished. Toinette lingered a moment, in hopes that he might come back, then took her pitcher and hurried home. The woods were very dusky by this time; but, full of her strange adventure, she did not remember to feel afraid.

"How long you have been!" said her mother. "It 's late for a little maid like you to be up. You must make better speed another time, my child."

Toinette pouted, as she was apt to do when reproved. The children clamored to know what had kept her, and she spoke pettishly and crossly; so that they too became cross, and presently went away into the outer kitchen to play by themselves. The children were apt to creep away when Toinette came. It made her angry and unhappy at times that they should do so, but she did not realize that it was in great part her own fault, and so did not set herself to mend it.

"Tell me a 'tory," said baby Jeanneton, creeping to her knee a little later. But Toinette's head was full of the elf; she had no time to spare for Jeanneton.

"Oh, not to-night!" she replied. "Ask mother to tell you one."

"Mother 's busy," said Jeanneton, wistfully.

Toinette took no notice, and the little one crept away disconsolately.

Bed-time at last. Toinette set the casement open, and lay a long time waiting and watching; then she fell asleep. She waked with a sneeze and jump, and sat up in bed. Behold, on the coverlet stood her elfin friend, with a long train of other elves beside him, all clad in the beetle-wing green, and wearing little pointed caps! More were coming in at the window; outside a few were drifting about in the moon-rays, which lit their sparkling robes till they glittered like so many fire-flies. The odd thing was, that though the caps were on, Toinette could see the elves distinctly, and this surprised her so much, that again she thought out loud, and said:

"How funny!"

"You mean about the caps," replied her special elf, who seemed to have the power of reading thoughts. "Yes, you can see us to-night, caps and all. Spells lose their value on Christmas Eve always. Peascod, where is the box? Do you still wish to try the experiment of being invisible, Toinette?"

"Oh, yes—indeed I do!"

"Very well—so let it be!"

As he spoke he beckoned, and two elves, puffing and panting like men with a heavy load, dragged forward a droll little box about the size of a pumpkin-seed. One of them lifted the cover.

"Pay the porter, please ma'am," he said, giving Toinette's ear a mischievous tweak with his sharp fingers.

"Hands off, you bad Peascod!" cried Toinette's elf. "This is my girl. She sha' n't be pinched." He dealt Peascod a blow with his tiny hand as he spoke, and looked so brave and warlike, that he seemed at least an inch taller than he had before. Toinette admired him very much; and Peascod slunk away with an abashed giggle, muttering that Thistle need n't be so ready with his fist.

Thistle—for thus, it seemed, Toinette's friend was named—dipped his fingers in the box, which was full of fine brown seeds, and shook a handful into each of Toinette's shoes, as they stood, toes together, by the bedside.

"Now you have your wish," he said, "and can go about and do what you like, no one seeing. The charm will end at sunset. Make the most of it while you can; but if you want to end it sooner, shake the seeds from the shoes, and then you are just as usual."

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"Oh, I sha' n't want to," protested Toinette; "I 'm sure I sha' n't."

"Good-bye," said Thistle, with a mocking little laugh.

"Good-bye, and thank you ever so much," replied Toinette.

"Good-bye, good-bye," replied the other elves, in shrill chorus. They clustered together, as if in consultation; then straight out of the window they flew like a swarm of gauzy-winged bees, and melted into the moonlight. Toinette jumped up and ran to watch them; but the little men were gone—not a trace of them was to be seen; so she shut the window, went back to bed, and presently, in the midst of her amazed and excited thoughts, fell asleep.

She waked in the morning with a queer, doubtful feeling. Had she dreamed, or had it really happened? She put on her best petticoat, and laced her blue bodice; for she thought the mother would perhaps take them across the wood to the little chapel for the Christmas service. Her long hair smoothed and tied, her shoes trimly fastened, downstairs she ran. The mother was stirring porridge over the fire. Toinette went close to her, but she did not move or turn her head.

"How late the children are!" she said at last, lifting the boiling pot on the hob. Then she went to the stair-foot, and called, "Marc, Jeanneton, Pierre, Marie! Breakfast is ready, my children. Toinette—but where, then, is Toinette? She is used to be down long before this."

"Toinette is n't upstairs," said Marie, from above. "Her door is wide open, and she is n't there."

"That is strange!" said the mother. "I have

THE ELVES VISIT TOINETTE.

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been here an hour, and she has not passed this way since." She went to the outer door and called, "Toinette! Toinette!"—passing close to Toinette as she did so, and looking straight at her with unseeing eyes. Toinette, half-frightened, half-pleased, giggled low to herself. She really was invisible then! How strange it seemed, and what fun it was going to be!

The children sat down to breakfast, little Jeanneton, as the youngest, saying grace. The mother distributed the hot porridge, and gave each a spoon, but she looked anxious.

"Where can Toinette have gone?" she said to herself.

Toinette was conscience-pricked. She was half inclined to dispel the charm on the spot. But just then she caught a whisper from Pierre to Marc, which so surprised her as to put the idea out of her head.

"Perhaps a wolf has eaten her up—a great big wolf, like the 'Capuchon Rouge,' you know." This was what Pierre said; and Marc answered, unfeelingly:

"If he has, I shall ask mother to let me have her room for my own!"

Poor Toinette! her cheeks burnt and her eyes filled with tears at this. Did n't the boys love her a bit, then? Next she grew angry, and longed to box Marc's ears, only she recollected in time that she was invisible. What a bad boy he was! she thought.

The smoking porridge reminded her that she was hungry; so brushing away the tears, she slipped a spoon off the table, and whenever she found the chance, dipped it into the bowl for a mouthful. The porridge disappeared rapidly.

"I want some more," said Jeanneton.

"Bless me, how fast you have eaten!" said the mother, turning to the bowl.

This made Toinette laugh, which shook her spoon, and a drop of the hot mixture fell right on the tip of Marie's nose, as she sat with up-turned face waiting her turn for a second helping. Marie gave a little scream.

"What is it?" said the mother.

"Hot water! Right in my face!" spluttered Marie.

"Water!" cried Marc. "It 's porridge."

"You spattered with your spoon. Eat more carefully, my child," said the mother; and Toinette laughed again as she heard her. After all, there was some fun in being invisible!

The morning went by. Constantly the mother went to the door, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked out, in hopes of seeing a little figure come down the wood-path, for she thought, perhaps, the child went to the spring after water, and fell asleep there. The children played happily, meanwhile. They were used to doing without Toinette, and did not seem to miss her, except that now and then baby Jeanneton said: "Poor Toinette gone—not here—all gone!"

"Well, what if she has?" said Marc at last, looking up from the wooden cup he was carving for Marie's doll. "We can play all the better."

Marc was a bold, outspoken boy, who always told his whole mind about things.

"If she were here," he went on, "she 'd only scold and interfere. Toinette almost always scolds. I like to have her go away. It makes it pleasanter."

"It *is* rather pleasanter," admitted Marie, "only I 'd like her to be having a nice time somewhere else."

"Bother about Toinette!" cried Pierre. "Let 's play 'My godmother has cabbage to sell.'"

I don 't think Toinette had ever felt so unhappy in her life, as when she stood by unseen, and heard the children say these words. She had never meant to be unkind to them, but she was quick-tempered, dreamy, wrapped up in herself. She did not like being interrupted by them, it put her out, and then she spoke sharply and was cross. She had taken it for granted that the others must love her, by a sort of right, and the knowledge that they did not grieved her very much. Creeping away, she hid herself in the woods. It was a sparkling day, but the sun did not look so bright as usual. Cuddled down under a rose-bush, Toinette sat, sobbing as if her heart would break at the recollection of the speeches she had overheard.

By and by a little voice within her woke up and began to make itself audible. All of us know this little voice. We call it conscience.

"Jeanneton missed me," she thought. "And, oh dear! I pushed her away only last night and would n't tell her a story. And Marie hoped I was having a pleasant time somewhere. I wish I had n't slapped Marie last Friday. And I wish I had n't thrown Marc's ball into the fire that day I was angry with him. How unkind he was to say that—but I was n't always kind to him. And once I said that I wished a bear would eat Pierre up. That was because he broke my cup. Oh dear, oh dear! What a bad girl I 've been to them all!"

"But you could be better and kinder if you tried, could n't you?" said the inward voice. "I think you could." And Toinette clasped her hands tight and said out loud: "I could. Yes—and I will."

The first thing to be done was to get rid of the fern-seed, which she now regarded as a hateful thing. She untied her shoes and shook it out in the grass. It dropped and seemed to melt into the

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air, for it instantly vanished. A mischievous laugh sounded close behind, and a beetle-green coat-tail was visible, whisking under a tuft of rushes. But Toinette had had enough of the elves, and tying her shoes, took the road toward home, running with all her might.

"Where have you been all day, Toinette?" cried the children, as, breathless and panting, she flew in at the gate. But Toinette could not speak. She made slowly for her mother, who stood in the door-way, flung herself into her arms, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Ma chérie, what is it, whence hast thou come?" asked the good mother, alarmed. She lifted Toinette into her arms as she spoke, and hastened indoors. The other children followed, whispering and peeping, but the mother sent them away, and, sitting down by the fire with Toinette in her lap, she rocked and hushed and comforted, as though Toinette had been again a little baby. Gradually the sobs ceased. For awhile Toinette lay quiet, with her head on her mother's breast. Then she wiped her wet eyes, put her arms around her mother's neck, and told her all from the very beginning, keeping not a single thing back. The dame listened with alarm.

"Saints protect us," she muttered. Then feeling Toinette's hands and head, "Thou hast a fever," she said. "I will make thee a *tisane*, my darling, and thou must at once go to bed." Toinette vainly protested; to bed she went, and perhaps it was the wisest thing, for the warm drink threw her into a long, sound sleep, and when she woke she was herself again, bright and well, hungry for dinner, and ready to do her usual tasks.

Herself,—but not quite the same Toinette that she had been before. Nobody changes from bad to better in a minute. It takes time for that, time and effort and a long struggle with evil habits and tempers. But there is sometimes a certain minute or day in which people *begin* to change, and thus it was with Toinette. The fairy lesson was not lost upon her. She began to fight with herself, to watch her faults and try to conquer them. It was hard work; often she felt discouraged, but she kept on. Week after week and month after month, she grew less selfish, kinder, more obliging than she used to be. When she failed, and her old fractious temper got the better of her, she was sorry, and begged every one's pardon so humbly, that they could not but forgive. The mother began to think that the elves really had bewitched her child. As for the children, they learned to love Toinette as never before, and came to her with all their pains and pleasures, as children should to a kind older sister. Each fresh proof of this, each kiss from Jeanneton, each confidence from Marc, was a comfort to Toinette, for she never forgot Christmas-day, and felt that no trouble was too much to wipe out that unhappy recollection. "I *think* they like me better than they did then," she would say, but then the thought came, "Perhaps if I were invisible again, if they did not know I was there, I might hear something to make me feel as badly as I did that morning." These sad thoughts were part of the bitter fruit of the fairy fern-seed.

So with doubts and fears the year went by, and again it was Christmas Eve. Toinette had been asleep some hours, when she was roused by a sharp tapping at the window pane. Startled and only half-awake, she sat up in bed, and saw by the moonlight, a tiny figure outside, which she recognized. It was Thistle, drumming with his knuckles on the glass.

"Let me in," cried the dry little voice. So Toinette opened the casement, and Thistle flew in and perched, as before, on the coverlet.

"Merry Christmas, my girl," he said, "and a Happy New Year when it comes! I've brought you a present;" and, dipping into a pouch tied round his waist, he pulled out a handful of something brown. Toinette knew what it was in a moment.

"Oh, no!" she cried, shrinking back. "Don't give me any fern-seeds. They frighten me. I don't like them."

"Now, don't be silly," said Thistle, his voice sounding kind this time, and earnest. "It was n't pleasant being invisible last year, but perhaps this year it will be. Take my advice and try it. You 'll not be sorry."

"Sha' n't I?" said Toinette, brightening. "Very well then, I will." She leaned out of bed, and watched Thistle strew the fine, dust-like grains in each shoe.

"I 'll drop in to-morrow night, and just see how you like it," he said. Then, with a nod, he was gone.

The old fear came back when she woke in the morning, and she tied on her shoes with a tremble at her heart. Down-stairs she stole. The first thing she saw was a wooden ship standing on her plate. Marc had made the ship, but Toinette had no idea that it was for her.

The little ones sat round the table with their eyes on the door, watching till Toinette should come in, and be surprised.

"I wish she 'd hurry," said Pierre, drumming on his bowl with a spoon.

"We all want Toinette, don't we?" said the mother, smiling as she poured the hot porridge.

"It will be fun to see her stare," declared Marc. "Toinette is jolly when she stares. Her eyes look big, and her cheeks grow pink. Andre Brugen

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thinks his sister Aline is prettiest, but I don't. Our Toinette is ever so pretty."

"She is ever so nice, too," said Pierre. "She's as good to play with as—as—a boy!" he finished, triumphantly.

"Oh, I wish my Toinette *would* come!" said Jeanneton.

Toinette waited no longer, but sped upstairs with glad tears in her eyes. Two minutes, and

THE ELVES' SUPPER.

down she came again, visible this time. Her heart was light as a feather.

"Merry Christmas!" clamored the children. The ship was presented, Toinette was duly surprised, and so the happy day began.

That night Toinette left the window open, and lay down in her clothes; for she felt, as Thistle had been so kind, she ought to receive him politely. He came at midnight, and with him all the other little men in green.

"Well, how was it?" asked Thistle.

"Oh, I liked it this time," declared Toinette, with shining eyes. "And I thank you so much!"

"I'm glad you did," said the elf. "And I'm glad you are thankful, for we want you to do something for us."

"What can it be?" inquired Toinette, wondering.

"You must know," went on Thistle, "that there is no dainty in the world which we elves enjoy like a bowl of fern-seed broth. But it has to be cooked over a real fire, and we dare not go near fire, you know, lest our wings scorch. So we seldom get any fern-seed broth. Now, Toinette—will you make us some?"

"Indeed I will," cried Toinette, "only you must tell me how."

"It is very simple," said Peascod; "only seed and honey dew, stirred from left to right with a sprig of fennel. Here's the seed and the fennel, and here's the dew. Be sure and stir from the left; if you don't, it curdles, and the flavor will be spoiled."

Down into the kitchen they went, and Toinette, moving very softly, quickened the fire, set on the smallest bowl she could find, and spread the doll's table with the wooden saucers which Marc had made for Jeanneton to play with. Then she mixed and stirred as the elves bade, and when the soup was done, served it to them smoking hot. How they feasted! No bumble-bee, dipping into a flower-cup, ever sipped and twinkled more rapturously than they.

When the last drop was eaten, they made ready to go. Each, in turn, kissed Toinette's hand, and said a little word of farewell. Thistle brushed his feathered cap over the door-post as he passed.

"Be lucky, house," he said, "for you have received and entertained the luck-bringers. And be lucky, Toinette. Good temper *is* good luck, and sweet words and kind looks and peace in the heart are the fairest of fortunes. See that you never lose them again, my girl." With this, he, too, kissed Toinette's hand, waved his feathered cap and—whirr! they all were gone, while Toinette, covering the fire with ashes, and putting aside the little cups, stole up to her bed a happy child.

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## GOOD NEWS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

GOOD news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children dear!
For Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now, and here!

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children sweet!
The way to find the Holy Child
Is lighted for your feet.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children glad!
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever Wise Men had.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children fair!
Still doth the one Good Shepherd hold
The feeblest in his care.

Thank God on Christmas morning,
Thank God, O children dear!
That Christ who came to Bethlehem
Is living now, and here.

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# THE STORY OF JON OF ICELAND.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

## CHAPTER I.

THE boys of Iceland must be content with very few acquaintances or playmates. The valleys which produce grass enough for the farmer's ponies, cattle and sheep, are generally scattered widely apart, divided by ridges of lava so hard and cold that only a few wild flowers succeed in growing in their cracks and hollows. Then, since the farms must be all the larger, because the grass is short and grows slowly in such a severe northern climate, the dwellings are rarely nearer than four or five miles apart; and were it not for their swift and nimble ponies, the people would see very little of each other except on Sundays, when they ride long distances to attend worship in their little wooden churches.

But of all boys in the island, not one was so lonely in his situation as Jon Sigurdson. His father lived many miles beyond that broad, grassy plain which stretches from the Geysers to the sea, on the banks of the swift river Thiörvá. On each side there were mountains so black and bare that they looked like gigantic piles of coal; but the valley opened to the southward as if to let the sun in, and far away, when the weather was clear, the snowy top of Mount Hecla shone against the sky. The farmer Sigurd, Jon's father, was a poor man, or he would not have settled so far away from any neighbors; for he was of a cheerful and social nature, and there were few at Kyrkedal who could vie with him in knowledge of the ancient history and literature of Iceland.

The house was built on a knoll, under a cliff which sheltered it from the violent west and northwest winds. The walls, of lava stones and turf, were low and broad; and the roofs over dwelling, storehouses, and stables were covered deep with earth, upon which grew such excellent grass that the ponies were fond of climbing up the sloping corners of the wall in order to get at it. Sometimes they might be seen, cunningly balanced on the steep sides of the roof, grazing along the very ridge-poles, or looking over the end of the gable when some member of the family came out of the door, as much as to say, "Get me down if you can!" Around the buildings there was a square wall of inclosure, giving the place the appearance of a little fortress.

On one side of the knoll a hot spring bubbled up. In the morning or evening, when the air was cool, quite a little column of steam arose from it, whirling and broadening as it melted away; but the water was pure and wholesome as soon as it became cold enough for use. In front of the house, where the sun shone warmest, Sigurd had laid out a small garden. It was a great labor for him to remove the huge stones and roll them into a protecting wall, to carry good soil from the places where the mountain rills had gradually washed it down from above, and to arrange it so that frosts and cold rains should do the least harm; and the whole family thought themselves suddenly rich, one summer, when they pulled their first radishes, saw the little bed of potatoes coming into blossom, and the cabbages rolling up their leaves, in order to make, at least, baby-heads before the winter came.

Within the house, all was low, and dark, and dismal. The air was very close and bad, for the stables were only separated from the dwelling-room by a narrow passage, and bunches of dry, salt fish hung on the walls. Besides, it was usually full of smoke from the fire of peat, and, after a rain, of steam from Sigurd's and Jon's heavy woolen coats. But to the boy it was a delightful, a comfortable home, for within it he found shelter, warmth, food and instruction. The room for visitors seemed to him the most splendid place in the world, because it had a wooden floor, a window with six panes of glass, a colored print of the King of Denmark, and a geranium in a pot. This was so precious a plant that Jon and his sister Gudrid hardly dared to touch its leaves. They were almost afraid to smell it, for fear of sniffing away some of its life; and Gudrid, after seeing a leaf of it laid on her dead sister's bosom, insisted that some angel, many hundred years ago, had brought the seed straight down from heaven.

These were Sigurd's only children. There had been several more, but they had died in infancy, from the want of light and pure air, and the great distance from help when sickness came. Gudrid was still pale and slender, except in summer, when her mild, friendly face took color from the sun; but Jon, who was now fourteen, was a sturdy, broad-breasted boy, who promised to be as strong as his father in a few years more. He had thick yellow hair, curling a little around his forehead; large, bright blue eyes; and a mouth rather too broad for beauty, if the lips had not been so rosy

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and the teeth so white and firm. He had a serious look, but it was only because he smiled with his eyes oftener than with his mouth. He was naturally true and good, for he hardly knew what evil was. Except his parents and his sister, he saw no one for weeks at a time; and when he met other boys after church at Kyrkedal, so much time always was lost in shyly looking at each other and shrinking from the talk which each wanted to begin, that no very intimate acquaintance followed.

JON'S HOME.

But, in spite of his lonely life, Jon was far from being ignorant. There were the long winter months, when the ponies—and sometimes the sheep—pawed holes in the snow in order to reach the grass on the bottoms beside the river; when the cows were warmly stabled and content with their meals of boiled hay; when the needful work of the day could be done in an hour or two, and then Sigurd sat down to teach his children, while their mother spun or knit beside them, and from time to time took part in the instruction. Jon could already read and write so well that the pastor at Kyrkedal lent him many an old Icelandic legend to copy; he knew the history of the island, as well as that of Norway and Denmark, and could answer (with a good deal of blushing) when he was addressed in Latin. He also knew something of the world, and its different countries and climates; but this knowledge seemed to him like a strange dream, or like something that happened long ago

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and never could happen again. He was accustomed to hear a little birch-bush, four or five feet high, called "a tree," and he could not imagine how any tree could be a hundred feet high, or bear flowers and fruit. Once, a trader from Rejkiavik—the chief seaport of Iceland—brought a few oranges to Kyrkedal, and Sigurd purchased one for Jon and Gudrid. The children kept it, day after day, never tired of enjoying the splendid color and strange, delightful perfume; so that when they decided to cut the rind at last, the pulp was dried up and tasteless. A city was something of which Jon could form no conception, for he had never even seen Rejkiavik; he imagined that palaces and cathedrals were like large Icelandic farm-houses, with very few windows, and turf growing on the roofs.

## CHAPTER II.

SIGURD'S wealth, if it could be called so, was in a small flock of sheep, the pasture for which was scattered in patches for miles up and down the river. The care of these sheep had been intrusted chiefly to Jon, ever since he was eight years old, and he had learned their natures and ways—their simple animal virtues and silly animal vices—so thoroughly, that they acquired a great respect for him, and very rarely tried to be disobedient. Even Thor, the ram, although he sometimes snorted and tossed his horns in protest, or stamped impatiently with his fore-feet, heeded his master's voice. In fact, the sheep became Jon's companions, in the absence of human ones; he talked to them so much during the lonely days, that it finally seemed as if they understood a great deal of his speech.

There was a rough bridle-path leading up the valley of the Thiörvá; but it was rarely traveled, for it struck northward into the cold, windy, stony desert which fills all the central part of Iceland. For a hundred and fifty miles there was no dwelling, no shelter from the fierce and sudden storms, and so little grass that the travelers who sometimes crossed the region ran the risk of losing their ponies from starvation. There were lofty plains of black rock, as hard as iron; groups of bare, snowy-headed mountains; and often, at night, you could see a pillar of fire in the distance, showing that one of the many volcanoes was in action. Beyond this terrible wilderness the grassy valleys began again, and there were houses and herds, increasing as you came down to the bright bays along the northern shore of the island.

More than once, a trader or Government messenger, after crossing the desert, had rested for a night under Sigurd's roof; and many were the tales of their adventures which Jon had treasured up in his memory. Sometimes they spoke of the *trolls*, or mischievous fairies, who came over with the first settlers from Norway, and were still supposed by many persons to lurk among the dark glens of Iceland. Both Sigurd and the pastor at Kyrkedal had declared that there were no such creatures, and Jon believed them faithfully; yet he could not help wondering, as he sat upon some rocky knoll overlooking his sheep, whether a strange little figure *might* not come out of the chasm opposite, and speak to him. The more he heard of the terrors and dangers of the desert to the northward, the more he longed to see them with his own eyes and know them through his own experience. He was not the least afraid; but he knew that his father would never allow him to go alone, and to disobey a father was something of which he had never heard, and could not have believed to be possible.

When he was in his fifteenth year, however (it was summer, and he was fourteen in April), there came several weeks when no rain fell in the valley. It was a lovely season for the garden; even the geranium in the window put forth twice as many scarlet blossoms as ever before. Only the sheep began to hunger; for the best patch of grass in front of the house was carefully kept for hay, and the next best, further down the river, for the ponies. Beyond the latter, the land belonged to another. So Jon was obliged to lead his flock to a narrow little dell, which came down to the Thiörvá, three or four miles to the northward. Here, for a week, they nibbled diligently wherever anything green showed itself at the foot of the black rocks; and when the pasture grew scanty again, they began to stare at Jon in a way which many persons might have thought stupid. *He* understood them; they meant to say: "We've nearly finished this; find us something more!"

That evening, as he was leading his flock into the little inclosure beside the dwelling, he heard his father and mother talking. He thought it no harm to listen, for they had never said anything that was not kind and friendly. It seemed, however, that they were speaking of him, and the very first words he heard made his heart beat more rapidly.

"Two days' journey away," said Sigurd; "and excellent pastures that belong to nobody. There is no sign of rain yet, and if we could send Jon with the sheep ——"

"Are you sure of it?" his wife asked.

"Eyvindur stopped to talk with me," he answered; "and he saw the place this morning. He says there were rains in the desert, and, indeed, I've thought so myself, because the river has not fallen; and he never knew as pleasant a season to cross the country."

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"Jon might have to stay out a week or two; but, as you say, Sigurd, we should save our flock. The boy may be trusted, I 'm sure; only, if anything should happen to him?"

"I don't think he 's fearsome," said Sigurd; "and what should happen to him there, that might not happen nearer home?"

They moved away, while Jon clasped the palms of his hands hard against each other, and stood still for a minute to repeat to himself all he had heard. He knew Eyvindur, the tall, strong man with the dark curling hair, who rode the swift cream-colored pony, with black mane and tail. He knew what his father meant—nothing else than that he, Jon, should take the sheep two days' journey away, to the very edge of the terrible wilderness, and pasture them there, alone, probably, for many days! Why, Columbus, when he set sail from Palos, could not have had a brighter dream of unknown lands! Jon went in to supper in such a state of excitement that he hardly touched the dried fish and hard oaten bread; but he drank two huge bowls of milk and still felt thirsty. When. at last, Sigurd opened his lips and spake, and the mother sat silent with her eyes fixed upon her son's face, and Gudrid looked frightened, Jon straightened himself as if he were already a man, and quietly said: "I 'll do it!"

He wanted to shout aloud for joy; but Gudrid began to cry.

However, when a thing had once been decided in the family, that was the end of any question or remonstrance, and even Gudrid forgot her fears in the interest of preparing a supply of food for Jon during his absence. They slept soundly for a few hours; and then, at two o'clock in the morning, when the sun was already shining on the snowy tops of the Arne Mountains, Jon hung the bag of provisions over his shoulder, kissed his parents and sister, and started northward, driving the sheep before him.

## Chapter III.

In a couple of hours he reached the farthest point of the valley which he had ever visited, and all beyond was an unknown region. But the scenery, as he went onward, was similar in character. The mountains were higher and more abrupt, the river more rapid and foamy, and the patches of grass more scanty—that was all the difference. It was the Arctic summer. and the night brought no darkness; yet he knew when the time for rest came, by watching the direction of the light on the black mountains above. When the sheep lay down, he sought a sheltered place under a rock, and slept also.

Next day, the country grew wilder and more forbidding. Sometimes there was hardly a blade of grass to be seen for miles, and he drove the sheep at full speed, running and shouting behind them, in his eagerness to reach the distant pasture which Eyvindur had described. In the afternoon, the valley appeared to come suddenly to an end. The river rushed out of a deep cleft between the rocks, only a few feet wide, on the right hand; in front there was a long stony slope, reaching so high that the clouds brushed along its summit. In the bottom there was some little grass, but hardly enough to feed the flock for two days.

Jon was disappointed, but not much discouraged. He tethered Thor securely to a rock, knowing that the other sheep would remain near him, and set out to climb the slope. Up and up he toiled; the air grew sharp and cold; there was snow and ice in the shaded hollows on either side, and the dark, strange scenery of Iceland grew broader below him. Finally, he gained the top; and now, for the first time, felt that he had found a new world. In front, toward the north, there was a plain stretching as far as he could see; on the right and left there were groups of dark, frightful, inaccessible mountains, between the sharp peaks of which sheets of blue ice plunged downward like cataracts, only they were silent and motionless. The valley behind him was a mere cleft in the stony, lifeless world; his sheep were little white dots, no bigger, apparently, than flowers of life-everlasting. He could only guess, beyond the dim ranges in the distance, where his father's dwelling lay; and, for a single moment, the thought came into his mind and made him tremble—should he ever see it again?

The pasture, he reflected, must be sought for in the direction from which the river came. Following the ridge to the eastward, it was not long before he saw a deep basin, a mile in diameter, opening among the hills. The bottom was quite green, and there was a sparkle here and there, where the river wound its way through it. This was surely the place, and Jon felt proud that he had so readily discovered it. There were several glens which furnished easy paths down from the table-land, and he had no difficulty, the next morning, in leading his flock over the great ridge. In fact, they skipped up the rocks as if they knew what was coming, and did not wait for Jon to show them the way into the valley.

The first thing the boy did, after satisfying himself that the sheep were not likely to stray away from such excellent pasturage, was to seek for a cave or hollow among the rocks, where he could find shelter from storms. There were several such places; he selected the most convenient, which had a natural shelf for his store of provisions, and, having dried enough grass to make a warm, soft

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bed, he found himself very comfortably established. For three or four days, he was too busy to feel his loneliness. The valley belonged to nobody; so he considered it his own property, and called it Gudridsdale, after his sister. Then, in order to determine the boundaries of this new estate, he climbed the heights in all directions, and fixed the forms of every crag and hollow firmly in his memory. He was not without the secret hope that he might come upon some strange and remarkable object,—a deserted house, a high tree, or a hot fountain shooting up jets like the Great Geyser,—but there was nothing. Only the black and stony wilderness near at hand, and a multitude of snowy peaks in the distance.

Thus ten days passed. The grass was not yet exhausted, the sheep grew fat and lazy, and Jon had so thoroughly explored the neighborhood of the valley that he could have found his way in the dark. He knew that there were only barren, uninhabitable regions to the right and left; but the great, bare table-land stretching to the northward was a continual temptation, for there were human settlements beyond. As he wandered farther and farther in that direction, he found it harder to return; there was always a ridge in advance, the appearance of a mountain pass, the sparkle of a little lake—some promise of something to be seen by going just a little beyond his turning-point. He was so careful to notice every slight feature of the scenery,—a jutting rock here, a crevice there,—in case mist or rain should overtake him on the way, that the whole region soon became strangely familiar.

Jon's desire to explore the road leading to the northward grew so strong, that he at last yielded to it. But first he made every arrangement for the safety of the sheep during his absence. He secured the ram Thor by a long tether and an abundance of cut grass, concealed the rest of his diminishing supply of provisions; climbed the nearest heights and overlooked the country on all sides without discovering a sign of life, and then, after a rest which was more like a waking dream than a slumber, began his strange and solitary journey.

The sun had just become visible again, low in the north-east, when he reached the level of the table-land. There were few clouds in the sky, and but little wind blowing; yet a singular brownish haze filled the air, and spots of strong light soon appeared on either side of the sun. Jon had often seen these "mock suns" before; they are frequent in northern latitudes, and are supposed to denote a change in the weather. This phenomenon, and a feeling of heaviness in the air, led him to study the landmarks very keenly and cautiously as he advanced. In two or three hours he had passed the limits of his former excursions; and now, if a storm should arise, his very life might depend on his being able to find the way back.

During the day, however, there was no change in the weather. The lonely, rugged mountains, the dark little lakes of melted snow lying at their feet, the stony plain, with its great irregular fissures where the lava had cracked in cooling,—all these features of the great central desert of Iceland lay hard and clear before his eyes. Like all persons who are obliged to measure time without a watch or clock, he had a very correct sense of the hours of the day, and of the distances he walked from point to point. Where there was no large or striking object near at hand, he took the trouble to arrange several stones in a line pointing to the next landmark behind him, as a guide in case of fog.

It was an exciting, a wonderful day in his life, and Jon never forgot it. He never once thought of the certain danger which he incurred. Instead of fear, he was full of a joyous, inspiring courage; he sang and shouted aloud, as some new peak or ridge of hills arose far in front, or some other peak, already familiar, went out of sight far behind him. He scarcely paused to eat or rest, until nearly twelve hours had passed, and he had walked fully thirty miles. By that time the sun was low in the west, and barely visible through the gathering haze. The wind moaned around the rocks with a dreary, melancholy sound, and only the cry of a wild swan was heard in the distance. To the north the mountains seemed higher, but they were divided by deep gaps which indicated the commencement of valleys. There, perhaps, there might be running streams, pastures, and the dwellings of men!

Jon had intended to return to his flock on the morrow, but now the temptation to press onward for another day became very great. His limbs, however, young and strong as they were, needed some rest; and he speedily decided what to do next. A lighter streak in the rocky floor of the plain led his eye toward a low, broken peak—in reality, the crater of a small, extinct volcano—some five miles off, and lying to the right of what he imagined to be the true course. On the left there were other peaks, but immediately in front nothing which would serve as a landmark. The crater, therefore, besides offering him some shelter in its crevices, was decidedly the best starting-point, either for going on or returning. The lighter color of the rock came from some different mixture in the lava of an old eruption, and could easily be traced throughout the whole intervening distance. He followed it rapidly, now that the bearings were laid down, and reached the ruins of the volcano a little after sunset.

There was no better bed to be found than the

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bottom of a narrow cleft, where the winds, after blowing for many centuries, had deposited a thin layer of sand. Before he lay down, Jon arranged a line of stones, pointing toward the light streak across the plain, and another line giving the direction of the valleys to the northward. To the latter he added two short, slanting lines at the end, forming a figure like an arrow-head, and then, highly satisfied with his ingenuity, lay down in the crevice to sleep. But his brain was so excited that for a long time he could do nothing else than go over, in memory, the day's journey. The wind seemed to be rising, for it whistled like a tremendous fife through the rocky crevice; father and mother and Gudrid seemed to be far, far away, in a different land; he wondered, at last, whether he was the same Jon Sigurdson who drove the flock of sheep up the valley of the Thiörvá—and then, all at once, he stopped wondering and thinking, for he was too soundly asleep to dream even of a roasted potato.

*(To be continued.)*

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# A SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS EVE.

By E. M. S.

'T WAS Christmas in a Southern town,
The air was soft and sweet,
And the sinking sun looked brightly down
On the gay and crowded street,
While roses and violets blooming near
Made my little girl say, "Is it Christmas here?

"At home the snow is on the ground,
The air is cold and clear,
And greens and holly are hung around,
To help the Christmas cheer.
How can St. Nicholas come in his sleigh,
If all the snow is melted away?

"What will he do with his big fur coat,
The icicles on his hair?
The tinkling bells wont sound a note,
With no Jack Frost in the air.
'T would just be folly, O mother dear!
To hang up my stocking—no Christmas here!"

But I said, "I see the Christmas star
High in these Southern skies,
And the Christmas light is streaming far,
And shines in the people's eyes.
I 'm sure St. Nick will find the way
Without Jack Frost and the reindeer sleigh."

Early my little girl went to bed,
That the night might shorter seem;
And scarce had she pillowed her curly head,
Than she dreamed a beautiful dream,
And wondrous music seemed to bear
A message of joy on the balmy air.

Nearer and nearer it seemed to come,
Sweeter and sweeter it grew,
Till the Christmas light was in the room,
And the Christmas glory too;
While the angels' song rang from the sky,—
"All glory be to God on high!"

"All glory be to God on high,
And peace, good-will on earth!"
Thus joyous rose the angels' cry,
To hail Our Saviour's birth;—
And ere the radiance passed away,
The light had dawned on Christmas-day.

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# BOBBY AND THE KEY-HOLE.

*(A Hoosier Fairy Story.)*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

YOU think that folks in fine clothes are the only folks that ever see fairies, and that poor folks can't afford them. But in the days of the real old-fashioned "Green Jacket and White Owl's Feather" fairies, it was the poor boy carrying faggots to the cabin of his widowed mother who saw wonders of all sorts wrought by the little people; and it was the poor girl who had a fairy godmother. It must be confessed that the mystery-working, dew-drop dancing, wand-waving, pumpkin-met-amorphosing little rascals have been spoiled of late years by being admitted into fine houses. Having their pictures painted by artists, their praises sung by poets, their adventures told in gilt-edge books, and, above all, getting into the delicious leaves of ST. NICHOLAS, has made them "stuck up," so that it is not the poor girl in the cinders, nor the boy with a bundle of faggots now, but girls who wear button boots and tie-back skirts, and boys with fancy waists and striped stockings, that are befriended by fairies whom they do not need.

But away off from the cities there still live a race of unflattered fairies who are not snobbish, and who love little girls and boys in pinafores and ragged jackets. These sprites are not very handsome, and so the artists do not draw their pictures, and they do not get into gilt-edge Christmas books. Dear, ugly, good fairies! I hope they will not be spoiled by my telling you something about them.

Little Bobby Towpate saw some of them; and it's about Bobby, and the fairies he saw, that I want to speak. Bobby was the thirteenth child in a rather large family—there were three younger than he. He lived in a log cabin on the banks of a stream, the right name of which is "Indian Kentucky Creek." I suppose it was named "Indian Kentucky" because it is not in Kentucky, but in Indiana; and as for Indians, they have been gone many a day. The people always call it "The Injun Kaintuck." They tuck up the name to make it shorter.

Bobby was only four years and three-quarters old, but he had been in pantaloons for three years and a half, for the people in the Indian Kaintuck put their little boys into breeches as soon as they can walk—perhaps a little before. And such breeches! The little white-headed fellows look like dwarf grandfathers, thirteen hundred years of age. They go toddling about like old men who have grown little again, and forgotten everything they ever knew.

But Bobby Towpate was not ugly. Under his white hair, which "looked every way for Sunday," were blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, and a mouth as pretty as it was solemn. The comical little fellow wore an unbleached cotton shirt, and tattered pantaloons, with home-made suspenders or "gallowses." The pantaloons had always been old, I think, for they were made out of a pair of his father's—his "daddy's," as he would have told you—and nobody ever knew his father to have a new pair, so they must have been old from the beginning. For in the Indian Kaintuck country nothing ever seems to be new. Bobby Towpate himself was born looking about a thousand years old, and had aged some centuries already. As for hat, he wore one of his daddy's old hats when he wore any, and it would have answered well for an umbrella if it had not been ragged.

Bobby's play-ground was anywhere along the creek in the woods. There were so many children that there was nobody to look after him; so he just kept a careful eye on himself, and that made it all right. As he was not a very energetic child, there was no danger of his running into mischief. Indeed, he never ran at all. He was given to sitting down on the ground and listening to the crazy singing of the loons—birds whose favorite amusement consists in trying to see which can make the most hideous noise. Then, too, he would watch the stake-drivers flying along the creek, with their long, ugly necks sticking out in front of them, and their long, ugly legs sticking out behind them, and their long, ugly wings sticking out on each side of them. They never seemed to have any bodies at all. People call them stake-drivers because their musical voices sound like the driving of a stake: "Ke-wack! ke-wack!" They also call them "Fly-up-the-creeks," and plenty of ugly names besides.

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It was one sleepy summer afternoon that Bobby sat on the root of a beech-tree, watching a stake-driver who stood in the water as if looking for his dinner of tadpoles, when what should the homely bird do but walk right out on the land and up to Bobby. Bobby then saw that it was not a stake-driver, but a long-legged, long-necked, short-bodied gentleman, in a black bob-tail coat. And yet his long, straight nose did look like a stake-driver's beak, to be sure. He was one of the stake-driver fairies, who live in the dark and lonesome places along the creeks in the Hoosier country. They make the noise that you hear, "Ke-whack! ke-whack!" It is the driving of stakes for the protection of the nests of their friends the cat-fish.

"Good-morning, Bobby, ke-whack!" said the long, slim gentleman, nodding his head. He said ke-whack after his words because that is the polite thing to do among the stake-driver fairies.

"My name haint Bobby Ke-whack, nur nothin'," answered Bobby. The people on Indian Kaintuck say "nor nothing" without meaning anything by it. "My name haint on'y jeth Bob, an' nothin' elth."

But the slender Mr. Fly-up-the-creek only nodded and said ke-whack two or three times, by way of clearing his throat.

"May be you 'd like to see the folks underground, ke-whack," he added presently. "If you would, I can show you the door and how to unlock it. It 's right under the next cliff, ke-whack! If you get the door open, you may go in and find the Sleepy-headed People, the Invisible People, and all the rest, ke-whack!"

"Ke-whack!" said Bob, mimicking, and grinning till he showed his row of white milk-teeth. But the gentleman stake-driver must have been offended, for he walked away into the water and disappeared among the willows, saying, "Ke-whack! ke-whack!" in an indignant way at every step.

When once the stake-driver fairy had gone, Bob was troubled. He was lonesome. He had always been lonesome, because the family was so large. There is never any company for a body where there are so many. Now Bob wished that "Ole Ke-whack," as he called him, had not walked off into the willows in such a huff. He would like to see who lived under the ground, you know. After awhile, he thought he would go and look for the door under the cliff. Bobby called it "clift," after the manner of the people on the Indian Kaintuck.

Once under the cliff, he was a long time searching around for a door. At last, he found a something that looked like a door in the rock. He looked to see if there was a latch-string, for the houses in the Indian Kaintuck are opened with latch-strings. But he could not find one. Then he said to himself (for Bobby, being a lonesome boy, talked to himself a great deal) words like these:

"Ole Ke-whack thed he knowed wharabout the key mout be. The time I went down to Madison, to market with mammy, I theed a feller dretht up to kill come along and open hith door with a iron thing. That mout be a key. Wonder ef I can 't find it mythelf! There, I come acrost the hole what it goeth into."

He had no trouble in "coming acrost" the key itself, for he found it lying on the ground. He took it up, looked at it curiously, and said: "Thith thing muth be a key." So he tried to put it into the key-hole, but an unexpected difficulty met him. Every time he tried to put in the key, the key-hole, which before was in easy reach, ran up so far that he could not get to it. He picked up some loose stones and piled them up against the door, and

THE KEY-HOLE MOVES UP.

stood on them on his tip-toes, but still the key-hole shot up out of his reach. At last, he got down exhausted, and sat down on the pile of stones he had made, with his back to the door. On looking round, he saw that the key-hole was back in its old place, and within a few inches of his head. He turned round suddenly and made a dive at it, with the key held in both hands, but the key-hole shot up like a rocket, until it was just out of his reach.

After trying to trap this key-hole in every way



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he could, he sat down on a stone and looked at it a minute, and then said very slowly: "Well, I never! That beats me all holler! What a funny thing a key-hole muth be."

At last, he noticed another key-hole in the rock, not far away, and concluded to try the key in that. The key went in without trouble, and Bob turned it round several times, until the iron key had turned to brass in his hands.

"The blamed thing ith turnin' yaller!" cried little Towpate. You must excuse Bob's language. You might have talked in the same way if you had been so lucky as to be born on the Indian Kaintuck.

Seeing that he could not open anything by turning the key round in this key-hole, since there was no door here, he thought he would now try what luck he might have with the "yaller" key in opening the door. The key-hole might admit a brass key. But what was his amazement to find on trying, that the key-hole which had run upward from an iron key, now ran down toward the bottom of the door. He pulled away the stones and stooped down till his head was near the ground, but the key-hole disappeared off the bottom of the door. When he gave up the chase it returned as before. Bobby worked himself into a great heat trying to catch it, but it was of no use.

Then he sat down again and stared at the door, and again he said slowly: "Well, I never, in all my born 'd days! That beats me all holler! What a thing a key-hole ith! But that feller in town did n't have no trouble."

After thinking awhile he looked at the key, and came to the conclusion that, as the key-hole went up from an iron key, and down from a brass one, that if he had one half-way between, he should have no trouble. "Thith key ith too *awful* yaller," he said. "I 'll put it back and turn it half-way black, and then we 'll thee."

So he stuck it into the key-hole and tried to turn it in the opposite direction to the way he had turned it before. But it would not turn to the left at all. So he let go and stood off looking at it awhile, when, to his surprise, the key began turning to the right of its own accord. And as it turned it grew whiter, until it was a key of pure silver.

"Purty good for you, ole hoss," said Bob, as he pulled out the bright silver key. "We 'll thee if you're any better 'n the black one and the yaller one."

But neither would the silver one open the door; for the key-hole was as much afraid of it as of the brass one and the iron one. Only now it neither went up nor down, but first toward one side of the door and then toward the other, according to the way in which the key approached it. Bobby, after awhile, went at it straight from the front, whereupon the key-hole divided into two parts—the one half running off the door to the right, the other to the left.

"Well, that 'th ahead of my time," said Bob. But he was by this time so much amused by the changes in the key and the antics of the nimble key-hole, that he did not care much whether the door opened or not. He waited until he had seen the truant key-hole take its place again, and then he took the silver key back to the other key-hole. As soon as he approached it the key leaped out of his hand, took its place in the key-hole, and began to turn swiftly round. When it stopped the silver had become gold.

"Yaller again, by hokey," said Bob. And he took the gold key and went back, wondering what

BOBBY.

the key-hole would do now. But there was now no key-hole. It had disappeared entirely.

Bob stood off and looked at the place where it had been, let his jaw drop a little in surprise and disappointment, and came out slowly with this: "Well, I never, in all my born 'd days!"

He thought best now to take the key back and have it changed once more. But the other key-hole was gone too. Not knowing what to do, he returned to the door and put the key up where the nimble key-hole had been, whereupon it reappeared, the gold key inserted itself, and the door opened of its own accord.

Bob eagerly tried to enter, but there stood somebody in the door, blocking the passage.

"Hello!" said Bob. "You here, Ole Ke-whack? How did you get in? By the back door, I 'low."

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"Put my yellow waistcoat back where you got it, ke-whack!" said the stake-driver, shivering. "It's cold in here, and how shall I go to the party without it, ke-whack!"

"Your yaller wescut?" said Bob. "I haint got no wescut, ke-whack or no ke-whack."

"You must put that away!" said the fly-up-the-creek, pecking his long nose at the gold key. "Ke-whack! ke-whack!"

"Oh!" said Towpate, "why did n't you say so?" Then he tossed the gold key down on the ground, where he had found the iron one, but the key stood straight up, waving itself to and fro, while Bobby came out with his drawling: "Well, I never!"

"Pick it up! Pick it up! Ke-whack! You've pitched my yellow waistcoat into the dirt, ke-whack, ke-whack!"

"Oh! You call that a wescut, do you. Well, I never!" And Bobby picked up the key, and since he could think of no place else to put it, he put it into the key-hole, upon which it unwound itself to the left till it was silver. Bobby, seeing that the key had ceased to move, pulled it out and turned toward the open door to see the stake-driver wearing a yellow vest, which he was examining with care, saying, "Ke-whack, ke-whack," as he did so. "I knew you'd get spots on it, ke-whack, throwing it on the ground that way."

Poor Bobby was too much mystified by this confusion between the gold key and the yellow vest, or "wescut," as they call it on the Indian Kaintuck, to say anything.

"Now, my white coat, put that back, ke-whack," said the fly-up-the-creek fairy. "I can't go to the party in my shirt sleeves, ke-whack."

"I haint got your coat, Ole Daddy Longlegs," said Bobby, "'less you mean this key."

On this suspicion he put the key back, upon which it again unwound itself to the left and became brass. As soon as Bobby had pulled out the brass key and turned round, he saw that the fairy was clad in a white coat, which, with his stunning yellow vest, made him cut quite a figure.

"Now, my yellow cap," said the stake-driver, adding a cheerful ke-whack or two, and Bobby guessed that he was to put the brass key in the key-hole, whereupon it was immediately turned round by some unseen power until it became iron, and then thrown out on the ground where Bobby Towpate had found it at first. Sure enough, the fairy now wore a yellow cap, and, quick as thought, he stepped out to where the key was lying, and struck it twice with his nose, whereupon it changed to a pair of three-toed boots, which he quickly drew on. Then he turned and bowed to Bobby, and said:

"Ke-whack! You've ironed my coat and vest, and brushed my cap and blacked my boots. Good-day, ke-whack, I'm going to the party. You can go in if you want to."

Bobby stood for some time, looking after him as he flew away along the creek, crying "ke-whack, ke-whack, ke-whack!" And Bobby said once again: "Well, I never, in all my born'd days," and then added, "Haint Daddy Longlegs peart? Thinks he's *some* in his yaller wescut, I 'low."

When once the fly-up-the-creek had gone out of sight and out of hearing, Bobby started on his search for the Sleepy-headed People. He traveled along a sort of underground gallery or cave, until he came to a round basin-like place. Here he found people who looked like fat little boys and girls, rather than men and women. They were lolling round in a ring, while one of the number read drowsily from a big book which was lying on a bowlder in the middle of this Sleepy-hollow. All seemed to be looking and listening intently. But as soon as those who sat facing Bobby caught sight of him, they gave a long yawn and fell into a deep sleep. One after another they looked at him, and one after another the little round, lazy fellows gaped, until it seemed their heads would split open, then fell over and slept soundly, snoring like little pigs. Bobby stood still with astonishment. He did not even find breath to say, "Well, I never!" For presently every one of the listeners had gone off to sleep. The reader, whose back was toward the new-comer, did not see him. He was the only one left awake, and Bobby looked to see him drop over at any moment. But the little fat man read right along in a drawling, sleepy mumble, something about the Athenians until Bob cried out: "Hello, Ole Puddin-bag, everybody'th gone to thleep; you'd jeth ath well hole up yer readin' awhile."

The little man rolled his eyes round upon Bob, and said: "Oh, my! I'm gone off again!" And then he stretched his fat cheeks in an awful yawn.

"Hey! You'll never get that mouth of your'n shet, ef you don't be mighty keerful," cried Bob; but the fellow was fast asleep before he could get the words out.

"Well now, that'th a purty lookin' crowd, haint it?" said Bob, looking round upon the sleepers.

Just at that moment they began to wake up, one after another, but as soon as they saw Bob, they sighed and said: "He's so curious," or, "He's so interesting," or something of the sort, and fell away into a deep slumber again. At last, Bob undertook to wake some of them up by hallooing, but the more noise he made, the more soundly they slept. Then he gave over shaking them and shouting at them, and sat down. As soon as he was quiet, they began to wake up again.

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"Hello!" cried Bob, when he saw two or three of them open their eyes.

"If you'd only keep still till I get awake," said one of them, and then they all went to sleep again.

By keeping quite still, he got them pretty well waked up. Then they all fell to counting their toes, to keep from becoming too much interested in Bobby, for just so sure as they get interested or excited, the Sleepy-headed People fall asleep. Presently the reader awoke, and began to mumble a lot of stuff out of the big book, about Epaminondas, and Sesostris, and Cyaxeres, and Clearchus, and the rest, and they all grew a little more wakeful. When he came to an account of a battle, Bobby began to be interested a little in the story, but all the others yawned and cried out, "Read across, read across!" and the reader straightway read clear across the page, mixing the two columns into hopeless nonsense, so as to destroy the interest. Then they all waked up again.

"I know a better thtory than that air!" said Bobby, growing tired of the long, mumbling reading of the dull book.

"Do you? Tell it," said the reader.

So Bobby began to tell them some of his adventures, upon which they all grew interested and fell asleep.

"Don't tell any more like that," said the little reader, when he awoke.

"What'th the matter weth it? Heap better thtory than that big book that you're a mumblin' over, Mr. Puddin'."

"We don't like interesting stories," said the sleepy reader. "They put us to sleep. This is the best book in the world. It's Rollin's Ancient History, and it has n't got but a few interesting spots in the whole of it. Those we keep sewed up, so that we can't read them. The rest is all so nice and dull, that it keeps us awake all day."

Bobby stared, but said nothing.

THE SLEEPY-HEADED PEOPLE.

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"Can you sing?" said one of the plump little old women.

"Yeth, I can thing Dandy Jim."

"Let's have it. I do love singing; it soothes me and keeps me awake."

Thus entreated, little Bobby stood up and sang one verse of a negro song he had heard, which ran:

"When de preacher took his tex'
He look so berry much perplex',
Fur nothin' come acrost his mine
But Dandy Jim from Caroline!"

Bobby shut his eyes tight, and threw his head back and sang through his nose, as he had seen big folks do. He put the whole of his little soul into these impressive words. When he had finished and opened his eyes to discover what effect his vocal exertions had produced, his audience was of course fast asleep.

"Well, I never," said Bob.

"The tune's too awful lively," said the little old woman, when she woke up. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now, hear me sing." And she began, in a slow, solemn movement, the most drawling tune you ever heard, and they all joined in the same fashion:

"Poor old Pidy,
She died last Friday;
Poor old creetur,
The turkey-buzzards——"

But before they could finish the line, while they were yet hanging to the tails of the turkey-buzzards, so to speak, Bobby burst out with:

"La! that'th the toon the old cow died on. I would n't thing that."

"You would n't, hey?" said the woman, getting mad.

"No, I would n't, little dumplin'."

Whereupon the little woman got so mad that she went fast asleep, and the reader, growing interested and falling into a doze, tumbled off his chair on his head, but as his head was quite soft and puttyish, it did him no particular harm, except that the fall made him sleep more soundly than ever.

When they had waked up again Bobby thought it time to move on, but as soon as he offered to move, the sleepy-heads surrounded him and began to sing a drawling song, which made Bobby sleepy. He soon found that they meant to make him one of themselves, and this was not at all to his taste. He struggled to get away, but something held him about the feet. What should he do?

Suddenly a bright thought came to his relief. The sleepy-heads were now all standing in a ring around him. He began to tell a story at the top of his voice:

"My gr'an'pappy, he fit weth a red Injun. An' the Injun he chopped my gran'pappy's finger off weth his tomahawk, and——"

But at this point all the little people got intensely excited over Bobby's gran'pappy's fight, and so, of course, fell asleep and fell forward into a pile on top of Bobby, who had an awful time getting out from under the heap. Just as he emerged, the people began to wake up and to lay hold of his feet, but Bobby screamed out:

"And my gran'pappy, he up weth his hatchet and he split the nasty ole red Injun's head open——"

They were all fast asleep again.

Bobby now ran off toward the door, not caring to go any further underground at present, though he knew there were other wonders beyond. He reached the door at last, but it was closed. There was no key-hole even.

After looking around a long time he found the Fly-up-the-creek fairy, not far from the door, sitting by a fire, with a large, old owl sitting over against him.

"Give me the key to the door, Ole Ke-whack!" said Bobby.

"Oh, no! I will not give you my clothes, ke-whack! Do you think I would give you my party clothes? If you had n't sung so loud, the door would n't have shut. You scared it. Now, I can't give you my fine clothes, and so you 'll have to stay here."

Poor Bobby sat down by the fire, not knowing what to do.

"Tell him about the Sleepy-headed People," said the owl to Bobby, solemnly.

"Shut up, old man, or I 'll bite your head off!" said the Fly-up-the creek to the owl.

"Do as I say," said the owl. "If you stay here, you 'll turn to an owl or a bat. Be quick. The Sleepy-heads are his cousins—he does n't like to hear about them."

"Don't mind a word the old man says, ke-whack!"

"Give me the key, then," said Bobby.

"Do as I say," said the owl.

The Fly-up-the-creek tried to bite off the owl's head, but the "old man" hopped out of his way. Bobby began to tell the story of his adventures among the Sleepy-heads, and the stake-driver began to cry, "Ke-whack, ke-whack!" to drown his words, but as Bobby went on, the stake-driver's voice became weaker and weaker. Bobby was so amazed that he stopped.

"Go on!" cried the owl, "or you 'll never get out, or I either."

So Bobby kept up his talk until the stake-driver was lying senseless on the floor.

"Put the key in the lock, quick," cried the owl.

"Where is the key?"

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"His fine clothes. Take them off, quick! Cap first!"

Bobby began with the cap, then stripped off the coat and vest and boots.

"Put them in the key-hole, quick!" said the owl, for the stake-driver was reviving.

"Where is the key-hole?"

"There! There!" cried the owl, pointing to the fire. By this time the Fly-up-the-creek had already begun to reach out for his clothes, which Bobby hastily threw into the fire. The fire went out, the great door near by swung open, and the big-eyed owl, followed by Bobby, walked out, saying, "I'm free at last."

Somehow, in the day-light, he was not any longer an owl, but an old man in gray clothes, who hobbled off down the road.

And Bobby looked after him until he saw the stake-driver, shorn of his fine clothes, sweep over his head and go flying up the creek again. Then he turned toward his father's cabin, saying:

"Well, I never! Ef that haint the beatinest thing I ever did see in all my born'd days."

And I think it was.

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# BASS COVE SKETCHES.—A COUPLE OF CRUSOES.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE sea was inspiring to Mr. Augustus Bonwig's poetical feelings; and he began to declaim again, as he and Joe descended the ledges on the seaward side of the island.

"'The breaking waves dashed high, on a stern—'" But here a chasm in the rocks occasioned a hiatus in the verse.

"On the stern of a ship?" Joe asked.

"No; 'on a stern and rock-bound coast,'" said Mr. Bonwig, as he stepped over the chasm.

But here, again, he was interrupted; this time by Joe, who cautioned him against scaring the ducks with his poetry.

"Now, look a here, Mister! You notice, we're comin' to a sort of clift" (Joe meant cliff). "We can crawl right to the edge on't, and look right down into a little inlet, where we'll be purty sure to see suthin'."

"Crawl, is it?" said the portly Mr. Bonwig, wincing. "I'm not built for crawling. But no matter. Go ahead. I'll sacrifice the rest of my buttons in a good cause, if necessary."

Joe advanced to make an observation. He reached the edge of the cliff; and presently looked back at his companion with a laugh, and beckoned to him. Augustus came up with him, scratching the rocks with his remaining buttons, and looked over.

"Here's a splendid shot!" said Joe. "Two old wives close in shore!"

Bonwig saw with delight the pair of ducks, riding on the swells that poured into the inlet, or tipping

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up and plunging their bills down among the cool, dark sea-moss, as the bright waves receded, leaving it half exposed and glistening in the early sunlight.

"Now," said Joe, "I 'm goin' to let you have all the chance this time. I sha' n't fire at all, till you do. Don't show yourself, nor make a noise, but take aim right through this notch."

Bonwig obeyed; resting his ponderous stomach on the ledge, and thrusting his gun over it, he cocked both barrels, and took as deliberate aim as it was possible for a highly nervous sportsman to do, under the circumstances.

"Plenty of time," said Joe.

"I— know— it; but, bless my heart! how they do— bob up and down!"

The ducks were, in fact, constantly in motion, tossing on the swells, or tipping up and darting their bills hither and thither. Moreover, the light on the water was very deceptive. One has to get used to shooting at objects afloat, as Joe very justly observed afterward.

"I— I— rather think I 'd better fire!" said Augustus, in a trembling voice.

"Seems to me, I would; I don't see what you're waitin' for," Joe replied.

Mr. Bonwig fired both barrels in quick succession. The startled ducks rose quickly and quietly from the water, as if to show a due respect for his salute; not a feather of either being injured.

"Bless my heart!" said Mr. Bonwig.

"You 've had your chance; now it 's my turn," said Joe.

He took aim with his old "Queen's arm," fired instantly, and brought down a bird. Then he fired his other gun, and the other duck whirled and fell into the sea.

"Now, I am—I am surprised!" said Augustus. "It 's all a knack, as your father said; and you have got the knack! I *am* surprised!"

"I 'll go down after 'em," said Joe, "while you go back and see if there aint some more ducks over t' other side, by this time. And haul the dory a little further up on the beach," he added, "for I'm afraid the tide will git it; it 's comin' in fast."

Bonwig went, and returned in a short time, saying that he had left the dory safe, and that he had seen no game.

"Where are your old wives?" he asked. "Have n't you been down after them yet?"

"No," said Joe; "I 'm watchin' them loons," pointing out to sea. "If you 'll do jest what I tell ye, I guess we can git 'em. Sure ye left the dory all right?"

"Oh, yes! The tide wont reach it this hour. I don't see your loons, though," said Augustus. "Yes, I do! Half a mile off! How do you expect ever to get them?"

"I 'll git down on to that ledge that runs out into the water, and hide. Then I 'll holler like a loon, and purty soon you 'll see 'em steerin' right in toward me. But if they come near enough to find out I aint a loon, they 'll stop. So, soon as you see 'em comin', you jest wave this 'ere hankercher on yer ramrod, so 's to take their eye. I carry it 'most a purpose for loons." Joe pulled a flaming bandanna from his pocket, and showed Mr. Bonwig how to manage it. "Loons is birds," he said, "that has lots of curiosity in their dispositions, and they 'll 'most gener'lly allus come in nigh enough to see what a wavin' red hankercher means, so's't a feller can git a shot at 'em. Only," said Joe, eying his friend's gun wistfully, "it 's hard carryin' two long, heavy guns down a steep clift, like this here; and now, if you don't care to go down and do the shootin'—for you 'll be too fur off up here—"

"Bless my heart!" said Augustus, looking over the precipice, "I never could get down these rocks alive, in the world! I—I—must think of my wife and children!"

"Then if you would jest lend me the loan of your gun once," said Joe.

"Why yes—certainly," said Augustus.

"Then you wont be shootin' *me*, ye know," grinned Joe.

Leaving his companion on the top of the cliff, he dropped over the edge of it, and, taking advantage of the loons diving, slipped down from crevice to crevice, and from shelf to shelf, until he had made his way in safety to the bottom, and concealed himself on the point of rock he had mentioned. Then he began to halloo like a loon, with his hands behind his mouth to throw his voice out to sea—uttering a wild, lonesome cry, which soon attracted the birds' attention. They ceased their diving, and presently began to swim toward him.

Bonwig now waved the handkerchief on the cliff, remaining himself unseen; and the loons, tacking and turning occasionally, and rising and falling on the swells, continued to approach the shore, even after Joe had stopped calling.

Nearer and nearer they came, until Augustus grew impatient. "Why don't he fire? Why don't the fellow fire?" he kept saying to himself. But Joe knew what he was about. Aware of the difficulty of penetrating the loons' breast-feathers with bird-shot, he wished to get them as near as possible, and close together, or their two heads in range, in order to double his chances. At last, just as one was darting by the other on the top of a wave, he fired one of Bonwig's barrels. The nearest bird immediately went over on his side, and began to flop and turn on the water in a way that showed he had got a fatal hurt. His mate

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was less severely wounded. She tried to dive, but could not remain beneath the surface, and a second shot dispatched her.

Then Joe climbed back up the rock.

"Why don't you get the old wives?" Augustus called to him. "They 're tossing about in the cove there."

"We must bring the dory around to pick up the loons, anyhow," said Joe, handing the gun over the edge of the cliff, "and we can get the old wives then."

"Why did n't you shoot sooner?" Mr. Bonwig asked.

"Don't you see?" said Joe. "If I had n't wounded 'em both at once, soon as I fired at one, t' other 'd have dove quick as wink, and most likely I should n't have got another shot at her. They 're a terrible quick bird! They 'll dodge the flash of a gun, without you 're perty near 'em."

"Well, well! you *have* got the knack, I declare!" said Mr. Bonwig. "I don't know but I shall have to give in to you, after all!"

"This is a splendid gun of yourn!" said Joe, covetously. "If I could only have this with me alluz, then I *might* do suthin'! But I must go for the dory now. You stay here and watch the loons, and perty soon you 'll see me come rowin' around the island."

"Now, why can't I shoot like that boy?" Bonwig said to himself after Joe had gone. "In the city, he was so green everybody laughed at him. But, bless my heart! if I don't find him my superior down here! I 'm afraid, if anybody deserves to be laughed at to-day, he is n't the fellow, anyway!"

Mr. Augustus was beginning to be sick of duck-shooting.

Hearing a cry in the direction Joe had gone, Mr. Bonwig arose and listened. Another cry, full of anger and distress. Augustus started to find his young friend, whom he presently saw hurrying back to meet him.

"You critter, you!" shrieked Joe, forgetting all deference due to his companion in the rage and perplexity of the moment; "you old fat fool, you!"

"Bless my heart!" said Augustus, aghast, "what 's the matter?"

"Matter, you lazy lummox! don't you know nothin'?" And Joe turned back again with gestures of fury and despair.

"Why! what on earth have I done?" cried Mr. Bonwig, following him, more alarmed than angry.

"The dory!" said Joe, chokingly.

"Hey? what 's happened to the dory?" said Bonwig, turning pale. "I left it safe!"

"You did n't! You said you 'd haul it up out of reach of the tide, and you never touched it! Now look a there!"

They had reached a commanding point of the island, from which Augustus had the satisfaction of seeing the little skiff afloat, and drifting quietly and steadily out to sea.

"Bless my!——" gasped the astounded candy-maker. "Can't ye swim and get it?"

"Swim?" echoed Joe, with wrathful contempt. "I 'd like to see any man swim for that! The wind has got into the north-west, and it 's carryin' on her away faster 'n anybody can swim! Why did n't ye haul her up, as I told ye?"

"I—really—I could n't see any necessity for it!" said poor Mr. Bonwig. "The waves did n't touch her."

"But I told you the tide was comin' in! And could n't you see yourself that once in a while there was a big swell, bigger 'n the rest! 'Twas one o' them that started her off, and then the wind took her!"

"I *am* surprised!" said the pale Mr. Bonwig. "I don't see how we are going to get off this island! And I—I promised my wife—she 'll certainly be looking for me to-night. I *must* get back to-night!"

"If you do, you 'll have to swim." And Joe sat down sulkily on the ledge and watched the departing dory.

"What! you don't mean——?"

"You 'll have enough of Robinson Crusoe 'fore you get through! That dory cost my father fifteen dollars!"

"It aint possible we shall have to stay here," faltered Augustus, casting his eyes about him, and feeling not a bit like spouting poetry just then, "and live on what we kill?"

"A feller could n't live very long on what *you* kill!" said Joe. "I don't care for sleepin' in the hut, I 'd jest as lieve do that as not; and I can eat fish and wild ducks and hard bread as long as the next chap. But, by sixty! that dory! Dad 'll skin me alive if I don't bring her back. See her go! see her go!" And Joe whipped his legs with his hands despairingly. "The coots are in her, too!" with a fresh wail. "And we can't get the loons without her; and mabby we can't get the old wives now."

"Then if no more ducks come around, what shall we do?" said Augustus, who was a man of excellent appetite, never careless about his dinner.

"I guess you 'll have a chance to grow a little mite less pussy 'n you be now," said Joe, beginning to see the humor of the situation, and to get the better of his despair.

"Can't we make a signal of distress?"

"You can try it, if you want to. But dad is

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huskin' corn to-day; and even if he should see it, he'd think it was for loons. Besides, there aint another dory to the Cove, since Old Wansey's got stove up by the last gale; and dad could n't come off for us if he wanted to."

"Then," said Augustus, "I don't see but that we are in a fix!"

"Jes' so," said Joe. "But now, if you want to make a signal, I'll show you. It must be on the highest spot, where it can be seen from shore, as well as by fishin' boats outside."

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

The thought of something to be done put Joe into a good humor.

"Here's where you was monarch of all you surveyed," he said, with a grin, as they walked over the ledges; adding, "I guess the deep and dark blue ocean will roll on fast enough for you now, without waitin' to be told! Here's the place!"

"We never can make ourselves seen from this distance," said Bonwig, with a heavy heart.

"We can try."

"But what can we make a signal of? A handkerchief is nothing!"

"Take my shirt,—I can spare that better than I can my coat, in this wind," said Joe; and he proceeded to divest himself of that useful, but not indispensable garment.

He thrust a gun-barrel into one of the sleeves at the wrist, and thence through the shoulders of the shirt into the other sleeve, which he tied into a knot over the muzzle.

"Now, there's your banner!" said he, waving it aloft.

"Well, I declare!" said Augustus, "you've done it! Long may it wave!" as Joe flourished the pale ensign in the breeze. "Though there's a prospect of its waving long enough, without rushing it particularly. But, as a signal of distress, it seems to me there's something not quite right. Don't they usually have the union down?"

"Shirts ha' n't got no union," said Joe. And he began to sing: "'*T is the star-spangled banner*," in a cheerful and enlivening manner.

Being one of those brave-hearted lads whose spirits always rise in the presence of danger and difficulty, and having recovered from the chagrin of losing the dory, he was now in a merrier mood than he had been at any time that morning.

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"It wont take long for this wind to whip a shirt into ravelin's!" said he. "After it has flopped mine all to pieces, then we'll take your'n. Then, when that's gone, we'll run up our jackets, and then our trouse's, for we're bound to keep the signal flyin'!"

Mr. Bonwig could not see the fun of the thing, but kept a dismal countenance, thinking of his wife and children.

"*You* need n't be so anxious about suthin' to eat," remarked Joe. "It'll take you a good while longer to starve than it would most people. My uncle was in a ship that was lost once, and was three weeks on a raft in the Pacific Ocean, with seven other men, and he said three of the men died, and all the rest come within one of it; only there was a fat man with 'em,—weighed about two hundred and fifty when they took to the raft,—he stood it; he kept growing lighter an' lighter, and fresher and fresher; he weighed about a hundred, and was spry as a cricket when a vessel finally picked 'em up. He had lived all the while on his own fat; like a bear in winter."

This pleasant anecdote did not seem to afford Mr. Bonwig very much comfort. The idea of living on *his* fat for any length of time was not cheering. He had no doubt whatever of growing lighter and lighter on that diet; but as for growing fresher and fresher, that did not appear to him to be among the probabilities. No,—Mr. Augustus Bonwig could not indulge a hope of ever becoming spry as a cricket, in that way.

"Your father *must* grow anxious about you, if you don't come home; and he can find a dory somewhere," said he.

"My father never's anxious about me when I'm off duck-shootin'," replied Joe. "Once I got lost in a fog, rowin' from Pippin P'int. I got turned about somehow. I kept rowin' and rowin', but could n't find no land; and night come on, dark as Egypt—and there I was! No supper, no north star, no compass, no overcoat,—discouragin', I tell you! I rowed all night, to keep warm, and in hopes of touchin' land somewheres;—and it was n't half so comf'table as we'll find it in that house to-night, burnin' the Humane Society's wood and eatin' the Humane Society's crackers, and tellin' stories,—not half! Wal, mornin' come, but the fog did n't lift, and I did n't know where I was any more 'n I did before; but I kept on rowin' and rowin', only when I stopped to rest, which was perty often now,—I was gittin' used up. No supper, and no breakfast! The sea was calm; the fog was so heavy it seemed to press it right down flat. I could n't see more 'n an oar's length or two ahead of me. So the forenoon wore on. By-m-by I give up,—no supper, no breakfast, no dinner,—it was beginnin' to tell on me. You've no idee how a feller'll shrink, without eatin' or sleepin' for twenty-four hours! It seemed to me I'd got dad's clo'es on. I'd hollered myself hoarse; but in that fog, it was like a man's hollerin' in his grave. You need n't look so sorry; why," said Joe, "this here island, in fine weather, is paradise to an open boat in a fog!"

"How did you finally get ashore?" asked Augustus.

"Wind changed, and fog lifted all of a sudden, jest afore sundown. And where do ye s'pose I was? Almost within gunshot o' the Cove! I jest rowed ashore, hauled up the dory, and walked into the house. There sot dad, a-smokin', comfortable as could be. 'Where's yer ducks, boy?' says he the fust thing. 'Did n't git none,' says I. 'Why, where ye been all this time?' says he; 'and ha'nt got nary duck!' 'O, paddlin' round in the fog,' says I. 'A'nt ye hungry?' says my mother,—she was gittin' supper. 'Wal, I be some hungry,' says I. And supper did taste mighty good that night, I tell ye!"

"Was n't your family concerned about you?" said Mr. Bonwig.

"What was the use of bein' consarned? There was no gale; and they knowed I'd come home agin some time," said Joe. "I did come home, and I brought the dory. Dad'll be dreadful worked, if I don't bring it this time! Look! it's most out of sight!"

"That seems to be all you care about!"

"Why should n't it be? We'll do well enough. It wont be many days before somebody'll be comin' off here a-fishin', and see us."

"Many days!" groaned Augustus. "I'm getting hungry already!"

"Wal," said Joe, "you keep the flag a-wavin', and I'll go and see what I can do for dinner."

*(Concluded in next number.)*

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# GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

By Abby Morton Diaz.

"Mother, do butterflies remember when they were worms and caterpillars?" inquired Natty.

"What puzzling questions you children do ask!" said his mother. "The idea never entered my head. You must ask your uncle Joe."

"Uncle Joe," asked Natty, again, "do butterflies remember when they were worms and caterpillars?"

"Why, no," said Uncle Joe. "I should say not, if all stories are true."

"What stories?"

"I happened to be reading one the other day which—but stay, just hand me that book, please; the thin, square, prettily bound one. That 's it. Now we 'll look for the story. I forget the name. Ah, here we have it. It 's not a long story. Reading it will hardly take ten minutes. Listen."

A poor little worm was one day crawling slowly along the ground, seeking for food, while above her happy insects darted through the air, their bright wings flashing in the sunlight.

"Alas!" sighed the little worm. "What a toilsome life is ours! We move only by great labor, and even with that can never travel far. Kept near the damp ground, liable at any moment to be crushed, toiling up and down rough stalks, eating tough leaves—for it is only now and then we find a flower. Oh, it is truly a wearisome life.

"Yet none seem to pity our sorrows. Those proud insects flitting over head, the miller, the butterfly, the dragon-fly, the golden bumble-bee, they never notice us! Oh, but life goes well with them! Flying is so easy! Even easier than rest. Wherever they wish to be, they have only to spread their wings and the summer wind bears them on. Dressed out so gayly, at home with all the flowers, living on sweets, seeing fine sights, hearing all that is to be heard, what care they for us poor plodders? Selfish creatures! They think only of themselves. Now, for my part, if I had wings and could move about so easily, I would think, sometimes, of the poor worms down below, who could not fly. I would bring them, now and then, a sip of honey, or a taste of something nice from the flower gardens, far away. I would come down and speak a kind word, tell them something good to hear—in short, be friendly. Oh, if one only had wings, how much good one might do. But these selfish creatures never think of that!"

Not long afterward this complaining worm was changed into a butterfly. Spreading her light wings, she passed the happy hours in flitting from field to field, rocking in the flower-cups, idling about where the sunshine was brightest, sipping where the honey was sweetest. Oh, a right gay butterfly was she, and no summer day ever seemed too long!

One morning, while resting upon an opening rose-bud, she saw below her a couple of worms, making their slow way over the ground.

"Poor creatures!" she said. "Life goes hard with them. Dull things, how little they know! It must be stupid enough down there. No doubt their lives could be brightened up a trifle. Some few pleasures or comforts might be given them, and I hope this will be done. If I were not so busy—but really I have n't a moment to spare. To-day there is a rose party, and all the butterflies are going there. To-morrow the sweet-pea party comes off, and all the butterflies are going there. Next day the grasshoppers give a grand hop, and at sundown there will be a serenade by the crickets. Every hour is occupied. The bumble-bees and hornets are getting up a concert. Then there is a new flower blossoming in a garden far away, and all are flying to see it. The two rich butterflies, Lady Golden Spot, and Madame Royal Purple, have arrived in great state, and expect great attentions. The bees have had a lucky summer, and, in honor of these new arrivals, are to give a grand honey festival, at which the queen herself will preside. The wasps are on the police, and will, I trust, keep out the vulgar. The gnats and mosquitoes have formed a military company, called the flying militia, and will serve, if needed. It is to be hoped that no low creatures, like the two creeping along below, will intrude themselves. Poor things! If I had the time, I really would try to do something for them, but every sunny day is taken up, and stirring out in the wet is not to be thought of.

"Besides, one meets with so much that is not pleasant in mixing with low people! Their homes are not always cleanly. I might soil my wings. And if once taken notice of, they will always expect it. Why make them dissatisfied? They are well enough off, as they are. Perhaps, after all, it is my duty not to meddle with them. In fact, I have no doubt of it.

"Here comes Miss Gossamer! Welcome, Miss Gossamer! All ready for the rose party? How sweetly you look! Wait one moment till I have washed my face in this dew-drop. The sun has

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nearly dried it up while I have been pitying those mean worms below there. Folly, I know, to thus waste the time. But my feelings are so tender! I actually thought of calling! What would Lady Golden Spot think, or Madame Royal Purple! Have you seen them pass? They are sure to be there. Do you suppose they will take notice of us? If they don't, I shall be perfectly wretched. Come, dear Miss Gossamer, one more sip, and then away!"

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# WAITING FOR THE SLEIGH.

By D. F. H.

ONLY two days before New Year's! It should be a happy time for me; but when I think of all the good resolutions made this time last year, and so few of them kept, I can only feel sorry, and think I have wasted much precious time. One resolution was to help the poor, not only with kind words, but with substantial acts of bounty. And how little I have really done!

All this I thought, sitting in my easy-chair, before one of the most cheerful and comfortable of fires—an open grate, the coals all red hot. I had been very busy all day, but was only waiting for the sleigh, to go out and finish some holiday shopping. I had written for some little children to come and spend a week with me at this time, and had asked my aunt also to make one of the party, knowing how delighted the children would be to find her here to meet them, for she is an especial favorite of the little ones. The chair and the fire were both so luxurious, the heat of the room so delightful, and the cold wind and the snow both so uninviting, that I hesitated about venturing out. But, then, the toys and the last things—that lovely doll for Addie, that little set of doll's jewelry for little Effie, and quantities of other things—all must be bought. Then some good warm clothing for poor Mrs. Rooney, with her five children.

"If you please, ma'am, the sleigh is at the door." My wrappings were on in a moment, and I was soon gliding along, wrapped up well in the warm robes, and listening to the merry bells, jingling as we hurried along.

As we were driving through one of the poorer parts of the town, John the coachman said to me: "You told me, ma'am, to let you know of any *very* poor people I might hear of. There *is* a poor woman they told me about to-day, and if you wish to see her, I know where she lives—not far from here."

I was hurried, having put off going out until late in the day; but here was a chance of doing a little good during this blessed holiday-time; so I asked John to drive to the woman's house.

How busy every one seemed to be! So many happy-looking people, all eager about something, which I could not help thinking was shopping. As we drove along, we passed groups of happy children, and, thank Heaven! I saw very few who looked poor. We were leaving the better class of even poor-looking houses, and at last came to a miserable-looking street or alley—for John could not drive near the door of the house he pointed out to me as the one I was looking for.

I should not have said *house*—that implies comfort, or at least shelter. The shanty—for it was nothing more—seemed almost to be tumbling down. It had a really ragged appearance. The window was very small, and several panes were out; and in these places were bits of old cloth, paper, or anything that could be found to keep out some of the bitterly cold wind.

I knocked, and hardly heard the feeble "Come in." My heart sank at what I saw. A poor woman, looking like the house—ragged—sitting on a broken stool before an old stove. Poor thing! I suppose she thought there was a *little* heat there; but indeed, when I went near it, I could not feel the least. She was leaning over, her elbows on her knees, and her head in her hands; and when she looked up at me, I saw she had been crying. There seemed to be nothing in the room but the woman, the stove, an old broken chair, the stool upon which she sat, and a bed in the corner. She did not speak, and I hardly knew what to say; but at last I told her I had heard she was in need,

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and I came to do anything I could for her. Her looks of gratitude I can never forget.

"You need n't think of *me*—only do something, if you can, for Tom; that 's all I ask."

"For Tom," I said—"your husband?"

"No, ma'am—my boy there, in bed."

I went to the corner where the bed was, and there saw this sad sight: A little boy, about seven or eight years old, was lying there, asleep; but such a look of suffering in his poor white face—I could hardly look at him.

"What is the matter? Is he ill?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, he is ill—he has a fever; but that is not the worst—he is lame. His father died when Tom was a little baby. I did very well for a time. I took in sewing, and some ladies were very kind to me. But at last one day, when Tom was six years old, playing with some rough boys, he was thrown down, and his hip put out of place. They brought him to me helpless, and so he has been ever since. I had a little money, which kept us for a few months from want. A doctor, who came, sent by one of the ladies who had helped me, did all he could for him, but at last he told me Tom could not be cured. God forgive me! but I could not help thinking, if I could only pay him well, he might have done something for him."

Here was a most pitiful state of things. The poor woman went on to tell me that she was completely discouraged. She had tried everything. She could not leave the poor boy for any length of time, so could not go out by the day to work. And now she was utterly without food or work, and almost in despair.

What should I do first? Where so much was to be done, what was the most important thing to do? "We must have a fire at once." So giving her a little money, I told her to go and get some wood, promising to sit by Tom until she returned. I placed the stool by his bed, and the woman went out. My mind seemed almost paralyzed. I looked at the poor little face before me, so wan and worn, in all the rags and dirt (for everything *was* dirty, but I could not blame the woman). He looked as though he really was a pretty child.

I was thinking very intently, when all at once a light seemed to fill the room. I turned toward the door, expecting to see the mother returning, but the door was not open—only it seemed there was no need of its being open; for coming through it, there were quantities of the tiniest people I ever saw. And how busy they all were! They did not seem to glance at me; they were tugging something in with which they were having a great deal of trouble.

What can it be? A stove! In a moment the old one is gone, and a nice new one in its place. The window is mended, and the glass looks new and clean. The floor is mopped, and actually looks white; and yet I saw no mopping, only I *know* it has been done. Chairs are placed about the room, a good table by the window, and, most wonderful of all, without waking Tom, a sweet clean bed is in the corner, instead of the old one, and he is clean and sweet too; and his sleep seems very happy, for he is smiling.

What pretty little creatures these are! Bless me! *I* am on a new chair—how in the world could they have done that? What are they doing now? They are at a dresser—putting cups and saucers, plates, and other dishes in their places. They have forgotten nothing—not even a wood-box behind the door, filled with wood. They are certainly most thorough housekeepers. What *will* the poor woman think when she comes back? She has been away a long time. How much they have done (I knew them by this time to be fairies), while I have been sitting thinking what I should do!

Tom is waking. He looks at me with large blue eyes, and does not seem to wonder at the change around him, or at me, a stranger, sitting by him. Here is his mother. Before I can speak to him, she is opening the door. Why does she not come in?

"Ma'am, the sleigh is ready."

What! Why! Where is Tom? And where am I?

In my easy-chair, by my comfortable fire, and have had this dream—nothing more than a dream. This time the sleigh is really waiting for me, and I do go to get the toys and presents for the children.

And now, my little friends who read this, I must tell you, my dream did some good; for that very day, I *did* find out some very poor people, who needed a helping hand very much, and whose New Year's day I could make happy, by making them comfortable, and showing them they were thought of, and that their Father in Heaven had touched human hearts in their behalf, and that the fresh year would not be without hope and good cheer.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

CHRISTMAS is coming—and then, a brand-new year! Now a year is the greatest, most beautiful, most wonderful of Christmas presents, my darlings, and you're each to have one—a brand-new year! think of it. Soon it will lie fresh, white and shining before you, not a dark spot upon it—not a wrong thought, not a harsh word, nor a neglected duty. It seems to me that the best way to thank God for such a present as that is to take good care of it and keep it fair and shining to its very last moment.

But I'm only Jack-in-the-pulpit, so I'll just give my love to you all, and talk about

### A SENSATION AMONG THE FLOWERS.

"DEAR JACK," writes a little maid, who signs herself "Riderhood," "may I tell what I am almost sure happened last Summer?"

"Certainly you may," answers your Jack.

But the little maid, without waiting to hear this gracious permission, goes on:

The roses in the pretty schoolmistress's garden blushed deeply at their own insignificance; the violets, sorrowing, hung their heads; and the snow-white lilies trembled with despair on the day the gardener sowed the new seed with the big names.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said the rose, "the gentle schoolmistress will not care for us plain, old-fashioned flowers any more, after the agrostemma coeli-rosea and the mirabilis jalapa bloom."

"The gardener often writes their names with capitals, while he begins mine with a little *l*," said the lily.

"He might at least Frenchify yours with an *ie*," replied the wall-flower; "but I suppose we must just be prepared to accept the unenviable position of neglected flowers; no doubt we shall henceforth 'waste our sweetness on the desert air.'"

But Summer came, and with it the blossoms of the fearfully and wonderfully named agrostemma coeli-rosea and the mirabilis jalapa grandiflora.

And when the schoolmistress walked in the garden, she said:

"These weeds are so troublesome; I will pull them up, so that my dear violets may have more room to grow," and she threw the agrostemma coeli-rosea superbum over the fence!

Next she saw the mirabilis jalapa grandiflora in full bloom.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "I wonder what Hans planted more four o'clocks for! I had plenty in the back part of the garden already. But they are sweet, old-fashioned flowers, and I will let them grow here, if they don't overrun my jewels—the roses, lilies, violets and the dear old wall-flowers."

Then the rose smiled, and the wall-flower sent forth its sweetest fragrance, the violet peeped out shyly from its green leaves, and the snow-white lily shone like silver in the setting sun.

### THE WINK OF TIME.

YOU never heard of such a thing? Why, I'll warrant you've alluded to it often and often, without knowing it. Didn't you ever speak of such or such a matter coming, going, or happening just in "the nick of time?" Very well. The little School-ma'am says that nick comes from the German word *Nicken*, to nod or wink. So the nick of time, is the wink of time, or my name is not Jack.

### WHY SLED?

TALKING of words, and what the little School-ma'am says about them, it may interest my chicks to know that the sled that is to rush down hill with them so often during this winter, gets its name from its nature—that is, from ever so many queer foreign words, all signifying *to slide*. In Germany a sled is a schlitten; in Holland, the land of the Dutch, it's a slede; in Denmark, the country of Hans Christian Andersen, it is known as a slaede; but in Iceland, where the long-continued snow makes a boy familiar with his sledge, he very naturally calls it sledi, which I'm sure is quite proper and sociable.

### FINGER-NAILS SIX INCHES LONG.

AT first I could n't and would n't believe it, but when I heard the little fellow say that he read the statement in Governor Seward's book, I gave in, for of course a governor is expected to tell the exact truth on all occasions.

What was it?

O, did n't I tell you? Why the little chap said that rich Chinese mandarins wear long finger-nails, sometimes as long as six or eight inches, as a sign that they do not have to work. When nails are as long as this, they are protected by cases of bamboo or of gold. The nails are polished and stained like tortoise-shell.

This is good news for lazy boys. All they have to do is to work their way to China, make their fortune there, and let their nails grow.

### THE NAMELESS TERRORA.

THE Nameless Terrora is not set down in the books, but he is a terrible creature, of small size—so small that you can't see him at all, unless you're frightened, and then he is prodigious. Timid little boys of vivid imagination see him very often, especially when they're caught out after nightfall. Brave little boys never see him. It must be a dreadful thing to go through life in constant dread of the Nameless Terrora.

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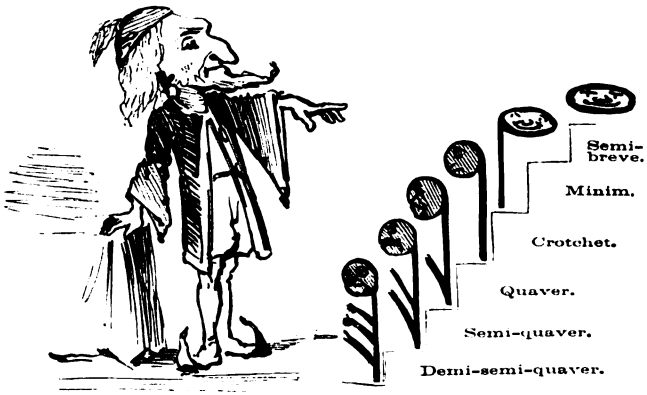
### THE SOUND BEARERS.

THE birds make great fun of human music. Do you know why? Because it has laws! Now, their music has laws, too, but the dear little things don't know it. A robin friend of mine, sitting on a window-sill lately, heard a music-master giving a little girl her music lesson. He thinks it the funniest thing in the world, and assures me, on the authority of the music-master, that human music is made entirely by little hobgoblins, who carry the sounds up and down the musical scale or ladder, slowly or rapidly, according to orders. Mr. Semibreve, he says, is the slowest of them all. Next comes Mr. Minim, who is only half as slow as Semibreve; then Mr. Crotchet, who is half as slow as Minim; then little Quaver, who is half as slow as Crotchet; then Semi-Quaver, half as slow as Quaver, and finally, Demi-Semi-Quaver, the liveliest little chap of them all, who can run up and down the whole flight, while slow old Semibreve is rolling to the next step.




### HOPPERS AND WALKERS.

WELL, well! Little did I think when I asked some of you to find out the four mistakes in my absurd story, on page 54 of the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, what a tremendous uprising there would be among the observing young folks of this great country. Letters have poured in upon your Jack by hundreds and hundreds, and hundreds again. Even the little Schoolma'am says she never saw anything like it. It is delightful. Stacks of letters from East, West, North and South, and the jumping-off place. A prize book, you remember, was offered for the first letter received which should correctly point out the four mistakes. Well, on the 21st of October, by same post, came two that were right, and equally good—one from W. M. K. Olcott, and another from Mamie A. Johnson. Consequently, to each of these, the little Schoolma'am will send a book. But here comes the trouble: The answers of many other children who live far away from New York, were just as good as those of W. M. K. Olcott and Mamie, who live close by, but of course they could not possibly be so early. This bothers your Jack, for he wishes to be very fair. Henceforth, the little Schoolma'am says some other plan of award must be adopted. Meantime she decides to send a book to the very best and earliest letter that came from a distance. So, Master Willie L. Brooks, of Sacramento, Cal., you are to have a book also. Special mention must be made of correct answers and fine letters from the following boys and girls:

Annie Gardiner, Susan H. Welles, May G. Holmes, Josie M. Brown, Nellie Breck, A. P. Folwell, Susie Garfield, Willie W. Ames, Edith Foster, Bessie Blair, Marion W. Losee, "Louise," Frank D. Russell, Silas B. Adams, Willie B. Jones, Annie T. Bridges, W. E. Graham, H. W. Lung, Ira U. Ingram, Frank O. Welcome, Mary Donaldson, Garrie W. Bailey, Fred. A. Walpole, Fred Collins, Bessie Plimpton, Nelly D. Marshall, F. F. Hildreth, Sallie B. Griggs, Edwin F. Walker, Mamie Hodges, Emily I. Smith, Harry N. Paul, Nellie Simpson, Jas. I. Weston, Philip S. Rust, Hester Dorsey, M. W. Collet, John C. Williams, Louise E. Gleim, Harry Bennett, Julia Emma Boyd, Annie Goodman, Lena Warren, I. Buford Hendrick, Willie Shattuck, Jennie E. Woodrow, Ada May Seely, Katie Pyle, Anne B. Webb, Mrs. N. H. Parker, Mary E. Walker, Bessie Thomas Lily Taylor, Carrie A. Abbott, R. E. Withers, Jr., Charles T. Thomas, Ida Graham, G. M. H., Sammy Chubb, Mamie T. Sturgis, Frank Turner, Alice Holbrook, Carrie Freneh, Harry Newcomb, W. E. Taylor, Hattie M. Daniels, Mabel F. Hule, C. G. Helfelstein, Frank T. Chapman, R. K. Eastman, Simie Stein, Jr., Floy N. Markham, Herbert T. Bardwell, Helen W. Rice, Julia D. Hunter, Johnnie Knight, Johnnie Bachman, Alice M. Rowe, Wm. N. Tolman, Lucy V. Kerr, Etta C. Burt, N. Brewer, Jr., Mary L. Allen, Sarah Gallett, Gertie May Perry, "Atlanta Boy," Lucy Annie Whitcomb, Helen Paul, and Annie Todd.

Many others sent admirable answers; indeed, out of the great number of letters received, only about one hundred failed to be correct; but ST. NICHOLAS cannot give room to any more names. Jack thanks the writers, one and all, and hopes to hear from them again. Here is the first correct reply that was opened:

New York, Oct. 20th, 1875.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT:

In all my experience in the country, I think I have never seen crows or pigeons hop, nor robins and sparrows walk, but *vice versa*. I therefore conclude that the four mistakes in your story in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, are the statements that the crow and pigeon hopped, and the sparrow and robin walked.—Yours truly,

W. M. R. OLCOTT, aged 13 years.

And here is an extract from Helen D——'s letter—a "big" girl, who does not compete for the prize:

Hearing that you were interested in "hoppers and walkers," I remembered that just a few days ago we came across something on that subject, in "Wake Robin," by John Burroughs. That close and loving observer of Nature says, page 222: "By far the greater number of our land birds are hoppers. The sparrows, thrushes, warblers, woodpeckers, buntings, &c., are all hoppers." On page 215 he says: "Robins belong to the thrush family. . . . See the robin hops along upon the ground. Plovers, sandpipers, and snipes run rapidly. Among the land-birds, the grouse, pigeons, quails, larks, and various blackbirds, walk. The swallows walk, also, whenever they use their feet at all, but very awkwardly."

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# MY UNCLE JEHOSHAPHAT.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat had a pig,
  A pig of high degree;
And it always wore a brown scratch wig,
  Most beautiful for to see.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat loved that pig,
  And the piggy-wig he loved him;
And they both jumped into the lake one day,
  To see which best could swim.

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My Uncle Jehoshaphat he swam up,
And the piggy-wig he swam down;
And so they both did win the prize,
Which the same was a velvet gown.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat wore one-half,
And the piggy-wig wore the other;
And they both rode to town on the brindled calf,
To carry it home to its mother.

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## BABY BO.

Fly away, fly away, Birdie oh!
Bring something home to my Baby Bo;
Bring her a feather and bring her a song,
And sing to her sweetly all the day long.

Hoppety, kickety, Grasshopper oh!
Bring something home to my Baby Bo;
Bring her a thistle and bring her a thorn,
Hop over her head and then begone.

Howlibus, growlibus, Doggibus oh!
Bring something home to my Baby Bo;
Bring her a snarl and bring her a snap,
And bring her a posy to put in her cap.

Twinkily, winkily, Firefly oh!
Bring something home to my Baby Bo;
Bring her a moonbeam and bring her a star,
Then, Twinkily Winkily, fly away far!

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# YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

(Henceforth we hope to be able to give space every month to a Young Contributors' Department, the articles in which are to be signed with their writers' initials only, though we must require in each instance the real name, age, and address of the author. We shall be happy to hear from our young friends, and shall be guided in selecting manuscripts by their individual merit, the relative age of the author, and the interest of the matter for the greatest number of our readers.)

## THE CURRENT OF DEATH.

NEARER and nearer we draw to thy side,
Closer and closer as time goes by,
Alas, that men dread thee and know not why,
O wonderful River of shadowy tide!

How silently past us thou glidest along,
Onward, still onward, thro' days and years;
Thy current, O River, is swollen with tears,
On thy bosom thou bearest the weak and the strong.

The aged and hoary, the young and fair,
Thou bearest away from this sphere of pain;
Care may exist but for them in vain,
Woe and affliction are things that were.

Unending the peace of thine unseen wave,
Unceasing thy journey to That from This;
A glimpse of thy waters, O River, is bliss,
Alike for the hoary, the young, and the brave.

C. D. D.

MY BOAT AND OARS (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

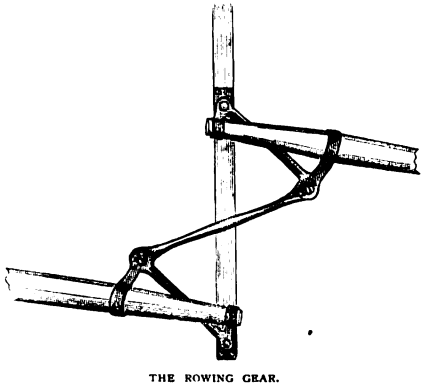
## A NEW WAY TO ROW A BOAT.

OUR boy readers, we think, will be specially interested in the following personal account of a cruise on the Adirondack lakes, written by one of our young friends, who says he likes to see where he is going. "Be sure you 're right *as* you go ahead," is evidently his motto; for he rowed himself over the lakes with oars of his own invention that enabled him to face the bow.

### THE EXCURSION.

This summer I spent a month in the Adirondacks. I had twice been there before, and was sufficiently acquainted with the woods to make my way through the lakes without a guide. I entered from Boonville, and went into camp with two friends on Se enth Lake of the Fulton chain. After several days of fishing and hunting, we went on to Long Lake, where I bought a new boat, to which I attached my rowing-gear.

This rowing-gear is a contrivance for rowing a boat which allows the boatman to face the bow, pulling in the same manner as with the ordinary oars. The reverse movement is obtained by dividing the oar in two parts, each part having a ball and socket-joint fastened on the gunwale of the boat.



THE ROWING GEAR.

The arrangement is such that the oarsman applies his strength to the best mechanical advantage, and enables him to row faster and more easily than with the ordinary oar.

The oars can also be closed up out of the way, alongside of the gunwale, without detaching them from the boat. While rowing, there is no noise from the bearings.

With these oars, the boatman makes no more effort in steering than in directing his course while walking, and this lessens greatly the effort of rowing. He sees the blade of his oar in front of him, and can easily avoid obstacles, while, if he chooses to float along lazily for awhile, the oars can be closed out of the way of the gunwale, without detaching them from the boat.

My boat is a double-bowed pine shell, fourteen feet long, and weighs 75 lbs., without the oars. For so short a boat, it is quite fast. After it was all ready to float, I took it down to the landing, accompanied by a curious crowd, and pulled off in fine style, as the rowing-gear worked much to my satisfaction. The guides, in their turn, all tried it and liked it.

I spent a few days at the village on Long Lake before beginning my cruise. One windy morning I started down the lake, in company with two other boats, on my way to the Saranacs. We made fine progress, as the wind was in our favor, and very soon crossed the sand-bar into the Raquette River. Here I fully realized how convenient it was to see where I was going without twisting my neck. Very soon we got to Johnson's Portage, commonly called "carry," which I crossed twice, first to carry my boat, and then to carry my two guns and bag. This was no easy matter, as the "carry" was a mile and a quarter long, and very muddy from the recent rains. After dinner I rowed on down the river, changing my course at Stony Creek Brook, and that evening crossed Spectacle Lakes to Indian "Carry." At the landing, the people who saw me silently and swiftly approaching the shore, were quite astonished to see my position in the boat. I was now on the Upper Saranac, one of the finest lakes of the woods. The next day I rowed down to Bartlett's Hotel, and then on to Martin's. As I often rowed in company with other boats, my oar was well tested with theirs. I soon found that for hunting, this oar would take the place of the paddle in most cases. I went to Paul Smith's by way of the lakes, and the day I left St. Rige's was very pleasant, being neither too hot nor too cold; the lake was smooth as glass and nearly as clear. After spending a few days on Lake Tupper, I set out alone for the Thousand Isles, by way of Potsdam and Ogdensburg, running the rapids of the Raquette River as far as possible, and several times narrowly escaping a capsize.

For two days I ran rapids and "carried" around falls. Often before losing the sound of the rapid above, I would hear the roar of waters below, and in a few minutes be gliding swiftly down, the noise of the waters drowning all other sounds, and the boat being enveloped in a cloud of spray. The intense excitement of a run down the rapids cannot be described.

On the St. Lawrence, while rowing through a heavy swell, my oars worked well, convincing me that they are well adapted for rowing in a heavy sea.

I stayed among the Thousand Islands for several days, and the boatmen all liked my oars.

I left Alexandria Bay for Montreal on a day boat, taking my canoe

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with me. It was a fine day, and I enjoyed my sail down the rapids greatly. From Montreal I went directly on by rail to Bellows Falls, where I spent a pleasant Sunday. Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, I left Bellows Falls in my boat to row home on the Connecticut River. That night I stopped at Vernon, Vt., having rowed thirty miles. The next day I rowed to Hatfield, Mass. Thursday I reached Thompsonville, Ct., and Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, found myself at Middletown, Ct., having made, in less than four days, a hundred and fifty miles.

Coming down the river I was often stopped by persons who wished to examine "the new-fangled oars." Once, a man on the bank shouted to me, "Young man, you are rowing the wrong way." I replied, "Perhaps you don't know which way I am going." I made but two "carries" on the Connecticut, and ran all the swift water below Holyoke. So ended a very pleasant and successful trip, during which I rowed about four hundred miles in my boat; and I certainly had seen far more than if I had been rowing backward all the way.

W. L.

### A THRILLING NIGHT ADVENTURE AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

As the nine o'clock night-bell rang, I sauntered down the hall of our boarding-school, and stopped a minute to see that Nell and Anna were all right. Upon finding that they were sure that a man was in their closet, I investigated the three inches space between a trunk and the wall, and relieved their terror-stricken minds. Then I turned into my own room, laughing a moment with Eva and Louise Bishop, over our witty neighbor's last sally. The bell "for putting out the gas" rang, and darkness reigned, save where a teacher's kerosene lamp illuminated her own apartment. Morpheus is generally kind to forlorn maidens, and in ten minutes the whole forty of us were asleep.

I dreamed of the prairies and all the dear faces—but is that our principal's? Yes; and white with terror, for she is shaking me and saying: "You must waken; one-half of this house is on fire. Hurry on your waterproof, and help Eva with Louise."

I rush to the hall—Louise has fainted—Eva is gray from fear, and the glare renders her almost corpse-like. We carry her sister's light form down to the side door; some one has sent for carriages, and there they are; the horses frantic with terror. I don't see Anna or Nell, and shut the back door with a snap. Those two children belong to me. I must find them. I go back—the smoke is stifling. They are alone, on a short hall. In the passage the principal stops me. I scream, yell the girls' names. She throws up her arms with an awful expression of horror, and sobs, "Great Heavens! I've forgotten them." I push past her and am pounding on their door. The two girls are shivering in their white night-clothes. Anna's great black eyes dilate, as she tries to say, bravely: "What can we do?" "Little Nell" moans "Mother." I look back—the flames are creeping up the stairs. There's only one chance. We tear the sheets in strips and fasten them around Nell; then warning her to "keep cool, dearie," we let her down inch by inch. Then Anna and I look at each other—only one can go—two girls, to whom life is just opening. "I promised to watch over you, and you must go, Anna," I manage to say, and I tie the cotton strips about her waist. "You know I am strong, trust in me; go back to dear old Illinois, and tell Carl I kept my promise." "Good-night." The knots hurt my hands, and it is stifling. I can hardly hold any longer. At last, the weight is gone, and—— I turn over, to find the sun shining full in my face, the sheet twisted round and round the bed-post, and the rising-bell ringing.

K. W. F.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

### BRIEF MENTION OF A FEW NEW BOOKS.

NINE LITTLE GOSLINGS. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Bros.—A delightful book of stories and pictures. The first chapter tells how Johnny, who is not a boy, had a very narrow escape from something which was not an accident; the next and next, up to the ninth and last, give each an interesting history of events which seem as if they *must* have happened somewhere; while one and all are most originally and pleasantly told in the service of Mother Goose's melodies. We cordially advise all of our young friends of from eight to eighty years to read this book.

HEADS AND TAILS. By Grace Greenwood.—A profusely illustrated book about little animals, for very young readers, which, being by Grace Greenwood, is sprightly and entertaining from the first page to the last. J. B. Ford & Co., N. Y.

DOINGS OF THE BOULEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By the author of "Stories from My Attic;" "Dream Children," and "Seven Little People and their Friends." (With seventy-seven illustrations.) New York: Hurd & Houghton.—A book that will enchant you, young friends, little and big, and delight your parents—so good and rich throughout, so charmingly illustrated and so prettily and quaintly covered, that it is an honor to the Bodley Family as well as to the author.

VICTORIAN POETS. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—Boys and girls who are old enough to really crave a knowledge of modern English poetry, and young enough to require in their critic the warmth and sympathy of a true poet, will find this very thorough and scholarly work of Mr. Stedman's a treasure indeed. Being in no sense that dreary, bloodless thing, a condensed literary chronicle, it is compact as a manual, and yet so full and satisfactory, so suggestive, so like a long talk with just the right person on a subject upon which one is most eager to be informed, that its single volume, soon read, seems to have broadened out into a dozen, and the profitable time spent in reading it to have been expanded a hundred fold. We should be glad to see this book, with its very complete index and helpful side notes, introduced into our higher academies and colleges.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. By Frank R. Stockton. (With one hundred and fifty illustrations.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong and Co.—Knowing that young persons can gain information in other ways than by blackboards and text-books, Mr. Stockton, not long since, whisked away a host of American young folk on a holiday tour of "Roundabout Rambles." It was a delightful excursion, and for those who enjoyed it to bid good-bye to their jolly friend and resume their old studies was something like returning to school on the day after a picnic. But the sight-seeing and adventure of the journey must certainly have added a new zest to their studies, and turned many a dull page into an interesting one. It will be happy news, therefore, for them to learn that, during their school-hours, Mr. Stockton has himself been busy in collecting the materials for this charming series of "Tales Out of School," which are fully as interesting as the "Rambles," and will make the brightest winter-evening fireside grow even brighter still. Between the beautiful covers of this new volume are the most fanciful stories, and the most graphic descriptions of strange and wonderful things in nature and art, that Mr. Stockton has ever written.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR. By J. T. Trowbridge. Osgood & Co., Boston.—Here we have, in book form, the capital story of Jack Hazard and his Western experiences. ST. NICHOLAS readers need not be told that this story will well bear reading again, while those who are not familiar with Jack, Vinnie, Wad, Old Peakslow, little Chokie and the rest of the lively people of the story, should lose no time in making their acquaintance. We think this one of the best books of the Jack Hazard series.

EIGHT COUSINS, now published in book form by Roberts Bros., Boston, met with such a cordial reception in ST. NICHOLAS, that it must become one of Miss Alcott's most popular books. Everywhere, the children, the girls especially, take the greatest interest in Rose. Each of her seven cousins has his admirers, to be sure, and there are people who almost worship Uncle Alec; but Rose is the queen of the story. We think, too, that Jo" of "Little Women" will have a powerful rival in this delightful young girl, who is as pretty as she is good, and who is so very good. These stories of Mr. Trowbridge and Miss Alcott have gone side by side through ST. NICHOLAS, and now that they have separated and passed out into the wide world, we wish them the best of good fortune.

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THE BIG BROTHER. By George Cary Eggleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.—This is a story of Indian war in the early part of this century. It is full of the adventures of brave whites—boys as well as men—with savage red men, and abounds in stirring scenes of frontier warfare. But the book will do more than give the boys pictures of Indian fights. It relates a history of a very important part of our country's experience, and will tell many a youngster a great deal that he never knew before.

THE ROSE LIBRARY. (Popular Literature of all Countries.) New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.—These very tasteful little volumes, all illustrated, and only 50 cents each, will meet the needs of many young folk who wish to own standard story-books, yet cannot afford to buy expensive volumes. The works of this series, now before us, are: UNDINE AND THE TWO CAPTAINS, by De La Motte Fouqué (a new translation). PICCIOLA, or THE PRISON FLOWER, by X. B. Saintine; THE FOUR GOLD PIECES, a Story of Brittany, by Julie Gourand; ROBERT'S HOLIDAYS, by N. Danvers (founded on the French of Z. Fleuriot; THE HOUSE ON WHEELS, by Madame de Stolz, and SEA GULL ROCK, by M. Jules Sandeau.

FRISK AND HIS FLOCK, by Mrs. D. P. Sanford, is a bright account of a flock of girls and boys at a country school, and of the wise and funny way the dog Frisk helped Miss Agatha, the teacher, to manage her scholars. It is a large, handsome book, with pictures that will delight the young folks. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

*From American Tract Society, New York:*

PROUD LITTLE DODY. By Sarah E. Chester.—This is a story that little girls will read over and over again with ever fresh interest. Dody is a comical, lovable little creature, and there are so many portraits of her, from the time she locks herself into her mamma's room to the day she climbs the tree to show Tom what girls can do, that she seems like an old friend at the last.

SPLENDID TIMES is a handsome volume, and its pages are crowded with fine pictures. Its author, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, knows well how to tell tales that children like.

We have also received from the same publishers, FIVE HAPPY WEEKS, by Mrs. Sangster; THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT, GRANDPAPA'S HOME, THE PRIZE MEDAL AND OTHER STORIES, by S. Annie Frost: THE RIVERSIDE FARM-HOUSE, by Mrs. M. E. Miller: BOUGHT WITH A PRICE, by A. L. O. E.; GOOD ANGELS, AND OTHER STORIES; HOW TIPTOE GREW, by Catharine Williams; THE HOLLY BOY; BURDOCKS AND DAISIES, AND OTHER STORIES.

FLOY LINDSLEY AND HER FRIENDS, by the author of "A Summer in a Forest," is intended for older children than any of the above. It is an interesting sequel to that pleasant book, "A Summer in a Forest," and here we meet again with the Lindsleys, and the Round Point people—Abriatha, Dorfie, Cush, and all the rest. But those who have not read the previous volume will find the story complete in itself.

THE SHINING RIVER. From Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.—A collection of New Music for Sunday-schools—by H. S. & W. O. Perkins—and a good collection, we should say. Although it contains many new pieces never before published, familiar and favorite hymns are not discarded. We wonder anew, at sight of this, why, with all due regard to economy, the covers of the Sunday-school song-books cannot be made just a little less ugly and uninviting.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON THE SELECTION AND USE OF THE MICROSCOPE. By John Phin. Industrial Publication Society, New York.

THE TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL. By Capt. Thomas Brown. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These are two excellent books, and though somewhat advanced for little people, will doubtless prove of interest and use to some of our older readers who care for microscopical investigations, or who stuff and prepare birds, squirrels, &c.

HISTORY OF MY FRIENDS. From the French of Emile Achard. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This is a series of excellent stories about animals. Some of them are exceedingly interesting.

MICE AT PLAY. By Neil Forest. Roberts Brothers.—A story which is not only interesting, but teaches some good lessons to old people as well as young ones.

SIX TO SIXTEEN. By Juliana Horatia Ewing Roberts Brothers.—This is an English story, which may prove of interest to older readers.

CAPTAIN HATTERAS. By Jules Verne. Osgood & Co.—Jules Verne is always astonishing, sometimes too much so; but this book of adventure at the North Pole is one of his best works.

JOLLY GOOD TIMES, by P. Thorne, is a fresh, lively narrative of child-life on a farm. The varied experiences that cluster around that existence are portrayed very faithfully in this neat little volume. The book contains several capital illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Roberts Bros., Boston.

FAMILY RECORDS, published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., is a large and handsome volume, with blank pages for all sorts of family records—accounts of births, weddings, tooth-cuttings, and various noteworthy events in the career of each member of the family. Such a book, when filled, will be a most valuable family treasure.

SILVER THREADS OF SONG.—By H. Millard. Gordon & Co.—A good music book, with many excellent songs, &c., suitable for schools and families. At the end of the book is a "Musical Charade," which ought to be interesting to children who can sing.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me the best thing to hold card-houses together in the Christmas City, as gum-arabic mucilage does not hold them firmly? W. F. BRIDGE, Jr.

If you buy *good* mucilage, you will find it satisfactory. If you made the mucilage yourself, perhaps you made it too thin.

Lausanne, Suisse, Oct. 17, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your Magazine ever since it came out, but I never wrote but one letter to you, and that was about crystallizing flowers.

I do love your book so much, I took it when I lived in Washington, D. C.; and when we started for Europe, I thought I would have to give it up, but mamma said I might have it sent to me; so now it is sent to London, and from London to Lausanne, where I am at a French boarding-school; and I like it very much.

Please tell Miss Alcott I liked the "Eight Cousins" very much

I cannot think of any more to say, so good-bye.

I remain your loving and constant reader,

GERTRUDE CURNER.

Your book is such a pleasure to me!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask some of the boys and girls, through you, why it is "darkest just before dawn." If you will ask them, you will very much oblige

Your friend, FLORENCE GARDINER.

A LITTLE BOY, with original ideas, sends us a poem on Labor, which he says is of his "own composion." Here are two of the verses:

Even in Eden there was toil,
And patience. Adam had to wait,
And cultivate the fruitful soil,
And labor for his mate.

And now there's labor in the world,
To keep the world a-going;
Each person has his proper share—
Some reaping, and some sowing.

"A READER."—H. H. was mistaken, and Jack is right. The Rev. Charles Ludwig Dodgson, of England, wrote "Alice in Wonderland."

Stuttgart, Oct. 17.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were all greatly interested in "Eight Cousins." Rose's "learning bones" reminds me of one of our studies at school. A physician comes into one of the higher classes once a week, and speaks of the construction of the human body, and of its various parts. He brings bones and pictures along to make it more easy for us to understand. He has models of the heart, lungs, and brains, of gypsum, fashioned so that they can be taken apart. They have the colors of the natural organs, and I find them very interesting. Recently, he brought an eye of "papier maché," which he says is a true work of art. Of course it is much

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larger than a natural eye, but all the small nerves and muscles are given. I think such models give us a better idea of ourselves than pictures do.

The school was founded in 1818, by Queen Catharine of Würtemberg, and it bears her name. About nine hundred girls go in and out daily. There are eight classes, each with two or three divisions. Two years ago, a higher school for the educating of teachers was added to the Catharinenstift. Every winter an afternoon course of study is opened, in which is taught that which the eighth class learns during the whole year. Twice a week lectures are held by a professor on the history of arts. Last year we had the history of painting; this winter it will be the history of architecture. French is taught very thoroughly, and almost daily, in all the classes; English is only a secondary study. Every Thursday we have to listen to a sermon. The rector wears his chancel-gown, and preaches upon the text of the following Sunday. I don't see the use of these sermons, for the girls don't pay much attention to them. While the last rector lived, they were obliged to write compositions about the sermons; but the present rector, although very strict in some things, takes this easy.

As a general rule, Stuttgart has very good schools, although the method of teaching is exceedingly slow. One girl counted up all the holidays during the eight years she passed at the Catharinenstift, and found that two whole years had been holidays.

Hoping to see your dear magazine soon, I remain your friend,

ANNA HELMKE.

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M. E. A.—Jack will print your clever story.

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MAMIE A. JOHNSON.—Please send post-office address again to Little Schoolma'am, care of ST. NICHOLAS magazine, so that she may send you a book. (See "Hoppers and Walkers," page 199.)

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Hiram G—— asks if there are any other of your readers who have seen live potato-bugs washed up on the beach. I live about nine miles from the Atlantic Ocean; and on Fire Island last summer I saw, you might almost say, hills of them, the greater part alive, washed up by the surf.—One of your constant readers and admirers,

WILLARD P. REID.

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Brooklyn, Oct. 29, 1875.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma says to ask you if you think it is wise for me, a boy eight years old, to begin to read the ST. NICHOLAS as soon as I rise, and during all my play-hours?

I am so fond of it, and find so much of interest in it, that *I* think it is the best kind of play for me—don't you?

Papa has subscribed for all of the Abbott's Histories for me, if I will not tease my little sister; but you don't know what fun it is. I tell him boys will be boys; still I think I have improved a *little*. Mamma says, to put a big stroke under the "little."

Please write my name down among the Bird-defenders. We have birds in large numbers in the trees in front of our house.—Yours truly,

FRANK C. HIGGINS.

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JAMES E. W. writes: "Mamma thinks the information I get from ST. NICHOLAS is a good part of my education."

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IT seems that Sarah B. Wilson's riddle was also published in "*Our Young Folks*" for December, 1872, and the answers then elicited are substantially those that have been sent to ST. NICHOLAS. We print the following as a concise statement of the two answers generally given:

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 28, 1875.

EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: The riddle sent by Sarah B. Wilson is not given correctly. The principal differences between it and the correct one are near the end. The tenth line should read, "The *wife's* ambition and the parson's dues," and in the next to the last, "By *the first letters* quickly will be shown." The puzzle was written by Miss Anne Seward, an English authoress, who left £50 in her will to any one who would solve it. An answer to it was published in "*Our Young Folks*" for March, 1873, page 190. It was as follows: Apollo Belvidere; Light; Evidence; X, the cross; Agriculture; Nuncupatory; Daystar (Venus); Redemption; Ingots; and Alterage, or altarage. The first letters of these make Alexandria. In the May number, of the same volume, page 315, was another answer, given by a lady, who said that her mother had given her this answer over sixty years ago. The words were: Laocoön; Eye (I); Time; Cornucopia; Hope; Fidelity; Idalis, or Venus; Ease; Lucre; Duty—the initials spelling Litchfield, the birthplace of Dr. Johnson, and known in the time of the Romans. I have not known whether the reward was claimed or not.

FRANK H. BURT.

One or both of the answers given in Frank's letter have also been sent in by Emile Low, E. N. Fussell, "Comus," A. E. Johnson, Mary W. Calkins, J. D. Early, "Winfried," Samuel Williston, Daisy Gill, and "Speca." Charles Hart Payne sends similar answers, and explains that Altarage is "an emolument of priests arising from oblations through the means of an altar," and alterage is "the fostering of a child." The following three answers are inserted in full as being new and original. The first comes from J. P. B.:

*Apollo Belvidere*, fair work of art;
*Diamond*, bright gem that nature doth impart
*Retainer*, needful in the lawyer's case;
*Iris*, fair rainbow, signal is of peace.
A cheerful *air* the plowman's steps attends;
The faithful soldier, *name* with honor blends;
The lover's vow may in the very name
A promise of a sure "remembrance" claim;
The *orb* of night shines 'twixt the earth and sun;
*Pardon* is granted, though it be not won;
*Lucre* the miser loves, as do the Jews,
Nor wits, nor parsons, *eulogies* refuse.
By the initials of these words is shown
"Adrianople," city of renown.

W. T. Prescott sends this:

| | |
|---|---|
| The noblest object in the works of art, | *Apollo Belvidere.* |
| The brightest gem which nature can impart, | *Genius.* |
| The point essential in the lawyer's case, | *Retaining fee.* |
| The well-known signal in the time of peace, | *Increase.* |
| The plowman's prompter when he drives the plow, | *Grain.* |
| The soldier's duty and the lover's vow, | *Engagement.* |
| The planet seen between the earth and sun, | *New Moon.* |
| The prize which merit never yet has won, | *Throne.* |
| The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews, | *Usury,* |
| The wit's ambition and the parson's dues. | *Money.* |

Now if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By *the first letters* quickly will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

By taking the first letter of each corresponding word, we have "Agrigentum," an ancient city of Sicily.

And, finally, here is an answer giving a new authorship and interpretation to the riddle:

EDITORS ST. NICHOLAS: The riddle sent by your correspondent concerning an ancient city, was written by the Rev. Solyman Brown, formerly of your city, and a Swedenborgian, also a dentist. The riddle will be found in a volume of his poems at least as far back as 1836. The answer is "Ierosolyma," the ancient name for Jerusalem. I leave your readers the rest of the solution.

WM. WARD.

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[No. 1260.] South Branch, N. J., October 29, 1875.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS—DEAR FRIEND: You have printed in your valuable magazine almost everything that will amuse or instruct or benefit your many friends. Among my acquaintances there is quite a mania just now to see who can write the most words on a postal card. About the middle of this month I sent a postal card off with 600 words; I thought it was full, but since then have written one with 1055 words. I am 300 ahead of any one else that I know, and do not think it can be excelled.

Bear with me a little longer, and I will describe a plan I have followed for some years that is often of much value to me, and I think will be of interest to others. It is keeping an account of correspondence.

I commenced in 1863, when I sent ten letters and received nine; since then it has been increasing steadily, till last year (1874) I sent 279, and received 257, making a total for the twelve years of 1008 sent and 913 received. This explains the No. at the top of sheet.

During the year several letters were lost and detained by being wrongly forwarded by postmasters. By my book I have been able to furnish P. O. Department with exact date of sending the letter, receipt of word of non-receipt, and date of every letter sent in reference to the same to any postmaster on the route. Have found it very valuable, and been able to recover some of these letters which were quite valuable.

My book is six inches wide by seven and a half long; it has five spaces: first for date; second, number sent; third, name; fourth, date, and fifth, number received. See as follows:

| 1875. | | LETTERS SENT. | RECEIVED. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. 19 | 1 | N. Y. Tract Society | Feb. 23, | 1 |
| Apr. 14 | 2 | Jones, Brother & Co. | Sept. 9, | 7 |
| Aug. 25 | 6 | Biglow & Main | Apr. 20, | 2 |
| May 11 | 3 | Gov. S. J. Tilden | July 14, | 5 |
| Sept. 4 | 7 | Wm. C. Bryant | May 26, | 3 |
| June 15 | 4 | Willcox & Gibbs | June 28, | 4 |
| July 2 | 5 | First Asst. P. M. General | Aug. 5, | 6 |
| 1 inch wide. | ½ in. | | 1 in. wide. | ½ in. |

Hoping you will receive this with favor, I remain, most respectfully yours,

AMOS MORSE.

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# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### A MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters. My 6, 2, 1, 2, 4, 7, was the goddess of orchards and fruit. My 1, 10, 8, 11, was the god of war. My 12, 7, 5, 3, 8, 9. was the god of time. My 1, 2, 1, 13, 14, was the god of wit and gay conversation. My 6, 10, 9, was considered as the inspirer of consternation, or panics. My whole was the favorite haunt of Pegasus. M.

### BEHEADED RHYMES.

DICK Dobbin was mightily given to—;
His tongue ran along at a terrible—,
And e'en all the time that his victuals he—
He chatted away just the same.

His father would scold, and his mother would—
And vow that their son was an ill-mannered—
But Dick would not stop till he'd had his talk—
And *that* time, alas! never came. A. B. C.

### ELLIPSES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second blank with the same word decapitated. 1. The ——resulted in—— 2. A boy made a toy——in our—— 3. Did you have to——for the——? 4. Can the——eat an——? 5. The——belongs to this——. 6. This—— is full of ——. CYRIL DEANE.

### ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

THE birthplace of a famous conqueror; the name of another who died 323 years before the Christian Era, and whose coffin, composed of a single block of Egyptian breccia, is still preserved in the British Museum; a renowned hunter, and the founder of a noted city, whose walls were a hundred feet high, and inclosed fifteen hundred lofty towers; a Grecian city, once famous for its learning and refinement; a renowned city in the mountains of Gilead, where one king of Israel died, another was wounded, and a third anointed king; and a city of Japan, now becoming noted for its rapid growth in Western civilization. Take the first letter of each of the above, and form the name of a cheery little inmate of many of our homes, and also of a group of islands celebrated for a volcanic peak more than 12,000 feet high. F. R. F.

### SQUARE-WORD.

THIS puzzle is so good that we give it a place here, although we are not sure that it has never been printed before:

The first you do to shun a stone
Flung at you in a passion;
The next, for brilliant sights and sounds,
Is sought by folks of fashion;
The third, a friend will strive to do
When your intent is wrong;
But of the fourth there are but few
Who to the fifth belong.

### EXCEPTIONS.

1. FROM the name of a tree except the middle letter, and make it masculine. 2. From a word of seven letters denoting well-known, except the middle one, and leave a tree; from this except the third letter, and make it icy cold. 3. From a heavy piece of wood, a noted river may be formed by excepting the letter "m." 4. Except the central letter from a wreath, and leave a mountain hut. 5. Drop the middle letter from a carousal, and leave what often succeeds it. 6. Except the middle letter from a division of a poem, and you will see a noted Roman. 7 Except the middle letter from a small white cord, and leave an adjective indicating its use. 8. Except the middle letter from the Mexican cherry, and leave a species of fish. 9. By excepting the central letter from a favorite confection, a sacred mountain is left; from this except the third letter, and leave an animal which lives near it. 10. From a deep ravine except the fourth letter, and leave a law. CHARL.

### SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following definitions, and leave a complete word square. 1. Wounds. 2. Packages. 3. Encourages. CYRIL DEANE.

### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

READING downward and across alike. 1. A numeral. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A claw. 4. A number. 5. Damp. 6. A negative. 7. A consonant. C. D.

### METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am to strike a blow;
Beheaded once, a coach I go.
Change my new head, and I pass
For an ensign or an ass.
Alter head, and I 'm a need;
And again, a load indeed.
Once more change, and I 'm a frame;
Still again, I 'm a surname.
Head anew, and I 'm to hold;
Yet again (if you 're so bold),
Make of me a bag, or wine,
Or a garment neat and fine.
Head anew, and I 'm behind;
Still again, a nickname find.
Off my head and give me two,
I 'll look wise and wear a queue.
Give others two instead of these,
And I 'm as dexterous as you please.
L. W. N.

### EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. A GRACEFUL bird. 2. Crockery. 3. Parts of the human body. 4. A bird's habitation. RUBY SEAL.

### TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. NAPOLEON thought it —— that he should, as an exile, —— —— ——. 2. —— —— procession could not well have been ——. 3. A debtor said, "Will you take —— —— dollar when you have so much ——?" 4. I am —— in dressing her hair; —— —— —— —— and braid the rest. 5. She made a —— to renounce the world long before she entered —— ——. 6. He has no time for ——, for he —— —— —— with work. 7. They obey his —— only at their ——. 8. Such ignorance of botany was not to be ——; he could not have —— —— —— from a shrub. 9. His —— had acquired a —— —— through rust. 10. Immunity from mice was —— by a —— ——. B.

### HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. TRACKERS. 2. To divide. 3. A contemptible person. 4. In all towers. 5. To brown. 6. Part of your body. 7. Seen in cotton factories. Centrals, read downward, name an officer. CYRIL DEANE.

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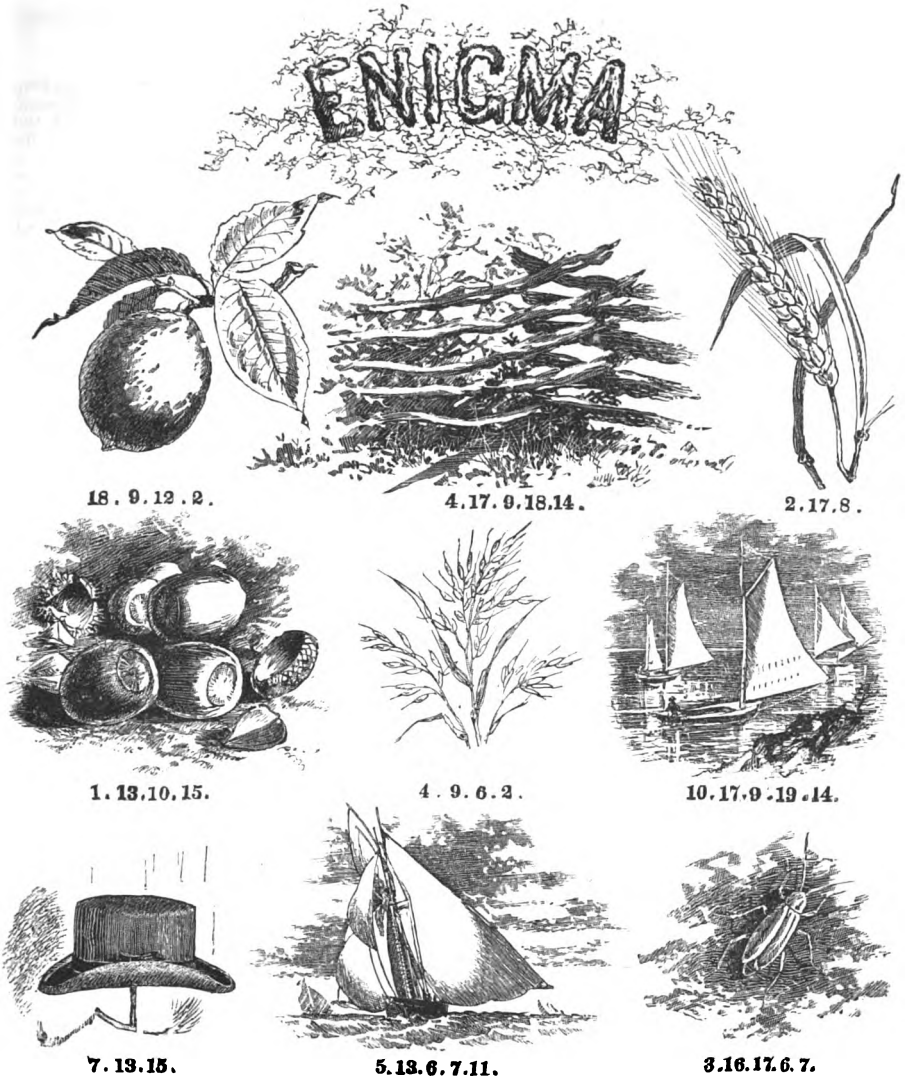


(The answer to above contains nineteen letters, and is to be obtained from the pictures and numbers given.)

### DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and leave a complete diamond: 1. A beverage. 2. Thrusts from a pointed weapon. 3. Workmen on slates. 4. Encourages. 5. A time. The following letters and words form the diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. A border. 3. Afterward. 4. A wager. 5. A consonant.

CYRIL DEANE.

### CHARADE.

I AM a word of three syllables. My first and second united, form what we all have been, what most of us love, yet what nobody likes to be called; my third has been always an important part of the great city of London; and my whole is the name of an ancient city in which the first astronomical observations were made.

F. R. F.

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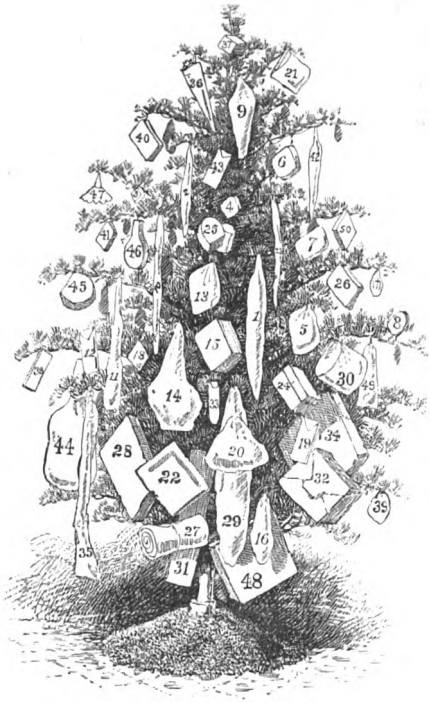
## CHRISTMAS-TREE PUZZLE.

(Make out the names of the articles on the tree from the hints given. Some packages contain only a ticket for the present, which would be too large for a tree. The answer to No. 1 is Umbr—ella. ST. NICHOLAS has a very pretty Christmas present on its Chrstmas-tree waiting to be sent to the first girl or boy who sends correct answers to this riddle.)



1. FOUR-FIFTHS of a brown pigment and a girl's name. 2. Equality, a vowel, and a planet. 3. An emblem of eternity. 4. A pair, and four-sevenths of some veal steaks. 5. A five-dollar bill and the *N. Y. Tribune*. 6. A bond, and certain amphibious animals. 7. A sentinel. 8. Part of the head, and what Saturn has. 9. Sixty-six and two-thirds cents. 10. A man mentioned in Genesis. 11. A Swiss hero, a letter of the alphabet, and to contend. 12. A command to keep to the right, followed by a pair of Cupids. 13. A crime, an adverb, a relative, sailors, and an adverb. 14. A cooked dish, notches, and a part of the hand. 15. Inhabitants of a portion of Great Britain, and the inside of a watch. 16. Skating people. 17. One penny, and a pouch. 18. A member of the human frame, a poor dog, and a commander. 19. Part of the body, and bonds of union. 20. A peripatetic receptacle. 21. A geometric figure, part of the body, and trimming. 22. One of the early inhabitants of Albion, and a pitcher. 23. Part of your body, prefixed by twice yourself. 24. L. L. 25. Passions and blows. 26. A parent and a bird. 27. What we find in the store, and in the window. 28. A gentleman, and part of a sail-boat. 29. An insect and a snare. 30. A letter and a spirit. 31. Part of the window. 32. A nickname, to avoid, and breezy. 33. Tableaux. 34. Half of an exclamation, and a tool. 35. To steal. 36. Two letters. 37. Part of the body, and a wedge. 38. A powerful instrument, part of a window, and an envelope. 39. What a printer dreads, an article, and an exclamation. 40. Something that can be easily turned into a dairy. 41. A fastening, and a pronoun. 42. Light, and darkness. 43. Four-sevenths of a longing, and a preposition. 44. Four-sixths of a flower, and a preposition. 45. A reptile, part of an oyster, and part of a domestic fowl. 46. Part of an elephant, part of a cat, and part of a fox. 47. A feature, gaudy. 48. Parts of a city. 49. Part of a stage-coach, and a nickname. 50. A shoe-string, and part of a fish-hook.

AUNT SUE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Holmes, Lowell. 1. Hill. 2. O, O. 3. Law. 4. Manœuvre. 5. Enigmatical. 6. Soul.

EASY REBUS. "Up in a balloon, boys, sailing round the moon."

LATIN WORD-PYRAMID.—"Veni, vidi, vici."

V
I E I (⅓ of "Labor diei")
D O N E C
I N D I G N I

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Leafy. 2. Eagle. 3. Agues. 4. Fleet. 5. Yesty.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Beech, beach. 2. Phrase, frays. 3. Freeze, frieze. 4 Steak, stake.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R
N E T
R E B U S
T U N
S

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Charles Dickens.

EASY ENIGMA.—Merit, remit, timer, mitre.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.—Fish-pond.

F —ox-tra— P
I —ndig— O
S—aucepa—N
H —ea - D

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

P A W
M O D E S
P A D D L E S
H E L M S
D E N

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix "Ex." Export, Exceed, Excel, Exile, Extent, Expense, Export, Explain, Extract, Express.

HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.—

T H E M
H A V E
E V E R
M E R E

CHARADE.—Cambyses.

ENIGMA.—Washington Irving.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Climax—limax. 2. Sirene—Irene. 3. Morion—Orion. 4. Regret—Egret.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Macbeth, Othello.

M—ement—O
A —ncien— T
C —as— H
B —a'— E
E —asc— L
T —ota— L
H —er O

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18, from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Nellie S. Colby, Katie E. Gilligan, "Bettie and Laura," "Cora," William C. Delanoy, John Edward Hill, "Golden Eagle," Charley W. Coleman, Florence A. Merriam, "Jamie and Lucy," Tommy W. Fry, Fannie E. Cushing, G. A. Wells, "Sunflower and Hollyhock," Wm. R. Brown, Annie G., Rufus Nock, "G E M.," Mamie A Johnson, William A. Crowell, Edith N. Spear, E Parmelee Prentice, William F. Abbett, George Voorhees, Jr., and R V Beach

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"DO NOT BE SO SURE OF THAT."

[See "The Black Douglas."]

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1876. No. 4.

## THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

KING EDWARD I. of England nearly conquered Scotland. They did not have photographs in those days, but had expressive and descriptive names for people of rank, which answered just as well. So Edward was known as "Longshanks." It was from no lack of spirit or energy that he did not quite complete the stubborn work, but he died a little too soon. On his death-bed he called his pretty, spiritless son to him, and made him promise to carry on the war; he then ordered that his body should be boiled in a caldron, and that his bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the army in future campaigns against the Scots. After these and some other queer requests, death relieved him of the hard politics of this world, and so he went away. Then his son, Edward II., tucked away the belligerent old King's bones among the bones of other old kings in Westminster Abbey, and spent his time in dissipation among his favorites, and allowed the resolute Scots to recover Scotland.

Good James, Lord Douglas, was a very wise man in his day. He may not have had long shanks, but he had a very long head, as you shall presently see. He was one of the hardest foes with which the two Edwards had to contend, and his long head proved quite too powerful for the second Edward, who, in his single campaign against the Scots, lost at Bannockburn nearly all that his father had gained.

The tall Scottish castle of Roxburgh stood near the border, lifting its grim turrets above the Teviot and the Tweed. When the Black Douglas, as Lord James was called, had recovered castle after castle from the English, he desired to gain this stronghold, and determined to accomplish his wish.

But he knew it could be taken only by surprise, and a very wily ruse it must be. He had outwitted the English so many times, that they were sharply on the lookout for him.

How could it be done?

'T is an old Yule-log story, and you shall be told.

Near the castle was a gloomy old forest, called Jedburgh. Here, just as the first days of spring began to kindle in the sunrise and sunsets, and warm the frosty hills, Black Douglas concealed sixty picked men.

It was Shrove-tide, and Fasten's Eve, immediately before the great Church festival of Lent, was to be celebrated with a great gush of music and blaze of light and free offerings of wine in the great hall of the castle. The garrison was to have leave for merry-making and indulging in drunken wassail.

The sun had gone down in the red sky, and the long, deep shadow began to fall on Jedburgh woods, the river, the hills, and valleys.

An officer's wife had retired from the great hall, where all was preparation for the merry-making, to the high battlements of the castle, in order to quiet her little child and put it to rest. The sentinel, from time to time, paced near her. She began to sing:

"Hush ye,
Hush ye,
Little pet ye!
Hush ye,
Hush ye,
Do not fret ye;
The Black Douglas
Shall not get ye!"

She saw some strange objects moving across the level ground in the distance. They greatly puzzled her. They did not travel quite like animals, but they seemed to have four legs.

"What are those queer-looking things yonder?" she asked of the sentinel as he drew near.



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"They are Farmer Asher's cattle," said the soldier, straining his eyes to discern the outlines of the long figures in the shadows. "The good man is making merry to-night, and has forgotten to bring in his oxen; lucky 't will be if they do not fall a prey to the Black Douglas."

So sure was he that the objects were cattle, that he ceased to watch them longer.

The woman's eye, however, followed the queer-looking cattle for some time, until they seemed to disappear under the outer works of the castle. Then, feeling quite at ease, she thought she would sing again. Spring was in the evening air; it may have made her feel like singing.

Now the name of the Black Douglas had become so terrible to the English that it proved a bugbear to the children, who, when they misbehaved, were told that the Black Douglas would get them. The little ditty I have quoted must have been very quieting to good children in those alarming times.

So the good woman sang cheerily:

'Hush ye,
Hush ye,
Little pet ye!
Hush ye,
Hush ye,
Do not fret ye;
The Black Douglas
Shall not get ye!"

"DO NOT BE SO SURE OF THAT!" said a husky voice close beside her, and a mail-gloved hand fell solidly upon her shoulder. She was dreadfully frightened, for she knew from the appearance of the man he must be the Black Douglas.

The Scots came leaping over the walls. The garrison was merry-making below, and, almost before the disarmed revelers had any warning, the Black Douglas was in the midst of them. The old stronghold was taken, and many of the garrison were put to the sword; but the Black Douglas spared the woman and the child, who probably never afterward felt quite so sure about the little ditty:

"Hush ye,
Hush ye,
Do not fret ye;
The Black Douglas
Shall not get ye!"

It is never well to be too sure, you know.

Douglas had caused his picked men to approach the castle by walking on their hands and knees, with long black cloaks thrown over their bodies, and their ladders and weapons concealed under their cloaks. The men thus presented very nearly the appearance of a herd of cattle in the deep shadows, and completely deceived the sentinel, who was probably thinking more of the music and dancing below than of the watchful enemy who had been haunting the gloomy woods of Jedburgh.

The Black Douglas, or "Good James, Lord Douglas," as he was called by the Scots, fought, as I have already said, with King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. One lovely June day, in the far-gone year of 1329, King Robert lay dying. He called Douglas to his bedside, and told him that it had been one of the dearest wishes of his heart to go to the Holy Land and recover Jerusalem from the Infidels; but since he could not go, he wished him to embalm his heart after his death, and carry it to the Holy City and deposit it in the Holy Sepulcher.

Douglas had the heart of Bruce embalmed and inclosed in a silver case, and wore it on a silver chain about his neck. He set out for Jerusalem, but resolved first to visit Spain and engage in the

MELROSE ABBEY.

war waged against the Moorish King of Grenada. He fell in Andalusia, in battle. Just before his death, he threw the silver casket into the thickest of the fight, exclaiming: "Heart of Bruce, I follow thee or die!"

His dead body was found beside the casket, and the heart of Bruce was brought back to Scotland and deposited in the ivy-clad Abbey of Melrose.

Douglas was a real hero, and few things more engaging than his exploits were ever told under the holly and mistletoe, or in the warm Christmas light of the old Scottish Yule-logs.

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# THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

By Noah Brooks.

## Chapter VII.

### TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

The next few days of travel were very wearisome and tedious. The road was a dull level, stretching along by the banks of the Platte River. Repeated rains had made the ground soft, and the teams moved with great difficulty, for all of the emigrants were loaded heavily. From Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City was an uninterrupted wilderness, with only here and there a little trading-post. The provisions consumed on the trip could not be replaced until the Mormon capital was reached; and even at that place only flour and meat could be bought at reasonable prices. So the supplies of groceries, clothing, and other goods needed for the journey must last from the Missouri to the Sacramento.

The weather was warm, and our young emigrants found it very uncomfortable trudging along in the heat of the day, with the sun's rays pouring down upon them. Hi grumbled a great deal at the disagreeable things he had to encounter. It was disagreeable walking, and disagreeable driving. It was particularly disagreeable to be pursued as they were by mosquitoes. At night, while they camped in the flat valley of the Platte, these pests were simply intolerable.

"Let's make a smudge, boys," said Barnard, one night, when they had in vain tried to eat their supper in comfort. Mosquitoes in clouds hovered about their heads, filling their eyes, ears and noses, and making the air shrill with their music.

"We might as well be smoked to death as stung to death," growled Hi. "I never see anything so disagreeable. It's wuss than small-pox."

So the boys collected some hazel-boughs and grass, made a fire on the ground and covered it with the green stuff, and soon had a thick cloud of stifling smoke about them. The mosquitoes seemed to cough a little among themselves, and then they gradually withdrew in disgust.

"That worries the pests," said Mont. "I think I see five or six hundred of them on that hazel brush, waiting for the thing to blow over; then they will make another rush at us."

"Yes," added Hi, "and there's one big he feller; I see him now, cavorting through the underbrush like mad. He got some smoke in his left eye, and he'll make us smart for it when he comes back. Ugh! ugh! but this smoke is wuss than git-out. I can't stand it no longer!"—and Hi, choking with the effects of the "smudge," seized his plate of bread and bacon, and ran. The others staid as long as they could, and then left everything and retired to a little distance from the fire. The mosquitoes were ready for them, and descended upon them in millions.

The boys, finishing their supper as best they might, got inside the tent, leaving a circle of smoking fire-heaps all about it. Sleep was impossible that night. They visited some of the neighboring camps, of which there were a great many; and everybody was fighting mosquitoes. Smoldering fires were kindled all about, and public feeling ran very high against the great nuisance of the night. One man remarked that there ought to be a mass meeting called and resolutions passed. Another suggested that the mosquitoes were the original settlers on the place, and that they had rights which even a white man was bound to respect.

During the night, too, the cattle, which were chained up as usual, were so frantic with the annoyance that they were in danger of injuring themselves. They ran to and fro with their short allowance of chain, snorted, tore the earth, and lashed themselves into a frenzy. It was decided to unyoke them and take the chances of finding them in the morning. "Tige," as soon as he was at liberty, walked deliberately up to one of the smudge fires, where he turned his tail toward it and stood contentedly chewing his cud.

"Sagacious Tige," said Mont, "I believe I will follow your example."

Tige appreciated this compliment, apparently, for he lay down, having tested the value of smoke as a shield against mosquitoes. Mont rolled himself in his blanket and lay down by another fire, and managed to sleep almost as well as Tige. The others did the same, though it was hard work to keep up the fires and find sleep also. Arthur woke up long before daybreak, with the insects buzzing and stinging about his face. He jumped up in sheer desperation and ran wildly out on the level road, half-a-mile or more, without stopping. He could hear the bodies of the mosquitoes striking on his hat as he fled. Then he turned and ran back again, leaving a long train of the pests behind him. But they caught up with him by the time he had reached the camp. In despair, he covered his head with a blanket and sat down by a tree trunk to sleep again, having first stirred up a good

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smudge for Tige, who looked on complacently at this provision for his comfort. Arthur stooped and brushed a few mosquitoes from Tige's black muzzle, and the steer looked up at him intelligently, as if to say, "Hard lines, these, my boy."

"Arouse ye! arouse ye! my merry Swiss boys!" sung Mont, bright and early next morning, while the rest of the party were yet struggling with mosquitoes in their dreams. "We have a long drive to the crossing of Loup Fork, to-day; and if we don't get there in good season, we shall have to wait a whole day to get a chance on the ferry."

The boys turned out of their various lairs with many expressions of discomfort. They had had a tiresome day's travel and almost no rest at all. The air was now moist and warm, with the promise of another hot day. They were smarting with mosquito bites, and were generally uncomfortable.

"Well, I allow this is reely disagreeable," said Hi, half sitting up, clasping his hands across his knees and looking excessively miserable.

The picture of Hi, squatted there forlornly, with his hat crumpled over his head, his face blotched with bites, and his eyes heavy with sleep, was too funny for Barnard, who laughed outright and said:

"Well, I declare, Hi, but you do look like the very last rose of summer that ever was!"

"See here, Barney Crogan!" said Hi, angrily, "I don't want none of your sass. And I jest give you notice of that."

"What are you going to do about it?" sharply replied Barnard, who felt his anger rising. "You sit there like a bump on a log, saying that things are 'disagreeable,' and I don't see that that helps it."

"Well, I don't want anybody's chin about it,—that's what I don't want. And I allow I aint agoin' to stand no nonsense from a feller that don't take his regular spell at drivin'."

"What do you mean?" said Barnard, advancing threateningly toward Hi, who, by this time, had risen to his feet and stood with his blanket still clinging about him. "What do you mean? If you mean to say that I don't do my share of work, I'll ——"

"Oh, stop! stop! boys," interposed Mont. "There's really no use of quarreling. I suppose we all feel cross and unhappy, after such a miserable night. I'm sure I do. But we need n't quarrel."

"Who's quarrelin', I'd like to know. I aint. It's that stuck-up ——"

But before he had time to finish his sentence, Mont had playfully put his hand on Hi's mouth, saying:

"Well, I know I am a stuck-up Boston chap, but I'll try to get over it."

Barnard was secretly amused at this ingenious turn, but he was too angry to say anything, and he turned his attention to the cattle.

Tom and Johnny, the latter somewhat alarmed at the warlike appearance of things in camp, scoured the underbrush for dry wood for their breakfast fire.

"If Barney had sassed me like that," commented Tom, when out of earshot of his elders, "I would have punched his head for him."

"Appears to me that Hi had no cause to fire up so—Barney did n't mean anything; and I'm sure Hi did look queer-like, sitting there with his hat mussed and his head all swelled up."

"I'll swell your head for ye, yer ongrateful little weasel. You're always takin' Crogan's side"—and Tom dealt him a blow behind the ear. Johnny tumbled over a clump of brush, crying, not so much with pain as with anger and mortification. Tom only muttered, "Yer can't sass me, ye know."

Loaded with their fuel, they went back to the camp, where Arthur, with a lowering brow, was busy over the fire, making ready for breakfast.

"What's the matter with *you?*" he asked with amazement and some asperity, as he noticed the tears on Johnny's face.

"I punched his head for sass," said Tom, defiantly.

Without a word, Arthur banged Tom over the head with the sheet-iron stove-cover, which he happened to have in his hand. Tom felt the indignity, for his face was covered with soot and his eyes smarted. But, before he could get at Arthur, who stood by the stove, his eyes sparkling, and his lithe young form swelling with anger, Mont had seized Tom and drawn him away. Johnny threw himself on Arty and entreated him not to fight on his account, meanwhile protesting that it was nothing at all.

Luckily, the other late combatants were not at hand, and Mont, helping Tom to remove the soot from his face and hair, soothed his angry feelings and asked him to promise to leave off quarreling.

"You should n't have struck little Johnny; you know that, Tom. He is a little chap, much smaller than you, and it was a cowardly thing for you to knock him over."

"But that's no reason why Art should whack me over the snoot with a griddle," answered the lad.

"Certainly not, certainly not; but he did that in a moment of passion. I dare say he is sorry for it by this time. If he is not, I shall be sorry for Arty; he usually means to do what is right. It was wrong for him to strike you; there's no doubt about that. But you will forgive him, if he asks you?"

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"I allow he wont ask," said Tom, with great grimness.

"But if he does?"

"All right, let him come on. I 'm ready for him, anyway."

It was not a merry party which sat down to breakfast together that morning. Mont found it difficult to keep up an animated conversation. Hi had only one word, and that was "disagreeable." Perhaps they should not have eaten much breakfast, as the usual result of bad feelings is to destroy one's appetite. On the plains this rule does not

HIRAM.

always hold good. I am bound to say that they ate very heartily, for they had had almost no supper on the night before.

When the cattle were yoked up and the caravan was ready to move, Mont picked up the whip and said, with a cheery look at the others:

"Let me drive to-day."

"Yer can't," said Hi, stiffly, but not unkindly.

"Let me try," and Mont moved off with the team as steadily as if he had driven oxen all his life. He had watched Hi and Barnard, and had practiced some with the cattle when they were turned out at noon, yoked together, for their short rest. Molly, the skittish little cow, would occasionally "gee," or bolt out of the track, which was a great source of annoyance even to Hi, for Molly was on the "off" side, and it was sometimes necessary to run around the head of the cattle to get the mischievous animal back into the track again. But Mont got on capitally; he walked by the side of the docile and knowing Tige, who seemed able to keep all the rest of the team in good spirits. Tige was fond of potatoes, sugar, bread, and many other luxuries usually denied to cattle; and Mont kept on good terms with the queer little steer by carrying the odds and ends of his own rations in his pocket for Tige.

But even Tige's good-nature, combined with that of Mont, could not cheer up the rest of the party. Little Johnny, perched on old Jim's back, paced along beside the wagon, never galloping off on brief excursions by the roadside, as he usually did when allowed to ride the horse. Hi trudged along sulkily behind; Arthur walked on ahead to Loup Fork ferry; and Barney, contrary to rules and usage, climbed into the wagon, where, on top of the load and close against the wagon-bows, he went to sleep.

Before noon they reached the ferry, so long looked for and talked about. The Loup is one of the forks of the North Platte, and in those days it was crossed by a rope-ferry, which some enterprising man had put in there. A long scow, large enough to take on two wagons, with the usual number of cattle, slid across the stream, attached by slings and pulleys to a rope tightly stretched from shore to shore. The current was swift, and, by keeping the scow partly headed up stream, the pressure from above forced the unwieldy craft across.

Here were numerous teams waiting their chance to cross, each being numbered in turn. Some of them had waited two days for their turn to come; but to-day their number had been reduced by the departure of several who had gone to a place farther up the Fork, where it was reported that a ford had been found. Our party ascertained that they could cross by sundown; so they unhitched their cattle and waited, having first paid the ten dollars for ferriage which the avaricious ferry-keeper demanded for each team.

The young fellows took this opportunity to rest. Barnard sat lazily on the bank, angling for catfish. Hi climbed into the wagon and went to sleep. Mont chatted with the ferry-master, who sat in the door-way of his log hut and surveyed the busy scene below him with the air of a wealthy proprietor.

"I should suppose that you would get the gold-

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fever, seeing so many people pressing on to the mines," said Mont.

The ferryman chuckled, and, waving his pipe toward the rude ferry, said:

"Thar's my gold mine. Ten dollars a pop."

"Yes, that's so. I suppose you are making a mint of money."

"Not so dreffle much, not so dreffle much," the man replied, uneasily. "Ye see, repa'rs and w'ar and t'ar are mighty bindin' on a man, cl'ar out hyar on the plains. Why, I hev to go cl'ar to K'arney for every scrap of anything."

"But your receipts must be enormous. Let me see, you can make at least twelve trips a day; you get, say twenty dollars at each trip, sometimes more, and that is two hundred and forty dollars a day!"

"Powerful smart on figgers, you be, young feller," said the man, and he laughed with a cunning leer in his eye at Mont.

Meanwhile, Tom leaned over the slight fence with which the ferryman had inclosed his "garding," as he called it. He coveted the young onions just beginning to show their bulbs half out of the warm soil; and he meditated on the scarcity of potatoes which their appetites were making in their own stores. Arthur came up and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, and looked over too.

"Looks something like home, don't it, Tom?"

"Yes," replied Tom. "I was just a-thinkin' how dad never would plant garden truck. Always wheat, wheat, wheat. Blast the wheat, when a feller has to go to the neighbors for garden sass."

"But, then, we sometimes get 'sass' without going for it," said Arty, with a smile.

Tom's face darkened at this allusion to the difficulties of the morning; but Arty continued:

"I am real sorry, Tom, that I struck you as I did. It was awful mean, and I did n't intend it."

"Yes, you did. How else could you done it?"

"Well, Tom, it's a hard case to explain. My hand just flew up before I knew what I was about. The first thing I knew I had hit you. Come now, I tell you I am sorry, and I want to make up."

"All right," grumbled Tom.

"You forgive me, honor bright? Well, give us your hand."

Tom looked around awkwardly at Arthur, for he had kept his eyes fixed on the onion-bed during this brief dialogue. He glanced into Arthur's pleasant, boyish face, and said frankly:

"Quits! we 'll call it square, and there's my fist on it."

As the sun began to drop behind the horizon, the turn for our young party to cross came at last. They had waited nearly ten hours, and were right glad when they were able to see that the way across was clear for them. The scow could not reach the farther shore, as there was a long shallow all along that side. So the clumsy craft was run across until it grounded; then a wooden flap, or apron, was let down, and the teams were driven out into the water, wading the rest of the way. It was a poor way of crossing a stream, but it was the best thing practicable then and there.

With much hallooing, shouting, and running hither and thither, the cattle were driven into the scow. The current was swift and the channel deep; the crossing looked perilous, especially when the cattle were restive. Molly was particularly troublesome, and Hi went around on that side to quiet her. She would not be quieted, and, with one vicious toss of her horns, she lifted Hi by his leather belt. In another moment he was overboard, struggling in the stream.

No one else was on that side—the upper one—of the boat; but Barney saw the accident, and exclaiming, "He can't swim! he can't swim!" rushed around to the rear of the craft, pulling off his clothes as he ran.

All was confusion, the scow being crowded with men, cattle and teams. The frail craft quivered in the tide, while the bewildered boatmen were puzzled what to do. Diving under the rear wagon, Barney reached the gunwale of the boat just in time to see Hi's hands clutching ineffectually at the edge. He made a lunge and seized one hand as it disappeared, and, falling on his knees, reached over and grabbed Hi's shoulders.

"Never mind, Barney boy, I'm on bottom," said Hi. Just then he stood on his feet, and the boat grounded on the shoal.

Barnard drew a long sigh of relief, and looked for an instant straight down into Hi's blue eyes. They were friends again.

Hi was helped on board, none the worse for his unexpected ducking. They drove off the scow, waded across the shoal, and struggled up the bank with much turmoil and bother. They camped near the river, surrounded by a cordon of smudge-fires. The mosquitoes troubled them very much; but, notwithstanding that, they passed the evening very cheerily. Tom observed, with much inward surprise, that Hi had exchanged his wet clothes for a spare suit of Barney's.

And yet Hi had clothes enough of his own!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

FOR many days after leaving Columbus, as the ferryman facetiously called his log-house, our emigrants traveled with an immense company. One train alone had nearly two hundred head of cattle,

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either in yoke or loose, and fifteen wagons. It was a brave sight to see this long caravan winding along the track, with its white-covered wagons gleaming in the sun, and the animals walking along behind in the most orderly manner. Many of the men were on horseback, and they skirmished to the rear, to the front, or by the flanks of the train as it moved. Arthur declared that it looked like a traveling circus or menagerie, a comparison which was made more striking by the dress of the emigrants. They wore all sorts of queer garments, which they had picked up from abandoned camps. In those days of the gold rush, people were reckless about waste, and the trail was strewn, in many places, with valuable goods, thrown away by emigrants who were in such haste to get on that they were continually overhauling their loads to see what they could leave behind to lighten them.

These things were picked up by those who came after, only to be again thrown out for others to find and reject. One of the emigrants, attached to this long Missouri train, wore a woman's straw bonnet, of the Shaker pattern, with a large green cape. Another was decorated with a richly embroidered hunting-frock, of Pawnee make; and he wore a black silk "stove-pipe" hat, surmounted with a tall eagle-plume. Some of the women of this company rode well, and one little girl, riding a fiery Texan pony, seated astride, excited much admiration by her skillful management of her steed. A party of Pawnees, who had lodges, or "tepees," near by, grouped themselves on a little knoll and gazed on this passing show with great solemnity.

At camping-time, some of these red children of the desert came to the tent of our young emigrants begging and selling moccasins. The Pawnee moccasin is a plain, inartistic affair, shaped almost exactly like the foot of a stocking, with one seam running from the heel downward and lengthwise through the sole and up to the instep over the toe. But as these were the first of "wild Indian" manufacture that the boys had ever seen, each was eager to secure at least one pair at eighteen cents each.

These Indians were dressed in buckskin hunting-shirts and leggings, were bare-headed, and wore a coarse blanket slung about them. One of them produced from a dirty buckskin pouch a piece of paper which he impressively submitted to Mont, as the apparent leader of the party, saying as he did so, "Heap good Indian me!" The paper read as follows:

This Indian, Mekonee, otherwise known as The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, wants a recommendation. I give it with pleasure. He is a lying, thieving, vagabond Pawnee. He will steal the tires off of your wagon-wheels and the buttons from your trousers. Watch him. (Signed) JAKE DAWSON,
And thirteen others of the Franklin Grove Company.

"Heap good Indian me," said The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, when the boys had examined his document.

"Oh, yes," said Hi, "I allow you are the only good Indian that aint dead yet."

The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth assented with a grunt of approval, folded up his "recommendation" and put it carefully away, as a very precious thing. While he was walking softly about the camp, as if looking for something to steal, another of the tribe dived into the bosom of his hunting shirt and extracted a lump of dough. Holding it out to Arthur, who was getting ready the supper, he made signs toward the stove and said, "Cook him?"

Arthur assented, but Barnard cried, "No, no, Arthur! Don't let that rascal's dough go into our oven. He has stolen it somewhere, and has carried it about in his dirty clothes, nobody knows how long."

"I'll let him cook it on top of the stove then," said Arthur; and the Pawnee put his cake on the outside of the camp-stove, where Arthur covered it with a tin dish. The Indian, with an expression of intense satisfaction, squatted by the hot stove, and never took his eyes off of it until his dough was bread and delivered, blazing hot, into his hand.

The Indians carried bows and arrows, and one had a battered army-musket, which he declared, proudly, was "heap good—kill buffalo six mile off." This piece of brag tickled Hi so much that the Indian seized that opportunity to beg powder, shot or lead. These were not given him; and he renewed his application for "whisk" (whisky) or "sugee" (sugar), both of which the Indians particularly covet. These persistent beggars got very little for their trouble, Arthur having vainly interceded in behalf of The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, who offered to give "heap moccasin" for a red silk handkerchief of Barnard's which he very much desired.

"Where you from?" asked the Indian, as if attracted by Arthur's good-natured and pleasant face.

"From Richardson, Lee County, Illinois," said Arthur. "You know, it is the land of the prairie, one of the great States that belong to your Great Father and mine. The people in that land are many; they are like the leaves on the trees, they are so many. They are going to the land of the setting sun, where the gold shines in the waters of the Sacramento. The pale-faces are covering the continent. They will leave no room for the red man, the deer and the buffalo. Are you not sorry for this?"

"Whisk," said the red man, stolidly.

"A good oration, Arty!" laughed Mont. "But

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Mr. Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth don't understand it. He understands 'whisk' and 'sugee,' and he don't care for the pale-faces as long as he gets these. Look out! there goes the cover of your camp kettle!"

Arthur turned just in time to see the Indian who was squatted by the stove calmly fold his arms over a suspicious bunch in his blanket. Mont stalked over, pulled the blanket from the Indian's unresisting arm, and the iron cover rolled out upon the ground. The copper-colored rascal smiled cunningly, as one should say, "I missed it that time, but never mind. It's a good joke on me." After that the boys mounted guard at night, watch and watch, as they had been told long before that it would be necessary to do while passing through the Indian country.

Next to "wild" Indians, the boys longed for a sight of the buffalo on his native plain. This came in due time. They had passed up the long tongue of land which lies between Loup Fork and the Platte, and had reached a small stream making in from the north and known as Wood River. Crossing this, they bore off to the north-west, with the little river on their right.

One hot afternoon, while the party were wearily dragging themselves along, Barnard went ahead with the horse to spy out a good camping-place. Arthur walked on in advance of the team in the dusty road, half asleep, and feeling as if he would be happy if he could fall down in the dust and take a long nap. It was very tiresome, this continual tramp, tramp, tramp, with each day's journey making almost no difference in their advance. Arthur grumbled to himself, and scarcely heard the boyish talk of Johnny, who trudged along with him. Once in a while he felt himself dropping to sleep as he walked. His heavy eyes closed; he lost sight of the yellow wagon-track, the dusty grass, and the earth which seemed to reel; the blinding glare of the sun was gone for an instant, and he stumbled on as in a dream. Then he nearly fell over forward, and he knew that he had slept by the painful start of awaking. He looked dreamily at the rough soil by the side of the trail, dimly longing to lie down and sleep, sleep, sleep. Johnny said: "Oh my! Arty! what big black cattle!"

Arty looked languidly across the river, which was now only a narrow, woody creek. In an instant his sleepiness was gone.

"Buffaloes! buffaloes!" he shouted, and, very wide awake indeed, ran back to the wagon. He was in a fever of excitement, and the news he brought set his comrades into commotion. Everybody rushed for his favorite firearm, Tom extracting his long-unused revolver from the wagon, where it lay unloaded.

"Now, boys, we can't all go over the creek," said Hi. "You, Tom, stay here with the team. Mont, Arty and I will go over and see if we can knock over a brace of them buffaloes."

Tom handled his revolver with a very bad grace, but was mollified when Johnny said he would stay, and they might see the buffaloes cross over and break through the woods below. The banks of the creek were filled with a thick growth of box-elders, but through some of the gaps they could see five buffaloes quietly feeding in a V-shaped meadow formed by the junction of two small branches of Wood River.

"We must get above them," said Hi, as they were reconnoitering, "or they will make off by that open place. If we take 'em in the rear they can't mizzle so easy-like."

Mont thought it unsafe to go to the upper part of the meadow, because the wind came from that direction. "And they are very sensitive to any unusual odor in the air," added Arthur. "They can smell a man two miles off, when they are to the leeward." The boy was trembling with excitement at the sight of this large game, but he remembered his natural history for all that. Even as he spoke one of the feeding buffaloes lifted his large shaggy head and sniffed suspiciously to the windward.

The three young fellows separated, Arthur going down the creek, Hi up toward the open, and Mont crossing in the middle of the V, directly opposite where the animals were feeding. They were huge fellows, ponderously moving about and nibbling the short, tender grass. Their humped shoulders were covered with dark, shaggy hair, and their long, beard-like dewlaps nearly swept the ground as they bent their heads to graze. They were not in very good condition, apparently, and the hide of one of them was clouded with a dingy, yellowish tinge. "Just like our old sleigh-robe," secretly commented Arthur to himself, as he lay, breathless, on the further side of the creek, waiting for a signal from Hi.

Suddenly, to his amazement, a shot burst out from the brush on the farther side of the meadow, and, as the alarmed animals dashed away like cats, another report banged out from the same spot. The buffaloes, scattering in different directions, were almost immediately out of reach. Two pitched down into the creek near where they were feeding, but on the other side, and so disappeared in the woods beyond. One broke through the timber just below where Arthur was posted, scrambled across the gully, and, with incredible agility, crashed through into the road near the wagon, where Tom gallantly, but ineffectually, assaulted him with his "pepper-box" revolver as he galloped away. The fourth raced up the V-shaped meadow, receiving a

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shot from Mont's musket and from Hi's rifle in his rapid flight. The fifth made as if he would plunge down into the creek at the foot of the meadow, but, baulked by something, turned and raced up the side of the triangle next the road, heading directly for Arthur, who was concealed behind a bush. "Now or never," said the boy, with his heart standing still and his eye glancing along the sights of his rifle.

The buffalo was coming directly toward him, his head down and his enormous feet pounding the earth. Arthur fired, and the buffalo swerved sharply to the right; at the same instant another shot came from the opposite side of the meadow. The buffalo ambled on for a few paces, fell on his knees, dug his horns madly into the ground, rolled over on his side and was still.

As Arthur, scarcely believing his eyes, ran out into the open, a tall young fellow, carrying a double-barreled shot gun, rushed up from the other side, and, drawing his hunting-knife, cut the animal's throat. There was no need. The great creature was dead.

"My fust buffalo," said the stranger, drawing himself up proudly.

Arthur looked on with heart beating and said: "I fired at him, too."

All this took place in a very few minutes. The firing in all directions was almost simultaneous. Mont and Hi came running up, chagrined at their ill luck, but excited by the sight of this first buffalo.

"Who shot him?" eagerly cried Hi, who had not seen what happened below him.

"Well, I allow that I 'm the fortnit individooal," said the stranger. "Leastways, thar 's my mark," and he inserted his finger into a smooth round hole in the center of the animal's forehead, directly between and a little above the eyes.

ARTHUR AND THE BUFFALO.

"That 's just where I aimed," said Arthur, with some excitement.

"No, little chap," said the stranger, superciliously, "I seen you shoot, and your ball must 'a gone clean over him. Mine 's a slug. No ornery rifle ball 's goin' to kill a critter like this," and he gave the dead monster a touch with his boot.

"Let 's look at that ball," said Mont, curiously, as the emigrant handled one of the clumsy slugs which had been fitted for the big bore of his gun. Taking it in his hand and glancing at the wound in the head of the buffalo, he stooped to put it into

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the wound. The skull was pierced with a sharply defined hole. The stranger's slug rested in the edge of it like a ball in a cup.

"That ball don't go into that hole, stranger," said Mont. "The mate of it never went in there. Give me a ball, Arty." And Mont, taking one of Arty's rifle-balls, slipped it in at the wound; it dropped inside with difficulty and was gone.

"It's a clear case, Cap," said Hi. "You may as well give it up. That buffalo belongs to our camp, and Arty's the boy that fetched him—you bet ye."

"Well," said the stranger, discontentedly, "thar's no need o' jawin' about it. I allow thar's meat enough for all hands. I'll pitch in and help dress the critter, anyhow," and he stripped for work.

There was certainly no need of disputing over the dead buffalo. It was Arthur's game, however, clearly enough. He received the congratulations of his friends with natural elation, but with due modesty. He crossed the creek again for knives to help prepare the buffalo meat for immediate use. Barnard had come tearing back down the road at the sound of fire-arms, and now stood waiting with, "What luck? what luck?" as Arty waded the creek, as yet unconscious of his having been up to his waist in the stream a few minutes before.

Arty told his story with some suppressed excitement, but without any self-glorification. The water fairly stood in Barnard's joyful eyes as he clapped his young brother on the back and said, "Good for you, my old pard." You see Barnard was beginning to catch the slang of the plains.

They camped right there and then. The buffalo was dressed and the choice parts cut off and cooled in the air, for the sun was now low and night coming on. The stranger's comrades, camped on the north side of Wood River, came over and helped the party of amateur butchers, and earned their share of fresh meat, which was all they could carry away and take care of. This was a luxury in the camp. The emigrants had had almost no fresh meat since leaving the Missouri River. Small game was scarce, and only a few birds, shot at rare intervals, had given variety to their daily fare.

The boys stood expectantly around the camp-stove as the operation of frying buffalo steaks went on under the superintendence of Mont and Arthur. Sniffing the delicious odor of the supper which had been so unexpectedly given them, Barnard said, "Obliged to you, Arty, for this fresh beef. You know I hate bacon."

"And the best of it is," added little Johnny, "there's enough of it to go round."

"Which is more than some chaps can say of their pie," said Barnard.

Arty raised his hot face from the frying-pan and laughed.

*(To be continued.)*

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# THE COUNTRY BOY.

By Lucy Larcom.

"I pity the poor little country boy,
  Away on his lonely farm!
The holidays bring him no elegant toy;
He has no money, there is no shop;
Even Christmas morning his work does n't stop:
He has cows to milk,—he has wood to chop,
  And to carry in on his arm."

Did you hear that, Fred, as you came through
  the gate,
  With your milk-pail full to the brim?
No envy hid under your curly brown pate,—
You were watching a star in the morning sky,
And a star seemed shining out of your eye;
Your thoughts were glad, you could n't tell why;
  But they were not of toys, or of *him*.

Yet the city boy said what he kindly meant,
  Walking on by his mother's side,
With his eyes on the toy-shop windows bent,
Wishing for all that his eyes could see;
Longing and looking and teasing went he,
Nor dreamed that a single pleasure could be
  Afar in your woodlands wide.

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You ate your breakfast that morning, Fred,
As a country boy should eat;
Then you jumped with your father upon the sled,
And were off to the hills for a load of wood;
Quiet and patient the oxen stood,
And the snowy world looked cheerful and good,
While you stamped to warm your feet.

Then your father told you to take a run;
And you started away up the hill;
You were all alone, but it was such fun!
The larch and the pine-tree seemed racing past
Instead of yourself, you went so fast;
But, rosy and out of breath, at last
You stood in the sunshine still.

And all of a sudden there came the thought,—
While a brown leaf toward you whirled.
And a chickadee sang, as if they brought
Something they meant on purpose for you,
As if the trees to delight you grew,
As if the sky for your sake was blue,—
"It is such a beautiful world!"

The graceful way that the spruce-trees had
Of holding their soft, white load,
You saw and admired; and your heart was glad,
As you laid on the trunk of a beech your hand,
And beheld the wonderful mountains stand
In a chain of crystal, clear and grand,
At the end of the widening road.

Oh, Fred! without knowing, you held a gift
That a mine of gold could not buy:
Something the soul of a man to lift
From the tiresome earth, and to make him see
How beautiful common things can be,—
A glimpse of heaven in a wayside tree,—
The gift of an artist's eye!

What need had you of money, my boy,
Or the presents money can bring,
When every breath was a breath of joy?
You owned the whole world, with its hills and trees,
The sun, and the clouds, and the bracing breeze,
And your hands to work with; having these,
You were richer than any king.

When the dusk drew on, by the warm hearth fire,
You needed nobody's pity;
But you said, as the soft flames mounted higher,
And the eye and cheek of your mother grew bright,
While she smiled and talked in the lovely light—
A picture of pictures, to your sight,—
"I am sorry for boys in the city!"

FEBRUARY.

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# ALL FOR BIJOU.

*(A Story of German Life.)*

BY MRS. W. S. PHILLIPS.

"WHERE in the world can Bijou be?" asked Mrs. Dr. Kruger of her little maid Lisa, as she came into the room to set the tea-table. "I have not seen him this whole afternoon."

"Bijou!" said Lisa, rattling the blue china cups. "I think the little rascal must be out in the garden."

"Lisa, I have told you over and over again that I do not like to hear my dog called a rascal—a beautiful spaniel like that!—and you know he ought not to be left long out of doors in winter."

"You told me to take him there, for a little walk, Mrs. Kruger; and as I had to come in soon myself, and as he was so pleased to run about, I left him, and——"

"That was nearly two hours ago, Lisa, and the snow is on the ground. Such a delicate little creature, petted and cared for as he is, may take a violent cold; it may kill him. Oh, Lisa! do go down at once."

"I will go bring him in"—and Lisa left the room.

Mrs. Kruger shook her head at the thought of the carelessness of her usually attentive little maid.

Poor Bijou! It was a bitter cold day, and the clock in the hall had just struck five; at half-past five Dr. Kruger would return from his visits to his city patients. He was a good, kind doctor, whom everybody loved; indeed some of the children said they liked to be sick, now and then, because it was so pleasant to have Dr. Kruger come to see them. Soon after six o'clock, the Doctor's nephew, Lieutenant Sporenberg, would make his appearance, and spend the evening with them. The Doctor had brought Bijou home as a birthday present to his wife, the year before; and as there were no children in the house, the little creature had become a very great pet with them both, and the Lieutenant never came without a sugar-plum, or some other nice thing, in his pocket for Bijou.

As Lisa did not return soon, Mrs. Kruger began to be rather uneasy. She went to the window, but it was too dark to see anything in the garden. Suddenly the girl burst into the room, wringing her hands, and, throwing herself on a chair by the door, began to wipe her eyes with her apron, exclaiming through her sobs:

"Oh, it is too dreadful! it is too dreadful!"

"What is the matter, Lisa? Do tell me what *is* the matter?"

Lisa cried the more.

"Lisa! you must tell me what is the matter. I will know it. Is Bijou frozen to death?"

"No, no! it is not that. Oh! oh! not frozen; but those dreadful men."

"What men? What dreadful men?"

"They have stolen him!"

"But, Lisa, how could any one dare?"

"All I know is that Bijou is not there, and there are marks of men's boots in the snow on top of the wall, and on the ground, too. They have stolen him—the dear dog; and—oh! oh! oh!—I am afraid they will kill him."

"Kill my Bijou!" cried Mrs. Kruger, struck with horror at the idea; "my beautiful Bijou!" And mistress and maid sobbed in concert.

"What will the Doctor say?" asked Mrs. Kruger, as the clock struck six. "He is half an hour late; but he will soon be here. How can I tell him Bijou is gone? He always said I must never allow him to be long in the snow. Oh, if you only had staid with him, and held him by his ribbon!"

Poor Lisa could only cry the harder. "Yes," said she, at last, sobbing between almost every word, "I know it is all my fault; and misfortunes never come singly, and I suppose I shall be turned away for this, and nobody else will take me. I feel *dreadfully*, indeed I do, Mrs. Kruger. If he is not found I—I 'll just go to the river and drown myself!"

Mrs. Kruger, however, soon dissuaded Lisa from these dreadful intentions, and then in came the Doctor.

How grieved and how angry he was! You would have thought Bijou was his own child. With despair in his face, he ran down to the garden to make another search for Bijou, and to examine the footprints in the snow, of which Lisa had spoken.

When the Lieutenant appeared, he, too, was greeted with the sad news, and though *his* heart was not quite broken, he looked sad enough as he let the lump of sugar he had in his pocket for the little dog, sink into his cup of tea.

They could scarcely eat anything; they could talk of nothing but Bijou; how pretty he had been, and how intelligent; no means must be left untried to recover him, and to punish the thief. The Lieutenant said he would send a whole company of soldiers out the next morning to search the town; the lady proposed to go herself to all the police

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stations; the Doctor composed the following advertisement:

STOLEN!—Ten thalers reward, for the apprehension of the thief, or the recovery of a small spaniel dog, one year and three months old, supposed to be stolen from No. 14 —— Street, answering to the name of Bijou. Long black hair, yellow breast and paws, and a yellow spot over each eye. Had on, when last seen, a red morocco collar with a silver clasp.

It is not to be supposed that either Mrs. Kruger or Lisa had any sleep that night.

## PART II.

The birthday! Nobody had forgotten poor Bijou; but time softens all sorrows, and the family were now able to talk occasionally of something else. In the evening, Dr. Kruger brought some gifts for his wife, and as she thanked him she began to shed tears.

"Do you remember," asked she, "how, this time last year, you brought me home poor little Bijou? What a darling puppy he was then! John stood just outside the door with him in his arms, and I went out and ——"

"Well," said the Doctor, "there is no use in grieving about the past. Let us look—who knows?—perhaps John may be there now." And, sure enough, just outside the door stood John, holding a little black dog by a red ribbon.

"Bijou!" and she ran to the dog, who, frightened, only shrank from her and whined.

"Yes, very like him, but not Bijou. Still he is nice, and I am real thankful for your kindness, dear Karl. And, Karl," added Mrs. Kruger, "it is a little awkward, I am afraid, but come now and see the gift I have for you." And going into another room, she re-appeared, holding in her arms a dog as much like the one on the floor as possible, and wearing a red morocco collar, to which was fastened a red ribbon.

"Bijou!" exclaimed the Doctor eagerly.

"No, I am sorry to say, not the real Bijou; but is n't he like him? You see, I wished to give you the same pleasure that you have given me, and now we have two dogs."

"They are neither of them very young puppies, and will not be a great deal of trouble. I suppose we can keep both. I would not like to part with anything that was your gift?"

"Nor would I with yours."

So the two little spaniels were put on the sofa, each tied to one end by his red ribbon, where, just out of each other's reach, they sat whining, and winking at the lights.

Lisa now entered. She held the end of her long apron up to her face, and seemed to be carrying something heavy. She made a sort of curtsey, and turned to her employers, very red in the face, and somewhat confused in manner.

"Ma'am and Doctor, don't, please, be angry at me that the dear darling Bijou was stolen—the little rascal—and killed, perhaps, by the horrid men; only I ought not, I know, to call him rascal. It was all my fault, and I know what my duty is, and I try to do it, and any one would say this is my duty (here a yellow leg thrust from her apron obliged her to bring her speech to a rapid close), and I could not afford to pay three thalers, which is the price of a real spaniel, so I bought you both this dog. He is black, with yellow feet." And she let the animal in question spring to the floor—an ugly, awkward cur, big and bony, who evidently now found himself in a parlor for the first time in his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Kruger looked at each other. Surely they did not want this ugly black dog, but how could they say so? It would be very unkind to poor Lisa, who had done what she could, if they should show any dislike to her offering. So they received it with thanks, praised the poor frightened cur's soft ears, and extremely white teeth, and tied him to one of the legs of the sofa, where he began to indulge in howls of distress, in which the aristocratic little creatures on the sofa joined from time to time.

"Another Bijou on the sofa!" exclaimed the astonished Lisa, "and another yet; that will make three."

The Lieutenant was expected, but had not yet appeared. At last, a footstep was heard in the passage, and, the door being opened, there was his servant in uniform, leading a large dog that tried very hard to escape from the string by which he was restrained. The man presented a note from the Lieutenant, as follows:

DEAR AUNT: Having tried in vain to procure a spaniel similar to the one you have lost, I send you in its place a fine hunting-dog, which has been described to me as very intelligent. Be so good as to accept him from me as a birthday gift, and, in memory of the former pet, give him the name of Bijou. &c., &c.

"There seems to be no end to our dogs to-night," said the lady, a little out of temper.

"And such an enormous creature, too. Far better no dogs than four dogs, in my opinion; but we cannot refuse a birthday gift."

"No, of course not." (Turning to the man): "Tie him to that leg of the sofa, if you please. He does not bite?"

"Indeed, ma'am, he bit me in the hand coming along."

"There is a thaler for you. Give the Lieutenant our thanks, and tell him we are expecting him."

"I know he will be here directly, madam. Thank you, madam."

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And now, what growling and whining there was! —four dogs longing to get at each other. Mrs. Kruger did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

A loud ring at the garden gate.

"No more dogs, I do hope," said Mrs. Kruger. Anything in the world rather than a fifth dog. See who it is, Lisa, but take in no more dogs."

But, suddenly changing her tone, she exclaimed, as a whine echoed from below: "It is!—it is! I know his voice."

And, sure enough, so it was, the for-two-weeks lost Bijou, who, racing and scrambling for joy in the way little dogs do, found his way first to his master and mistress and then to Lisa, eager to give them his animated and almost breathless greetings, so happy, so overjoyed was he. The Doctor held him up high under the light, to make very sure that it was their own Bijou and no other. He still wore his red collar, and to it was tied a dirty little note, as follows:

DEAR DOCTOR: I am a poor man, and have stolen many a dog and many another thing besides; but when I took this dog, I did not know it was yours, Doctor. You cured my wife when she was sick, and charged me nothing, and were so good and kind. I can't steal *your* dog, so I bring him back, dear sir. J.

"So there is honor among thieves," said the Doctor. "Did you see who it was that brought him back?"

"The little ras—darling was tied to the door-handle," said Lisa, "and there was no one to be seen."

"And what can be done with the five dogs? We are likely to have a noisy night of it."

When the Lieutenant appeared they made a joke of offering him the two little dogs as a special token of honor. He remarked that two of his friends were in search of just such dogs; and seeing that his uncle and aunt were not really in earnest, he offered to take them off their hands.

The two large dogs were placed in the garden, and intrusted respectively to the care of John and Lisa; and Bijou—the darling, the real Bijou—resumed his old place in the house, and in the affections of his master and mistress.

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# TOBOGGANS AND THEIR USE.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

NOW that cold weather has come, I would like to tell the boys who read ST. NICHOLAS how they may enjoy themselves more during the present winter than they ever did in their lives. You have all of you noticed the sides of a hill when they are covered with snow; and, as you have looked upon the gentle slope and the broad and level meadow beyond, you have thought: "I wish I could slide down that hill and way out over the meadow; it would be *such* fun!"

But you all know that you could not use your sleds for the purpose of sliding down a hill-side where there is no road, because the runners would soon cut through the crust of the snow. Even if you commenced to slide and went part way down such a hill, your sled might be suddenly stopped and you would go rolling over and over toward the bottom. If you should try to slide down on a board you would certainly be stopped in this way; and, after picking yourself up, you would feel as I did, when I was about six years old and tried to slide down the back stairs on a board. The board stuck upon the edge of one of the stairs and I went on to the bottom without it. Presently the board came down on top of me. This made such a noise that some one came to see what was the matter. My statement was simply this: "I thought I would slide down the stairs." I was warned not to try that again, and never did; and I know that if you ever try to slide down hill on a board you will never repeat the experiment.

A board is flat and will not sink into the snow so deep as the runners of a sled do; but then the end is not turned up like the runners. Now, if we could have a combination of the sled and the board, we could slide down the hills and across the meadows. I will describe such a combination of the sled and board, and will tell you how you can easily make one. Then, whenever there is a good crust on the snow, you can have more fun in sliding than you ever had before.

What I am about to describe is called a "toboggan." You cannot find that name in the dictionary—for it is the name given to it by the Indians

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of northern Canada. They load these toboggans with furs, and often travel hundreds of miles over the snow to the trading-posts. Then they sell both their furs and their toboggans, and start on their tramp homeward. A great many toboggans are also made for the Canadian gentlemen and ladies who live in Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa, and it is quite a fashionable thing to use these queer-looking sleds. There are not very many places in the United States which are as cold as the cities I have named; but we have enough cold weather to have considerable coasting in many parts of our own country—enough, at any rate, to make it worth while to have a toboggan.

Should you wish to make one, you must take a board of bass-wood, oak, ash, or any other kind that will bend easily. Pine will not do, for it is too soft and will split. You will not be apt to find a board thin enough for your purpose; but you can have it planed to a thickness of three-sixteenths to one-quarter of an inch. If the board is of hard wood the thickness may be considerably less than if it is of soft wood. A single board fifteen or sixteen inches wide is better than two boards; but if you have to buy two boards, you may as well have them so arranged as to give a width of eighteen inches. The people who use toboggans do not seem to care if the board becomes split; for they say that the cracks will keep the toboggan from sliding sideways. It is about the same thing whether the single board is split, or two boards are used in the first place; but you will find it much easier to make the toboggan out of a single board.

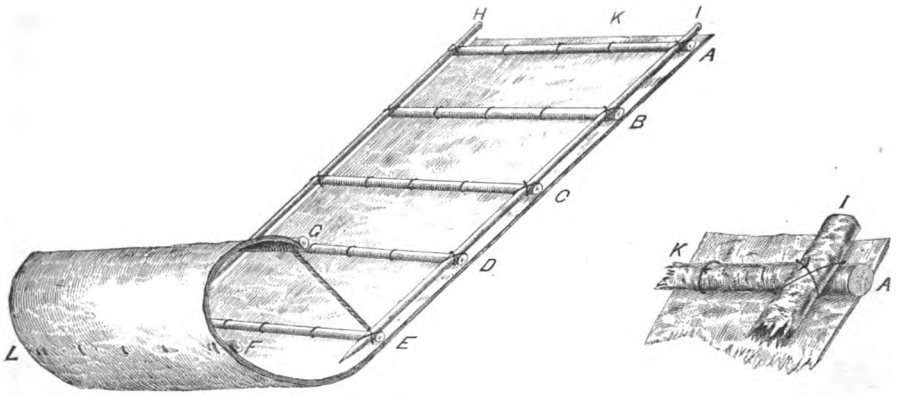
This board should be six feet long. You can have it as much longer as you choose—but I am now telling you about the length of a toboggan which will hold two boys. I have had a ride on one which was long enough to hold six or eight persons.

You will need seven pieces of hard wood, as long as your toboggan is wide; and two pieces, each a little over four feet long. Each of these nine pieces should be one inch square or round. Time will be gained and trouble will be saved if you can have them made round at a lumber-mill.

A visit to the shoemaker is next in order. You must tell him that you want four pairs of leather shoe-strings. He will probably ask you how many pairs of shoes you wear at a time; but then he does not know that you are making a toboggan, and besides that, it is none of his business at any rate—for this is a free country, and you have a right to wear as many pairs of shoes at a time as you choose.

Below is a plan of the toboggan. When you have studied it, you can begin to work. Lay six of your round pieces (A, B, C, D, E, F) across the board, beginning at one end. They should be one foot apart. At right angles to these, and near their ends, lay the two long pieces, H and I. Bore four holes in the corner I A (see small cut), and tie both pieces to the board with part of a shoe-string. Make two holes at K, and tie in the same manner. Let the knots always appear on the upper surface, and be sure that the leather which shows on the under side is parallel with the length of the board, as you see it arranged from F to L. The under side will be considerably smoother if you cut grooves to allow the leather strings to sink below the surface; but do not cut the grooves too deep.

In this manner fasten all the braces from A to F; and the pieces I and H as you proceed. These long pieces are to be used as handles while you ride, and they should be sharpened at the end E.




PLAN OF TOBOGGAN.

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Be careful to fasten the brace, G, on the under side as the board lies flat upon the floor of your workshop. You are now ready to bend the end from E to G. If the board is not too thick you can do it at once; but if there is any trouble you can use steam or hot water. Having bent it with a graceful curve, fasten with bits of leather the points G and E, and also the corresponding points on the other side, and then your toboggan will be complete. At F and L you can attach a cord, and when sliding you must use a sharp stick for steering this strange craft. Here you have a picture of two boys on a toboggan. They have wrapped themselves up warmly and do not care for the snow. I hope that you all will have as good a time as they are having, if you should succeed in making a toboggan.

ON A TOBOGGAN.

## POT AND KETTLE.

"OHO!" said the pot to the kettle;
"You 're dirty and ugly and black!
Sure no one would think you were metal,
Except when you 're given a crack."

"Not so! not so!" kettle said to the pot.
"'T is your own dirty image you see;
For I am so clean—without blemish or blot—
That your blackness is mirrored in me."

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# HOW I KEPT THE CHINESE NEW-YEAR.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

It is not the first day of January, nor January at all, but the sixth day of February that ushers in the Chinese New-Year. The grandest festival in all the calendar, so think the Celestials; and they celebrate it with most imposing ceremonies. Not a man, woman or child that does not take part in its festivities; neither the infant of days nor the man of a century, the millionaire nor the beggar—none may be excused from donning his best, and going out holidaying on New-Year. From the Emperor in his gorgeous palace, surrounded with pomp and luxury, down to his humblest subject, living and rearing his family perhaps in a boat, where kitchen, laundry, nursery and bedroom all are encompassed within the narrow limits of a space about twelve feet square,—every one, according to his rank and ability, enters with heart and hand into the festivities of the season. All business is suspended, and for three days at least, mirth, jollity and feasting rule the realm, while some of the wealthy keep up, for a much longer time, the routine of gayeties. All who can possibly procure it don on New-Year's Morn an entire new suit, no article of which has ever been worn before; but even the very poor are sure to be arrayed in at least one new garment—a cheap hat, fan or handkerchief, if nothing more costly can be afforded.

Not thus to honor the day would be regarded as a national offense, and he who should venture so to violate the customs of his country would be pronounced unpatriotic as well as penurious. Many of the working class, who go bare-headed and bare-footed the year round, will, on New-Year's Day, make a grand display of fancifully ornamented caps, white stockings and shoes of many-colored silk, though, in all probability, they have been borrowed, or hired for the occasion from regular dealers in second-hand stock. Nor is this beautifying process confined to the people. Boats, houses and fences must be repaired, painted, and made to look new, in honor of the grand gala; and they are also plentifully adorned with strips of bright red paper, on which are inscribed, in black or gilt letters, good wishes, congratulations and compliments to all who enter during the festal days. These mottoes are sometimes tastefully illuminated, and, blended with quaint devices, are placed over and on the sides of the principal entrances to keep off "bad spirits," and bring general "good luck" to the owners and their families.

On New-Year's Eve sacrifices of rice, fruits and sweetmeats are offered to the Old Year to induce him to depart in peace; gold and silver paper are burned as at an ordinary burial, to indicate his death and interment; and then in house and temple, among priests and people, who are everywhere watching for his coming, the new-born year is heralded in with shouts and rejoicings that are echoed far and wide over every nook and corner of those great, populous cities. During the entire night every street and lane is thronged with pedestrians, who, half wild with excitement, leap and shout, dance and sing, beat gongs and kettle-drums, and perform all manner of unheard-of gymnastics, each seemingly resolved to make more noise than any two of his fellows! As day breaks, every door is closed, the busy streets are suddenly deserted, a solemn quiet reigns where just before mirth and madness had seemed to rule. Each household has "taken in the New Year and shut him in, to become domiciled with the family."

But the lapse of a few hours brings another change of programme. Footmen in liveries and sedan-chairs, gayly decorated, throng the streets; gentlemen pass from house to house on visits of ceremony; elegantly clad servants bear presents and congratulatory cards from the wealthy and noble to their friends, and return laden with the like precious tokens of good-will; social parties assemble in public and private saloons; and as friends meet on the streets, each joins his hands on his breast, with body bent forward, and thus, for several minutes, they continue bowing and complimenting each other on the propitious return of this festal season. The lower class, who have been busy all the year round earning their bread, seem most of all to enjoy this annual holiday, as they sit at the door of their little cabins or in their gardens leisurely sipping tea from tiny cups no bigger than a "doll's tea-set," while Mrs. "John" and all the "Johns" junior are for the time at least permitted to indulge unrestrainedly in such pastimes as best suit their fancy, *pater-familias* stooping from his dignity, this once in a year, to unite with them. Street concerts, theatricals, and fireworks lend their aid; and so rapidly pass the three brightest days of the poor man's calendar; while for the rich, as I have hinted, sometimes as many



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weeks transpire before the ordinary routine of business and social life is resumed.

One New-Year I was invited to spend the day with a Chinese tea merchant and his family; and as I was anxious to learn exactly how they observed the festal season, I begged them to make no change either in their festivities or the bill of fare, but to let me be treated just as one of themselves. I had known the old merchant and his sons for some time, but had never met the ladies of his household. There were three of them—*i.e.*, the old gentleman's wife, an unmarried daughter and the newly wedded wife of the eldest son. The last, I had heard, was beautiful, but I was not prepared for such a vision of loveliness as met my view, when the tiny-footed, gentle-spoken twelve-year-old bride was introduced by her mother-in-law. She was very fair, with eyes bright as diamonds, and her long, jet-black hair, in one heavy braid, was twined with a wreath of natural flowers about the beautifully formed head, and held in place by jeweled pins. She wore earrings, of course, with necklaces, chains, bracelets and rings enough to have constituted quite a respectable fortune in themselves. Her dress was of pale blue silk, very richly embroidered,—all her own work, she told me. The skirt hung in full plaits about her slender figure, and the tight-fitting jacket showed to perfection the exquisitely rounded form, while the loose sleeve, open to the elbow, displayed an arm that might have served as a model for the sculptor. But all this loveliness was only for female eyes, for before entering the sitting-room, where her husband, father and brother-in-law were assembled, she put on the long, loose, outer garment that Chinese ladies always wear when in "full dress." This came below the knee, its sleeves reaching to the tips of her fingers, whilst its loose, flowing style effectually veiled the fairy form, hiding all its symmetry. She had the tiny, pressed feet that the Chinese consider not only beautiful, but necessary to high breeding; and they were encased in the daintiest of satin slippers, embroidered in seed pearls. But finery could not hide the deformity produced by so unnatural a process, nor the awkward limp of the poor little lady as she leaned on the shoulders of her maidens in hobbling from room to room. I asked her if the feet were still painful, and she replied that for the

A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

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last two or three years a sort of numbness had succeeded the pain, but that formerly, and from her earliest recollection, her sufferings had been so intense that she would gladly have died; and that she had often, in frantic agony, torn off the bandages, and when they were replaced, shricked and screamed till delirium, for a time, relieved the consciousness of suffering. But after the fifth year the pain gradually became less intolerable, she said, and now she did not think very much about it, except when the bandages were changed. Then the return of the blood to the foot was such torture as language could not describe. Yet in reply to my question on the subject, this gentle girl-wife said it would be cruel in a parent not to press the feet of his daughter, as he thereby shut her out from good society, and made a plebeian of her for life.

The bandages are always applied in early infancy, and before putting them on, all the toes except the first and second are doubled in beneath the soles of the feet. The length of the foot, after undergoing this painful operation, never exceeds five inches, and ordinarily is scarcely four.

The young daughter of my host was a petite maiden of ten, attired in dainty robes of rose-colored satin, embroidered in silver, and her glossy raven hair was disposed in two massive braids, hanging down almost to her tiny feet, twinkling in silver-hued slippers. Chinese maidens wear their braids down, and the "crown of wifehood" is symbolized by the coronet of hair laid for the first time on the top of the head on the marriage-day. Oriental customs always have a meaning.

When we entered the large drawing-room shortly before dinner, I could not keep my eyes from wandering, everything seemed so strange; from the stiff, upright chairs and sofas, to the huge flower-vases, looking like miniature water-casks, and the quaint, costly chandeliers, whose use I never should have guessed but for the scores of wax tapers that glittered in them even at broad daylight. One of the chandeliers was shaped like a flying dragon, and out of mouth, eyes, wings and tail burst such a volume of light as fairly to dazzle one who ventured on too near an approach to the monster. But the strangest object of all, to my eyes at least, was a very elegant coffin, placed in the most conspicuous part of the drawing-room. I was shocked at first, and drew back, but my host said, with an amused smile:

"Oh, that was a birthday present from my son several years ago, and my daughter embroidered a beautiful silk sheet to accompany it."

This, I learned afterward, was no uncommon case,—a handsome coffin and burial-sheet being considered by the Chinese very appropriate gifts from dutiful children to honored parents; and people just as frequently buy such articles and lay them up for their own use.

At dinner, we had all sorts of queer dishes, many of them very palatable; but alas! for me, there were only chop-sticks to eat with! And my predicament was very much that of the stork when invited to dine with the fox. All my essays were in vain; the dainty titbits I was longing to taste would not be coaxed between the ends of my delicately carved chop-sticks, and my eating was a very burlesque, which my gentlemanly host and his well-bred family vainly tried not to notice. At length he apologized by saying that he supposed I would prefer, at a Chinese table, to use the chop-sticks; and he then ordered a knife, fork and spoon to be brought for me. Tea was served in tiny silver tea-pots that held less than half a pint, and each was placed on a silver waiter with fine little porcelain cups, without saucers or spoons, sugar or cream. This is the way the Chinese always drink tea, and one of these miniature services is placed before each guest, while a servant stands by to pour the tea and replenish the tea-pot when needed.

After dinner we had some music, several games were played for my special entertainment, and my host showed me a rare collection of paintings done by the famous artist, Lang Qua. I was urged to remain for the night, but preferring to return, the sedan chairs were ordered to the door, and, attended by the son of my host, I took my departure, loaded with gifts from my hospitable entertainers. As the presents were all wrapped in tissue paper, I did not examine them till I reached my own home. Each contained the card of the donor; a pair of vases from the lady of the house, a silver card-case from her husband, a wreath of wax flowers, only less lovely than her own fair self, from the gentle bride, and a pair of chop-sticks, with which, I have no doubt, the donor thought I needed special practice, from the waggish younger son of mine host.

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"HOW MUCH DID YOU GET FOR A PENNY?

# BASS COVE SKETCHES.—THE FATE OF THE CASTAWAYS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

BORROWING Mr. Bonwig's gun once more, Joe returned to the spot where he had shot the "old wives." They were still tossing on the surges in the inlet below. He descended the cliff, took off his clothes, plunged into the water, and brought out the birds.

Then climbing to the top of the cliff again, he held up the game, to the delight of Bonwig's hungry eyes.

"If you 'll dress and cook them," said Augustus, "I will keep the signal waving."

"I ought to ketch a few fish first," said Joe, "'fore the tide is up. You can't ketch nippers so well at high water, for then they're feedin' on the barnacles and things, on the rocks."

"What 's nippers?" said Augustus.

"Cunners," said Joe, amazed at such ignorance. "Don't you know? What you had for supper last night, and for breakfast agin this mornin'."

"Oh! salt water perch! Of course, I know," said Mr. Bonwig, remembering how good they were. "It *would* be fine, if we could get a few to keep the ducks company! But you 've no pole nor line."

"I alluz carry lines in my pocket," said Joe, "and I don't need a pole."

"But you 've no worms!"

"I can find bait enough. I 'll look out for all that, if you 'll keep the star-spangled sheet a-wavin'."

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Joe laughed, as he looked back and saw his portly friend flourishing the white flag, as if for dear life. "That exercise will do him good," thought he. "The trouble with that 'ar feller is, he's so lazy. He was too lazy for to give the dory a little lift; and now see where we be! And don't I remember *how easy that boat rowed!*—to him a-settin' com-f'r'able in the stern."

He went down on the rocks by the water's edge, laid down his gun,—or rather Mr. Bonwig's,—and taking a ball of line from his pocket, proceeded to unwind it. At the inside end, he found a heavy sinker, a corn-cob, and a hook sticking into it. Putting the cob back into his pocket, to be used in winding the line up again afterward, he looked about him for bait. The rocks below high-water mark were covered with barnacles, as with a gray scum, and dotted here and there with periwinkles (Joe called them cockles) clinging to the ledge. Of these he gathered a handful, and laid them down by his gun. Then, having baited his hook from one of them, he "threw in." He stood on the brink of a steep rock, and the heavy sinker carried the line down in the deep water beside it, notwithstanding the dashing waves.

All was quiet for a minute or two. Then he felt a little jerk. He gave a little jerk in return, and perceived that he had hooked something. He hauled up the line, hand over hand; and a fine large cunner fell flopping on the ledge. He baited and threw in again, and had many nips (the cunner is notorious for nipping at your bait, and getting it without getting the hook; hence the term *nipper*), and now and then drew up a fish. In half an hour, he found he had caught a handsome string.

All this time he kept a keen look-out for game. And now he saw a flock of black ducks come flying low along the waves toward the island. They passed so near to him that he might easily have brought down a pair, but as they would have fallen into the water, and as he had no dory to pick them up, he, with admirable self-denial for so young a gunner, stood, piece in hand, and saw them pass.

Arrived at the end of the island, instead of alighting, they wheeled and, rising, returned in a broad circle over it.

Augustus had seen them coming, in the first place, and dropped his signal, and himself beside it, hoping for a shot. When they passed the island, he was quite wild with excitement, and came very near firing Joe's shirt at them. The distance at which they flew, from where he lay, was probably all that saved the shirt—and the birds. Before they returned, the sportsman had time to exchange the "queen's arm," which served as a flag-staff, for the other, which had no sleeve tied over the end of it; and to place himself in readiness.

"If they'll only come again!" thought he. "I believe there's something in the gun, after all. Those are real duck guns! They're so heavy, I believe I can hold one steadier than I can my little light thing. By George! there they come!"

They flew so directly over the summit of the island, that Mr. Bonwig, afraid to get up and show himself, rolled over on his back, pointed the "queen's arm" up into the air, and fired.

The flock veered at sight of him, even before the flash; and that was probably the reason why he did not kill a great many. He thought at first he had killed none. But the rocks below had barely had time to send back two sharp echoes of his shot (a very singular phenomenon, if Augustus had only stopped to consider it), when three ducks, one after the other, dropped down headlong out of the flock, and fell upon the island.

Bonwig ran down to them, with cries of exultation. At the same time Joe came crawling up over the ledge, with Bonwig's gun in one hand, and the string of fish in the other.

"See that? and that? and that?" cried Augustus, holding up the ducks triumphantly. "Who said 't would n't take long to eat all I kill?"

Joe stood still, fish in one hand and gun in the other, and grinned at him.

"See how fat they are. I picked for the plumpest, and then took aim. Waited till I got three in range. Never was so cool about anything in my life. If you have any more ducks to shoot, bring 'em on. What are you laughing at? I suppose you 'll say I did n't kill these, wont you?" said the jubilant sportsman.

"'T was your gun that killed them, fast enough," replied Joe, chuckling over the joke.

"Of course it was!" But Mr. Bonwig meant one gun, while Joe meant another. "This is a regular old-fashioned duck-shooter!"—holding up the old "queen's arm." "I can handle it a great deal better than I can my piece. It has got so used to it, it seems almost to aim itself. It's nothing to shoot ducks with this gun! Three at a shot! what will my wife say to that? Bless my heart!" And he praised the ducks again.

Joe laughed so that his knees began to give way under him, and his body to double up, and his hands to forget their cunning; he dropped the fish, he dropped the gun, and finally dropped himself—tumbling over and rolling on the rocks in convulsions of mirth.

"Now what's the fun?" said Mr. Bonwig, annoyed.

"You've got the knack! you've got the knack!" said Joe, winking away his tears.

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"What do you mean?" Augustus demanded, sternly, for he suspected that he was the subject of merriment.

"Did the birds drop the very minute you fired?"

"Why, no, not the instant; they were so astonished; they had to take time to consider it; that is, they were flying so fast, it was a second or two before they could change their course and come down."

"And did n't you hear any other gun?"

"Why,—my shot—echoed!" said Augustus.

"How many times?"

"Twice; I do believe it was a sort of double echo."

"That was the echo!" said Joe, holding up the double-barreled piece, and then immediately going into convulsions again.

Augustus seized it. He remembered that it was loaded when it last went into Joe's hands; and now, nervously shoving down the ramrod, he found the barrels empty. He still stoutly insisted, however, that he had killed the ducks; but it was with a flushed face and a greatly disturbed look.

"If you did, you beat me with your knack!" said Joe.

"How so? Explain yourself. Do stop that confounded giggling, and explain yourself!" said Bonwig.

"*I* can't kill ducks without any shot in my gun; and there was n't any shot in the gun you fired!"

"That 's a—a—likely story!" gasped poor Mr. Bonwig.

"You see," said Joe, "I was goin' to leave the old guns with you, and I was afraid you 'd be shooting at me, as you did afore; so I did n't put any shot into 'em! Try 't other one, and see!"

Augustus drew the wad from the flag-staff, and found only powder beneath it. He then sat down dejectedly on the ledge, and remained thoughtful for a long while. At last he said:

"Come, Joe, we 've fooled about enough; it 's time to think of getting ashore."

"It 's '*nothing to shoot ducks with that gun!*' —'*three at a shot!*'—'*it aims itself!*' Oh, ho! ho! ho!"

"Come!" said Augustus, sharply. "How about dinner?"

"You '*picked for the plumpest, and then took aim!*'" cried Joe. "'*Waited till you got them in range!—never was so cool in your life!*' Oh, ho! I shall die!" And he rolled on the rocks again.

Mr. Bonwig had suddenly once more grown extremely anxious about their situation. He stretched the shirt on the "queen's arm" again, and began to wave it with great solemnity.

Joe then sat up, stopped laughing, took a knife from his pocket, and then and there commenced dressing the fish for dinner.

"You 've got a nice string there!" the hungry Augustus at last remarked, regarding the process wistfully.

Joe said it *was* a nice string. He made no further allusion to Mr. Bonwig's remarkable sportsmanship (although he would now and then be taken with a stitch in his ribs, a cramp in his stomach, or spasms in the muscles of his face, which he found it hard to overcome); and from that moment the two were good friends again.

"I must find a board somewhere; and I guess I better be startin' the fire." And Joe carried his fish and game down to the house of refuge, where he could give occasional vent to his mirth, without hurting his friend's feelings.

Leaving Mr. Bonwig to wave the signal and keep a look-out, he made preparations for dinner. "I would n't burn up this wood to make chowders, as the fellers do," thought he; "but ar' n't *we* sort of shipwrecked?" And he comforted his conscience with the reflection that the Humane Society would approve of what he was doing.

At last, he called Mr. Bonwig to dinner. That hungry gentleman made haste to prop up the standard with stones, and obeyed the joyful summons.

"Joe," said he, catching the savory odor of the cooking as he entered the hut, "I *am* surprised! Who would have thought you could get up such a dinner?"

"This bench is the table, these clam-shells are the plates; use your pocket-knife, and your fingers *are* the *fork*," said Joe, proudly. "Now taste o' the fish, and see how sweet they are, without salt nor nothin' on 'em."

"Glorious!" cried Augustus. "But what 's that on the coals?"

"Pieces of *your* ducks a-brilin," said Joe.

"Now look here, Joe!" remonstrated Augustus.

"Did you re'lly think you shot 'em?" Joe asked.

"My imagination was excited; that 's all I have to say—my imagination was excited." And now Augustus himself had to laugh.

Joe had seated himself astride one end of the bench, facing Mr. Bonwig; and Mr. Bonwig had seated himself astride the other end, facing Joe; and there they feasted;—Joe turning occasionally to take up a fish from the coals with a sharp stick, or to turn the broiling morsels of wild duck.

"Dinner 's a good invention," said Augustus.

"And I ha'nt nothin' petickler to say ag'in a fire—arter a feller 's been around and hum, in a cold north-wester, without his shirt on," said Joe.

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"We sha' n't fare so badly, at this rate," observed Mr. Bonwig, resignedly.

"We shall fare well enough; all I think on now is that plaguy dory," replied Joe.

"I'll make that all right with your father, if we ever get ashore again; so don't worry about the dory."

"By sixty! Will ye, though? That improves my appetite! Guess I'll try a drumstick."

He took a duck's leg in his fingers, and put on his cap. "Finish yer dinner," said he; "and I'll go out and tend the signal."

"That's a good boy!" said Augustus, feeling easier in his mind, for he had scarcely begun his dinner yet, although he had eaten two perch to Joe's one, and game in proportion.

In half an hour Joe came running back, and found his amiable friend fast asleep on the straw; that rosy and plump gentleman having been unable to resist the drowsiness which overcame him almost before the conclusion of his repast. "I guess Joe will look after the signal," was his comfortable reflection, as he stretched himself on the straw. "For my part, I'm tired of standing on a bleak rock, in a north-west wind, waving a shirt on an old gun-barrel!" And he gave himself up to delicious slumber.

Joe regarded him with disgust; but he did not wake him. "Lazy bummer! I'll come up with him," said he; and off he went again.

Another half hour elapsed, when Mr. Bonwig awoke from a vivid dream of firing into a flock of old queen's arms, that flew over his candy-shop in town, and doing great damage to a number of innocent persons who happened to be passing in the street when the shattered barrels and butt-ends came rattling down upon them.

"Hello!" said he. "*Hel-lo!*" looking about him. "I'd quite forgotten I was cast away! I wonder if Joe has signaled anything yet."

He went out, and found the signal gone. The gun was lying on the rocks; but neither Joe, nor Joe's shirt, was anywhere to be seen.

"The rogue has found some means of getting off; he has left me his old flint-lock, and deserted me!" was Mr. Bonwig's first appalling thought.

He wandered about in great distress of mind for some minutes, calling loudly on Joe. Finally the report of a gun made answer. With gladdened heart he hastened in the direction of the sound, and saw Joe on the beach where they had first landed, picking up a brace of plover he had just shot.

"Where's the signal?" Augustus asked, wildly, conscious of culpable neglect on his own part. "I thought you said you would keep that waving."

"Did n't I?" said Joe, "for ever so long after I left you! Then I went back and found you snoozin'. So I made up my mind if that was all you cared for gittin' ashore, I would n't trouble myself any longer."

"But—Joseph!" Bonwig remonstrated,—"this wont do! We must wave the signal."

"Wave it then! though I little 'druther ye would n't; it scares the game."

"What have you done with the shirt?"

"Put it on, of course! I was cold, and I went to huntin' to get warm."

"Oh, now, let's have it again!" said Augustus, coaxingly.

"Nary shirt!" replied Joe, obstinately. "Use yer own,—it's your turn this time."

Bonwig coaxed, and made offers of money, and various promises of future favors, all to no purpose. He buttoned his coat all the more tightly, and declared that he would not part with his shirt again, alive.

Augustus looked all around for succor; he saw sails in the distance, but not one near; and, after some moments of sad hesitation, he began to unbutton his hunting-jacket. The winds cut him.

"I'll give you a heap of candy, if you only will, Joe!"

"Who knows you'll ever see your candy-shop again?" said Joe.

Augustus unbuttoned two more buttons.

"I'll send down a trunk-full, by express!"

Still Joe would not yield. Bonwig unbuttoned the last button. Joe began to roar with laughter again. Augustus was actually taking off his shirt, preparatory to sticking it upon the gun-barrel, when he evidently began to suspect mischief.

"Now, what's the joke?"

"Come over here, and I'll show you! Bring everything. We're going ashore now."

"Going ashore!" said the mystified Augustus.

Joe made no answer, but led him around to the point from which the dory had gone adrift, and showed it, hauled up there again as snugly as if nothing unusual had happened to it.

"Well, now! I *am* surprised! Now—then—bless my heart!" said the amazed Augustus.

"When you was asleep," said Joe, "I went in to tell you there was a sail-boat beatin' up toward us, with a dory in tow, but you was snorin'. So, I got mad, and left ye. It was *our* dory. They had picked her up at sea, and looked in the direction the wind was blowin' from, and seen our signal with a glass; and as they was out for fun, they jest beat up here to us. They picked up the loons by the way; and I give 'em the loons and two black ducks and an old wife, for bringin' her in; and first-rate, tip-top chaps they was, too; and they wanted to pay me for the ducks, but I would n't take no pay, of course! And here the dory was

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tied, all the while you was trying to have me to take off my shirt agin, and then takin' off your own!"

"Well, I *am!* I don't think I was ever *quite* so *agreeably* surprised in my life!" said Mr. Bonwig. I may get back to town yet to-night. How long will it take to row ashore?"

"Oh, not long," said Joe, "*this boat rows so easy.*"

"Look here! I believe I was going to row back," said Bonwig. "You row till I finish this cigar."

MR. BONWIG TAKES THE OARS.

When he had finished the cigar, they were within half a mile of the Cove.

"He thought he was goin' to do wonders," said Joe afterward, telling the story of their early sporting days. "He took the oars, and give a tremenjous pull, as if he was goin' to send us home with two strokes; but jest as he was strainin' with all his might, they slipped out of the rullocks, and away he went, over backward, and heels over head into the bottom of the boat, with his legs stridin' up over the thwart, and his arms spread like a thug's wings, and his head and shoulders in a puddle of water, in the bottom of the dory. It must have hurt him some; but, for the life of me, I could n't help laughin'. He got up, brushed the water off, and said he *was* surprised! I let him try it over again, and we began to make a track like a sea-serpent's, zigzag, zigzag. But I let him work.

"'It surprises me,' says I, 'to see how easy this boat rows!' He did n't say nothin', but turned red as ever you see a biled lobster; and did n't he sweat and blow! Then we came to the breakers. They wan't more 'n half so high as they was in the mornin', or I never should a' let him row on to 'em. But I thought 't would be fun. We went over the first one slick enough. With the second one, the boat began to skew; and the third one took us broadside. 'T was a wrecker, I tell you! and did n't it heave and twist us! We came within one of choppin' over! and you never see a chap so scared! He pulled first one oar, then t' other; we turned completely around, and was puttin' out to sea agin afore we knowed it!

"'Bless my heart, Joe,' says he, 'take the oars! Take 'em! I would n't row unto the breakers again for a million dollars!'

"But I ought not to say a word agin Bonwig," adds Joe, laughing, whenever he tells the story to his children—for this adventure, as I said in the beginning, happened years ago; he is no longer Young Joe, he is Old Joe now. "He was a first-rate, tip-

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top feller, arter all. And his conduct to me was right down handsome, when I took him over to town in our wagon—for he was too late for the stage. 'Joe,' says he, jest afore we got to his house, 'I believe, with your father, that shootin' ducks is a knack; rowin' a dory in the breakers requires a knack, too. I'm gettin' too old and clumsy to learn to do either; and I believe I sha'n't try again. And now, Joe, my boy,' says he, 'as I don't expect to use my gun again, and as you seem to take such a fancy to it, and as you have been so very kind to me, in spite of your jokes, I've concluded,' says he, 'to make you a present.' And what did the gay old chap do but slip that beautiful double-shooter into my hand. Did n't the salt spray come into my eyes? and war n't I the proudest and happiest boy in thirteen counties, at that moment? And have n't I kept that rare old stub-twist shootin'-iron all these years, to remember Bonwig by?"

And Joe takes down the piece from over the chimney corner, and shows it again to his children.

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# ACTING BALLADS.

By Amy Lovell.

In the long winter evenings, when lessons are all learned, supper eaten, and while bed-time is still a good way off, there comes a pause which is (or should be) "known as the children's hour." Everybody is a little tired. Boys and girls stretch themselves again, and wish there were something pleasant to do. If there is *not* anything pleasant to do, the yawns increase, the pause becomes first dull, then quarrelsome, and the evening ends unpleasantly, or the boys sidle toward the door and invent errands to the store or the post-office, which lays the foundation of a habit of being out, and of various mischiefs.

Now there are plenty of pleasant things which can be done to fill up this unoccupied hour. The boys and girls can play at chess, backgammon, or cards. Don't be shocked, dear papas and mammas, at the word "cards." Cards are not in themselves harmful, and almost all young people are likely to play them sooner or later. It is a thousand times better that they should do so at home as a permitted amusement, than away from home, with the feeling that they are indulging in a guilty pleasure which they must hide from you. There can be reading aloud from some really entertaining book. There are parlor games of all kinds, and some which tax the wits a little without tiring them. There are candy-pulling, corn-popping, roasting apples by a string, telling stories round the fire, piano kaleidoscope, acting charades. And, easier than charades, and better fun, there is acting a *ballad*, about which I particularly want to tell, because it is new to many of you, and in the long winter evenings at hand you may like to try it.

Acting a ballad does not require as much preparation as acting a charade, because the movement is all in pantomime, and is regulated by the movement of the ballad chosen. It is necessary, of course, that all who act should know the ballad, or should read it over carefully several times, so as to be prepared for what is coming, and ready to express by their gestures and faces what is supposed to be going on. Many who have not confidence to act in a charade, will find that they can do this easily, for no ready wit is needed, and it often is much easier to follow a course laid out for you than to invent one of your own.

If there is a piano in the room and any one who can sing, the ballad should be *sung*, slowly and distinctly, with an accompaniment which introduces an imitation of the sounds of wars, storms, guns, or whatever else may transpire in the ballad. If not, it must be read or recited, taking care to pronounce clearly and give due emphasis to the words. The characters must come in at the proper moment as the singing or reading progresses, and time their movements to the movement of the story. The ballad chosen should always be one in which there is little relation and as much action as possible. Campbell's ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" is a good example of the sort of ballad to choose. "The Young Lochinvar" is another, and that pretty poem, "Old Mistletoe Bough," which is always successful, giving as it does opportunity for quaint groups and sudden changes of scene.* Others, which I have never seen acted, but which could not fail of effect, are Tennyson's ballads of "The Lord of Burleigh" and "Lady Clare."

* This ballad, with full directions for acting it in costume, was given in St. Nicholas for January, 1875, page 191.

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None of these are *funny* ballads, although the improvised scenery, dresses and stage properties will naturally lend a flavor of comedy to them as they are enacted. In entertainments of this sort, grace should be consulted as well as comedy, and there is a wide difference between *burlesquing* a poem and *acting* it with just that tender edge of fun which gives piquancy without marring the intention of the poet.

As an example of comical ballad-acting, let us take Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," a poem with which most of you are probably familiar. It requires four principal performers, and two or three assistants, who remain out of sight, or by the courtesy of the audience are supposed to be so.

The curtain rises revealing the ferry-man in his boat. There is no need of an actual curtain; a blanket shawl hung on two gimlets answers the purpose perfectly, or if there are two connecting rooms a door can be opened and shut. As real boats are not easily obtainable in parlors, it will be well to make a substitute out of two large clothes baskets, which will furnish convenient accommodation for three persons. There must be footstools or boxes for seats, and beneath the boat large traveling shawls or table-cloths should be spread, which the assistants at the sides of the room can shake to imitate the movement of waves,—slightly at first, but more and more impetuously as the story goes on. The boatman is naturally in shirt-sleeves or in a jacket or great-coat, while pokers or yard-sticks will suffice for oars.

The other characters are the lady, her knight, and the father.

The poem begins thus:

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

During the singing of this verse the chief and lady enter. The chief shows the boatman a piece of money. He is dressed in hat and tall feather, with a plaid shawl arranged to represent the Highlander's "plaid," and is armed with a bread-knife or pistols; he also carries a valise, band-box and umbrella. The lady should be attired in a wide hat and water-proof cloak, and should carry a bird-cage, a work-basket, and a parasol.

Second verse:

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

This is all in pantomime, of course. The boatman calls attention to the stormy water, as the waves rise, and strives with gestures to dissuade them from crossing. Third verse:

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together:
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."

Here the lady is terrified and shudders, looking imploringly at the boatman. He goes on with much action through the next:

"His horsemen fast behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who should cheer my bonnie bride
When they have slain her lover?"

The boatman consents to receive them, and bustles about as preparing the boat. The lady clings to her lover and looks anxiously behind. Next verse:

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonnie bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

They hurry their luggage into the boat; the lady gets in, the chief and the boatman remain standing and look back for the pursuers.

But now the storm increases, the gas should be lowered, and the piano accompaniment should be a low dull roll in the bass, with occasional high wild notes, to represent the water-spirit.

With this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their tramping sounded nearer

A tramping should be made in the hall, gradually approaching; the terror of all in the boat increases.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left that stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
But oh! too strong for mortal hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

The lady clings to her bird-cage, the chief puts down his umbrella wide open and feebly assists in the rowing. The waves increase, and the tramping approaches nearer.

And still they rode amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing——
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

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Here Lord Ullin rides in on a chair or cane, with cloak and feathered hat. He is armed with a lance, which can be improvised from a yard-stick. Seeing the fearful situation of things, the distracted parent rides frantically up and down imploring their return, his steed curvetting excitedly.

> For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
> His child he did discover;
> One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
> And one was round her lover.
>
> "Come back! come back!" he cried with grief,
> Across that stormy water;
> "And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
> My daughter! O my daughter!"

The gestures of the stern father must show how intense is his anxiety. The boat reels; one by one the things are thrown overboard, bird-cage, valise, umbrella and work-basket. Even these sacrifices are in vain. The boatman endeavors to turn the boat.

> 'T was vain—the loud waves lashed the shore,
> Return or aid preventing.
> The waters wild went o'er his child,
> And he was left lamenting.

The entire boat and its contents toss and reel, until they at last all topple over, and are supposed to be submerged in the wild waters; the waves (shawls) rise, and finally cover them from sight. The father remains frantically riding to and fro, ringing his hands, and enacting the most intense despair. At last he rides off, while the others emerge from their watery graves, and the curtain falls, let us hope, amid "immense applause."

Ingenuity is essential in converting to use materials that some would think of no avail, but which others quickly adopt. Thus an open umbrella becomes an apple-tree with an apple stuck on each point, a shovel and poker make a fair violin, while a muff-box or a saucepan does duty as a military hat. This is much better fun than to have the real things. What is more amusing than the play in "Midsummer Night's Dream," where a lantern represents moonshine, and somebody takes the part of a wall, holding up his fingers to make a cranny for the lovers to whisper through!

Both for winter and summer evenings ballad-acting can be made an available entertainment. Even in the woods at a picnic, one could be easily arranged, the bushes serving as screen and green-room for the characters, and the stage appointments being furnished out of the lunch baskets and the wearing apparel of the audience.

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# THE SHOWER OF GOLD.

By R. R. Bowker.

'T was a bright afternoon in midsummer, and the jeweler who lives in the sun was showering everything with gold. Did you never hear of the jeweler who lives in the sun? It is he who in the morning turns the dew-drops into sparkling diamonds, and at noonday makes rainbow bridges of the sun's precious stones, and, when sunset comes, builds castles of ruby with gates of pearl. A wonderful workman is he, and now he was emptying great bushel-baskets full of gold dust out of his shop-windows, and the lake was all smooth gold, as far as eyes could see, and the green trees were all covered, and so were the blue mountains, and one could see it coming softly down through the air from beyond the white clouds. One could see at the edges of the clouds, too, how it had fallen upon them, and had lodged among their fleece and there stayed. It was as if there had been a snow-storm in summer, and all the snow-flakes were pure gold.

Four men were in a boat on the lake, and one said to the others: "Look at the gold!" One was a poet, who sang to hearts of the golden age; and one was a miser, who hoarded the yellow gold so that no one but he could see it, or use it, and it could do no good; and the third was a barterer, who bought and sold it, and thought of it only; and the last was an artist, who had golden visions, and painted pictures that made folks joyful with longing.

So they all looked at the gold, and each one thought to himself: "What may I do with it?"

And the miser thought: "I will get on shore as soon as ever I can, and I will hurry and get all the

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largest trunks that ever I can, and be first to gather up all the gold, and nobody shall have any of it but me." So he got to land, and found sixteen trunks, each as large as a bureau. But when he got them to the place, the gold was nowhere to be seen, and not the smallest gold-flake did the miser get.

And the barterer thought: "I will fill my pouches with the gold, and carry it to the city, and buy and sell, and make more." So he opened all his pouches as wide as he could, and the gold fell in, and he buttoned and stitched and double-stitched them up, as safe as safe could be. But when he got to the city and opened them,—it had all vanished, and there was no gold in them!

And the artist thought: "I will let it fall upon my palette, and catch it in my brush, and thus I will mix it with my colors and paint pictures that will make people joyous and me great." So he did, and painted sea and shore and sky so wonderfully that men forgot their sorrows and were joyous, and praised the artist.

And the poet? The poet's heart was so full that he could do nothing; he could not think what was so beautiful that he might use so beautiful a thing for it. He could only open his soul to the beauty of it, and pray that he might give its beauty also to others. There it lay, till one time when he was sad and in trouble, and then it shaped itself into strange, sweet music, and by and by the poet wrote a wonderful poem, so that all the hearts of the people opened to him, and they listened when he sang to them what was happiness, and how to know and to be the good, the true, and the beautiful—that was it.

And the miser and the barterer wished: "Oh that I were the artist!" and the artist wished: "Oh that I were the poet!"

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# SALLY WATSON'S RIDE.

By MARTHA M. THOMAS.

"SALLY, can't you go over to Uncle Eben's this afternoon and bring home those pigs? There are seven in the litter he promised me, and they are quite large. I must finish getting the wheat in, and he does not want to feed them any longer. The pen is ready."

Sally, a bright-looking girl of about fourteen, raised herself from the tub over which she leaned, and said, as she wiped down her arms with her hands: "How, father?"

Mr. Watson had come in for his ten o'clock snack after his early breakfast. He stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, a bowl of coffee in one hand, and a huge piece of apple-pie in the other. He took a bite of the latter, and a drink of coffee before he answered.

"In the little light wagon. I stopped at Eben's yesterday as I came from meeting, and he said he would put them up securely in a couple of old coops that would stand in the back of the wagon. You can have Dolly; we are not using her. What do you say, mother; can you spare her?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Watson, a neat, brisk little woman, who came in, basket in hand, from hanging up the clothes; "the wash will all be out by noon, and I will clean up."

"Can't I have one of the pigs for going for them, father! You said you only wanted a half-dozen; and there are seven."

"Yes, and you can buy your Sunday suit next Fall with the money it brings." He pulled her ear as he went out again to his work.

"My!" Sally gave a little nod of her head as she began briskly rubbing her ear. "I 'm sure I 'll make it fat. Jane Burns got sixteen dollars for the one her father gave her last year. Mother, can't I take Lot and Polly; it is such a long, lonesome way to go by one's self?"

Mrs. Watson assented, adding: "Dolly is such a fast trotter you can stay there a while, and get home before dark. Be sure you stop at the post-office, and go to the store and get me some buttons."

There was a great deal to do; dinner was late, and the afternoon had quite set in when Sally started. Her way was through the village a half-mile off, and then nearly five miles beyond. It was the first week in October, the day was warm and soft, and the country beautiful. The road lay through the woods, steep in places, running up hills and down again in little valleys, through which many a creek babbled; it was not fenced off, and the wild grape

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and the pawpaw were almost within reach, as they rode along. The trees had just begun to turn. The sugar maple swayed gently to the light breeze, scattering a crimson cloud to the earth; the Virginia creeper embraced the huge trunks, or flung out long, graceful branches of purple, and brown, and scarlet; the pawpaw was flaming in golden yellow; the haw, with its red berries, dotted the road-side, while here and there, brilliant with the hue of royalty's self, great clusters of iron-weed towered in the Autumn light, and from the branches of the butternut, hickory and walnut, the occasional sound of dropping nuts was heard.

Dolly trotted along briskly, and the children talked of the wonderful animals they had seen the Saturday before,—for a traveling menagerie had halted on some fields near the village, and the whole population for miles around had turned out to visit it. Lot, who was a boy of eight, had been most impressed by the bears, but Patty, who was younger, seemed to have been most fascinated with the big snake.

Then they fell to talking "sposens," what they should do if a bear or snake was to attack them there in the woods. Lot was extremely valiant; he thrust about with a stick, showing how he would put him to flight, and in the midst of their talk they reached their uncle's house, having met but one person on the road.

They made but a short stay, as it was getting late, and, with the pigs cooped and stowed in the back of the wagon, which had no top and was open all around, started for home.

Seated on the floor, Lot and Patty poked bits of apple through the slats of the coop to the young porkers, speculating upon their appearance and advising Sally which to take for her own. Lot would have the black one if he were she, because it was the biggest, but Patty thought the little spotted one was "so cunning."

They were about a mile from the village at the top of a long hill, when Lot, who had exhausted his supply of apple bits, and for the last fifteen minutes had been poking the pigs, delighted to hear them squeal, suddenly gave them such a thrust that Sally bade him stop the noise, and come and sit beside her on the seat.

He arose to do as he was bidden, and as he did so, stood for a moment with his back to her, still poking the pigs. Just then the wagon jolted over a large stone, he was thrown on the coop, the stick was punched violently into a pig's side, it squealed, Lot screamed, and Patty began to cry.

Considerably out of patience, Sally leaned back, and, catching him by the arm, was about to seat him rather violently beside her, when she was arrested by his exclaiming:

"See! see! Sally, look! look! what an awful bear!"

The tone of his voice more than his words—for he was a sensational child, and was constantly seeing wonderful things—caused Sally to turn her eyes in the direction indicated by his frightened gesture.

The wood was open at this spot, and there were no large trees near; but at some distance, almost alone, stood a great sycamore, the branches of which were nearly bare; between the tree and the road the ground was thickly covered with blackberry, pawpaw, and other bushes.

As she glanced quickly toward the great sycamore, a something huge, she could not tell what, leaped from the tree to the ground, and she could hear the underbrush crack beneath it. She knew there were no ferocious wild animals in Ohio, nothing in the forests to harm her, and had not been for many years, but her face blanched with fear.

"Lie down," she said in a tone which both terrified and quieted the children, as she thrust Lot to the bottom of the wagon and tore the stick from his hands, laying it quickly and forcibly on Dolly's back.

The horse sprung forward in a gallop, reaching the foot of the hill in a few moments and clattering over the few boards thrown across the creek for a bridge. Now Sally ventured to look back. The huge thing was on their track, coming along in great leaps, which would soon bring him up to them.

"Don't raise your heads," she said to the children, who were so alarmed they lay perfectly still. Then she leaned forward and with all her strength belabored the horse. There was a long level piece of road now, but the nearest house was a mile off. Poor Dolly was speeding over the ground, intensely roused and excited by this unusual treatment, and seemed to feel there was danger, for her ears stood erect.

Sally turned again to look. There was nothing now to intercept her view, and she saw the terrible animal not far behind, amid the cloud of dust their progress made, coming on—on!

Frantically she struck poor Dolly.

"Is the bear coming? Will he eat us?" came in smothered accents from the bottom of the wagon, where the children lay with their faces pressed close to the boards.

Sally did not reply. She gave another look, saw that the thing gained on them, and exerting all her strength in giving Dolly a last blow, which sent her bounding forward, she got over the seat—over the children, unheeding their questions, and seizing one of the coops threw it over the tail-board out in the road. The pigs squealed as it touched the earth, and the noise added to Dolly's terror,

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which was now so intense she was entirely beyond Sally's control.

"Are we going to be eaten up?" Lot whimpered in almost a whisper.

"Hush," she answered, "hush." She let the horse take its way, and placed herself on her knees between the children and the other coop.

The terrible creature had stopped. She could see it strike the coop with its paw, and see the pieces fly as he touched it. How long would it keep him, she thought; and there came a throb of relief as she saw that meantime they were speeding further and further away.

She looked round in vain; there was no one in sight, the farm-house was still a quarter of a mile ahead, and the animal she feared was becoming only a black spot in the distance; but as she gazed with fixed eyes, she saw the dust rise again. It was moving.

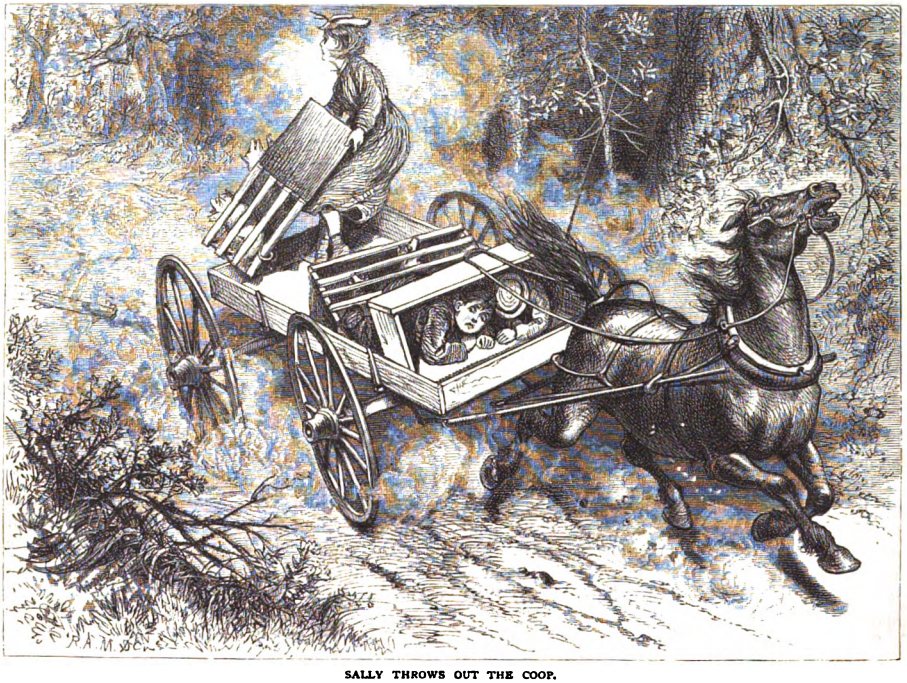
They reached the farm-house gate. It was closed. She could not stop Dolly now, and, even if she could, she had not the courage to get down and open it, and drive to the house some distance up the lane. She called aloud, but no one heard. There were turns in the road—several; she could not see the animal coming. This was worse than watching its approach. She threw the other coop out, then stretched herself between the children, closed her eyes, and drew an arm tightly around each.

As she lay thus clasping them, she felt Dolly's pace slacken. She kept still, feeling that if she moved something would spring upon her. The horse was evidently wearying—gradually her gait became slower; they must be near the village.

With a great effort she raised herself, and saw the houses only a little distance in advance. She crawled over the children and the seat, and gathered up the reins. Dolly gave a start as she did so, but in a moment subsided—got into her usual pace, and dropped that for a walk. In a few moments she was in the street of the village, and at the store. Clambering out of the wagon, Sally tried to tell Mr. Jones her story, but burst into tears, and was unable to speak.

The children, who had followed her, now found their voices, and eagerly told of the bear, and how she had thrown them the pigs.

"Bless my soul, what is this?" asked Mr. Jones in excitement.



SALLY THROWS OUT THE COOP.

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Then Sally recovered, and informed him of what had happened to them.

"Why—why," he stuttered in agitation, "it's the panther that escaped last night from the menagerie at W—. There is the hand-bill put up about an hour ago, offering a reward for it. You're—you're lucky he did not ma-make a meal of you instead of the pigs."

Patty shook her head, "The poor things hollered so."

A crowd soon gathered in the store, eager to hear all Sally had to tell; then the men of the village armed themselves to go in search of the animal.

Sally was still trembling, and poor Dolly, wet as though she had been through the river, was shivering and panting at the same time. The half-mile of road they had to pass over to reach home after leaving the village ran for the better part through a wood. Sally was too alarmed to venture there alone, and a couple of men, who had hastily seized some weapon, accompanied her. So excited were they that every cracking noise in the trees put them on the alert; and once they exclaimed, "There he is!" throwing the poor children into new alarms.

Mr. Watson was incredulous when Lot burst out with "Oh, father, we have been chased by a bear—no, not a bear—a dreadful wild thing!" and he would have thought Sally the victim of her own fears, had they not told him a panther had escaped from the menagerie; then he was most thankful for their deliverance.

Dolly was blanketed and cared for, and they went in to supper, Lot's tongue going all the time about "the bear." Sally could not eat, she was still unnerved, and Patty could only pity the poor little pigs.

"Indeed, father," Sally said in answer to his commendation, "if it had not been for that story in my Reader, we might all have been eaten up. When Lot talked about the bears as we were going over to Uncle Eben's, and what he would do if one was to attack us, I thought about the Russian woman throwing out her children to the wolves, to save herself, and that put it into my head to throw out the pigs when I saw the panther."

For a long time Sally had an uncomfortable feeling in the woods, although the panther was caught on the next day and returned to its cage.

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# A PUZZLED BOY.

By Mary Dayton.

What is the difference if I mind or no?
The difference is, I mind and lose the show.
And if I take the show and disobey,
The difference is an aching back all day.
The thing's not fair, for if I choose the fun,
I get the thrashing when the sport is done;
And what comes last is best remembered, so
I'm sure to get a deal more lash than show.
Bobby says lie; but if I lie, why, then,
Perhaps I'll have to twenty times again;
And if I lie, the truth is lost indeed—
And truth's a thing you very often need.
Besides, these lies will only cowards use,
And so, you see, a fellow cannot choose.
Now, if a boy must never disobey,
'T is ten to one he'll never have his way;
And if he takes his way, and keeps the truth,
He's ten to one a most unlucky youth.
Now, if he keeps the law, I'd like to know
How can a boy his independence show;
And if he breaks the law, I'd like to see
In what respect a fellow can be free.

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# HUNTING THE MOOSE.

HUNTING THE MOOSE.

THE moose, as we all know, is the very largest of the deer family, and is indeed as high as a common horse. Now, size is often a great advantage, but not in all cases; and his great size and weight sometimes prove fatal to the moose. In winter, when the snow is covered by a slight crust, over which ordinary animals can travel with ease, the poor moose, when pursued by the hunter, finds that he breaks through the crust at every step. Of course he cannot make very swift progress in this way, and the Indian hunter, on his snow-shoes, can run much faster, and soon comes up with him. Not many years ago, moose were found in the unsettled parts of Maine and New York, but they have been hunted so much for the sake of their excellent flesh, that they are now seldom seen except in the regions north of those states. They are sometimes very unpleasant creatures to meet, for they may turn upon the hunter, even when he has not yet wounded or fired upon them. So it is often very well for the hunter that he is on snow-shoes, and that the moose breaks through the crust.

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## A VALENTINE.

By L. E. R.

Oh! little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day.
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, St. Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o' year?
Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright.
But now, when everything 's dark and drear,
Why do you come, St. Valentine dear?

I 've searched the gardens all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true.
But buds were asleep and blossoms were dead,
And the falling snow came down on my head.
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine!

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## THE STORY OF JON OF ICELAND.

By Bayard Taylor.

### Chapter IV.

How much time passed in the sleep he never could exactly learn; probably six to seven hours. He was aroused by what seemed to be icy-cold rat's feet scampering over his face, and as he started and brushed them away with his hand, his ears became alive to a terrible, roaring sound. He started up, alarmed, at first bewildered, then suddenly wide awake. The cold feet upon his face were little threads of water trickling from above; the fearful roaring came from a storm—a hurricane of mixed rain, wind, cloud, and snow. It was day, yet still darker than the Arctic summer night, so dense and black was the tempest. When Jon crept out of the crevice, he was nearly thrown down by the force of the wind. The first thing he did was to seek the two lines of stones he had arranged for his guidance. They had not been blown away, as he feared; and the sight of the arrow-head made his heart leap with gratitude to the Providence which had led him, for without that sign he would have been bewildered, at the very start. Returning to the cleft, which gave a partial shelter, he ate the greater part of his remaining store of food, fastened his thick coat tightly around his breast and throat, and set out on the desperate homeward journey, carefully following the lighter streak of rock across the plain.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards when he fancied he heard a sharp, hammering sound through the roar of the tempest, and paused to listen. The sound came rapidly nearer; it was certainly the hoofs of many horses. Nothing could be seen; the noise came from the west, passed in front of Jon, and began to die away to the eastward. His blood grew chill for a moment. It was



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all so sudden and strange and ghostly, that he knew not what to think; and he was about to push forward and get out of the region where such things happened, when he heard, very faintly, the cry which the Icelanders use in driving their baggage-ponies. Then he remembered the deep gorge he had seen to the eastward, before reaching the crater; the invisible travelers were riding toward it, probably lost, and unaware of their danger.

JON'S MEETING WITH THE THREE HORSEMEN.

This thought passed through Jon's mind like a flash of lightning; he shouted with all the strength of his voice.

He waited, but there was no answer. Then he shouted again, while the wind seemed to tear the sound from his lips and fling it away—but on the course the hoofs had taken.

This time a cry came in return; it seemed far off, because the storm beat against the sound. Jon shouted a third time, and the answer was now more distinct. Presently he distinguished words:

"Come here to us!"

"I cannot!" he cried.

In a few minutes more he heard the hoofs returning, and then the forms of ponies became visible through the driving snow-clouds. They halted, forming a semicircle in front of him; and then one of three dim, spectral riders, leaning forward, again called: "Come here!"

"I cannot!" Jon answered again.

Thereupon, another of the horsemen rode close to him, and stared down upon him. He said something which Jon understood to be: "Erik, it is a little boy!"—but he was not quite sure, for the man's way of talking was strange. He put the words in the wrong places, and pronounced them curiously.

The man who had first spoken jumped off his horse. Holding the bridle, he came forward and said, in good, plain Icelandic:

"Why could n't you come when I called you?"

"I am keeping the road back," replied Jon; "if I move, I might lose it."

"Then why did you call us?"

"I was afraid you had lost your way, and might get into the chasm; the storm is so bad you could not see it."

"What 's that?" exclaimed the first who had spoken.

Jon described the situation as well as he could, and the stranger at last said, in his queer, broken

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speech: "Lost way—we; can guide—you—know how?"

The storm raged so furiously that it was with great difficulty that Jon heard the words at all; but he thought he understood the meaning. So he looked the man in the face, and nodded, silently.

"Erik—pony!" cried the latter.

Erik caught one of the loose ponies, drew it forward, and said to Jon:

"Now, mount and show us the way!"

"I cannot!" Jon repeated. "I will guide you; I was on my way already, but I must walk back just as I came, so as to find the places and know the distances."

"Sir," said Erik, turning to the other traveler, "we must let him have his will. It is our only chance of safety. The boy is strong and fearless, and we can surely follow where he was willing to go alone."

"Take the lead, boy!" the other said; "more quick, more money!"

Jon walked rapidly in advance, keeping his eyes on the lighter colored streak in the plain. He saw nothing, but every little sign and landmark was fixed so clearly in his mind that he did not feel the least fear or confusion. He could hardly see, in fact, the foremost of the ponies behind him, but he caught now and then a word, as the men talked with each other. They had come from the northern shore of the island; they were lost, they were chilled, weary; their ponies were growing weak from hunger and exposure to the terrible weather; and they followed him, not so much because they trusted his guidance, as because there was really nothing else left for them to do.

In an hour and a half they reached the first landmark; and when the men saw Jon examining the line of stones he had laid, and then striking boldly off through the whirling clouds, they asked no questions, but urged their ponies after him. Thus several hours went by. Point after point was discovered, although no object could be seen until it was reached; but Jon's strength, which had been kept up by his pride and his anxiety, at last began to fail. The poor boy had been so long exposed to the wind, snow, and icy rain, that his teeth chattered in his head, and his legs trembled as he walked. About noon, fortunately, there was a lull in the storm; the rain slackened, and the clouds lifted themselves so that one might see for a mile or more. He caught sight of the rocky corner for which he was steering, stopped, and pointed toward one of the loose ponies.

Erik jumped from the saddle, and threw his arms around Jon, whose senses were fast vanishing. He felt that something was put to his lips, that he was swallowing fire, and that his icy hands were wrapped in a soft, delicious warmth. In a minute he found that Erik had thrust them under his jacket, while the other two were bending over him with anxious faces. The stranger who spoke so curiously held a cake to his mouth, saying: "Eat—eat!" It was wonderful how his strength came back!

Very soon he was able to mount the pony and take the lead. Sometimes the clouds fell dense and dark around them; but when they lifted only for a second, it was enough for Jon. Men and beasts suffered alike, and at last Erik said:

"Unless we get out of the desert in three hours, we must all perish!"

Jon's face brightened. "In three hours," he exclaimed, "there will be pasturage, and water, and shelter."

He was already approaching the region which he knew thoroughly, and there was scarcely a chance of losing the way. They had more than one furious gust to encounter—more than one moment when the famished and exhausted ponies halted and refused to move; but toward evening the last ridge was reached, and they saw below them, under a dark roof of clouds, the green valley-basin, the gleam of the river, and the scattered white specks of the grazing sheep.

## CHAPTER V.

THE ram Thor bleated loudly when he saw his master. Jon was almost too weary to move hand or foot, but he first visited every sheep, and examined his rough home under the rock, and his few remaining provisions, before he sat down to rest. By this time, the happy ponies were appeasing their hunger, Erik and his fellow-guide had pitched a white tent, and there was a fire kindled. The owner of the tent said something which Jon could not hear, but Erik presently shouted:

"The English gentleman asks you to come and take supper with us!"

Jon obeyed, even more from curiosity than hunger. The stranger had a bright, friendly face, and stretched out his hand as the boy entered the tent. "Good guide—eat!" was all he was able to say in Icelandic, but the tone of his voice meant a great deal more. There was a lamp hung to the tent-pole, an india-rubber blanket spread on the ground, and cups and plates, which shone like silver, in readiness for the meal. Jon was amazed to see Erik boiling three or four tin boxes in the kettle of water; but when they had been opened, and the contents poured into basins, such a fragrant steam arose as he had never smelled in his life. There was pea-soup, and Irish stew, and minced collops, and beef,—and tea, with no limit to the lumps of sugar,—and sweet biscuits, and currant jelly! Never had he sat down to such a rich, such

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a wonderful banquet. He was almost afraid to take enough of the dishes, but the English traveler filled his plate as fast as it was emptied, patted him on the back, and repeated the words: "Good guide—eat!" Then he lighted a cigar, while Erik and the other Icelander pulled out their horns of snuff, threw back their heads, and each poured nearly a teaspoonful into his nostrils. They offered the snuff to Jon, but he refused both that and a cigar. He was warm and comfortable, to the ends of his toes, and his eyelids began to fall, in spite of all efforts to hold them up, after so much fatigue and exposure as he had endured.

In fact, his senses left him suddenly, although he seemed to be aware that somebody lifted and laid him down again—that something soft came under his head, and something warm over his body—that he was safe, and sheltered, and happy.

When he awoke it was bright day. He started up, striking his head against a white wet canvas, and sat a moment, bewildered, trying to recall what had happened. He could scarcely believe that he had slept all night in the tent, beside the friendly Englishman; but he heard Erik talking outside, and the crackling of a fire, and the shouting of some one at a distance. The sky was clear and blue; the sheep and ponies were nibbling sociably together, and the Englishman, standing on a rock beside the river, was calling attention to a big salmon which he had just caught. Gudridsdale, just then, seemed the brightest and liveliest place in Iceland.

Jon knew that he had probably saved the party from death; but he thought nothing of that, for he had saved himself along with them. He was simply proud and overjoyed at the chance of seeing something new—of meeting with a real Englishman, and eating (as he supposed) the foreign, English food. He felt no longer shy, since he had slept a whole night beside the traveler. The two Icelandic guides were already like old friends; even the pony he had ridden seemed to recognize him. His father had told him that Latin was the language by which all educated men were able to communicate their ideas; so as the Englishman came up, with his salmon for their breakfast, he said, in Latin:

"To-day is better than yesterday, sir."

The traveler laughed, shook hands heartily, and answered in Latin, with—to Jon's great surprise—two wrong cases in the nouns:

"Both days are better for you than for me. I have learned less at Oxford."

But the Latin and Icelandic together were a great help to conversation, and, almost before he knew what he was doing, Jon had told Mr. Lorne—so the traveler was named—all the simple story of his life, even his claim to the little valley-basin wherein they were encamped, and the giving it his sister's name. Mr. Lorne had crossed from the little town of Akureyri, on the northern shore of Iceland, and was bound down the valley of the Thiörvá to the Geysers, thence to Hekla, and finally to Rejkiavik, where he intended to embark for England. As Jon's time of absence had expired, his provisions being nearly consumed, and as it was also necessary to rest a day for the sake of the traveler's ponies, it was arranged that all should return in company to Sigurd's farm.

That last day in Gudridsdale was the most delightful of all. They feasted sumptuously on the traveler's stores, and when night came, the dried grass from Jon's hollow under the rock was spread within the tent, making a soft and pleasant bed for the whole party.

Mounted on one of the ponies, Jon led the way up the long ravine, cheerily singing as he drove the full-fed sheep before him. They reached the level of the desert table-land, and he gave one more glance at the black, scattered mountains to the northward, where he had passed two such adventurous days. In spite of all that he had seen and learned in that time, he felt a little sad that he had not succeeded in crossing the wilderness. When they reached the point where their way descended by a long, steep slope to the valley of the Thiörvá, he turned for yet another, farewell view. Far off, between him and the nearest peak, there seemed to be a moving speck. He pointed it out to Erik, who, after gazing steadily a moment, said: "It is a man on horseback."

"Perhaps another lost traveler!" exclaimed Mr. Lorne; "let us wait for him."

It was quite safe to let the sheep and loose ponies take their way in advance; for they saw the pasture below them. In a quarter of an hour the man and horse could be clearly distinguished. The former had evidently seen them also, for he approached much more rapidly than at first.

All at once Jon cried out: "It is our pony, Heimdal! It must be my father!"

He sprang from the saddle, as he spoke, and ran toward the strange horseman. The latter presently galloped up, walked a few steps, and sat down upon a stone. But Jon's arms were around him, and as they kissed each other, the father burst into tears.

"I thought thou wert lost, my boy," was all he could say.

"But here I am, father!" Jon proudly exclaimed.

"And the sheep?"

"Fat and sound, every one of them."

Sigurd rose and mounted his horse, and as they all descended the slope together Jon and Erik told

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him all that had happened. Mr. Lorne, to whom the occurrence was explained, shook hands with him, and, pointing to Jon, said in his broken way: "Good son—little man!" Whereupon they all laughed, and Jon could not help noticing the proud and happy expression of his father's face.

On the afternoon of the second day they reached Sigurd's farm-house; but the mother and Gudrid, who had kept up an anxious look-out, met them nearly a mile away. After the first joyous embrace of welcome, Sigurd whispered a few words to his wife, and she hastened back, to put the guest-room in order. Mr. Lorne found it so pleasant to get under a roof again, that he ordered another halt of two days before going on to the Geysers and Hekla. No beverage ever tasted so sweet to him as the great bowl of milk which Gudrid brought, as soon as he had taken his seat, and the radishes from the garden seemed a great deal better than the little jar of orange marmalade which he insisted on giving in exchange for them.

"Oh, is it indeed orange?" cried Gudrid. "Jon, Jon, now we shall know what the taste is!"

Their mother gave them a spoonful apiece, and Mr. Lorne smiled as he saw their wondering, delighted faces.

"Does it really grow on a tree?—and how high is the tree?—and what does it look like?—like a birch?—or a potato-plant?" Jon asked, in his eagerness, without waiting for the answers. It was very difficult for him to imagine what he had never seen, even in pictures, or anything resembling it. Mr. Lorne tried to explain how different are the productions of nature in warmer climates, and the children listened as if they could never hear enough of the wonderful story. At last Jon said, in his firm, quiet way: "Some day I 'll go there!"

"You will, my boy," Mr. Lorne replied; "you have strength and courage to carry out your will."

Jon never imagined that he had more strength or courage than any other boy, but he knew that the Englishman meant to praise him, so he shook hands as he had been taught to do on receiving a gift.

The two days went by only too quickly. The guest furnished food both for himself and the family, for he shot a score of plovers and caught half a dozen fine salmon. He was so frank and cheerful that they soon became accustomed to his presence, and were heartily sorry when Erik and the other Icelandic guide went out to drive the ponies together, and load them for the journey. Mr. Lorne called Sigurd and Jon into the guest-room, untied a buckskin pouch, and counted out fifty silver rix-dollars upon the table. "For my little guide!" he said, putting his hand on Jon's thick curls. Father and son, in their astonishment, uttered a cry at the same time, and neither knew what to say. But, brokenly as Mr. Lorne talked, they understood him when he said that Jon had probably saved his life, that he was a brave boy and would make a good, brave man, and that if the father did not need the money for his farm-expenses, he should apply it to his son's education.

The tears were running down Sigurd's cheeks. He took the Englishman's hand, gave it a powerful grip, and simply said: "It shall be used for his benefit."

Jon was so strongly moved that, without stopping to think, he did the one thing which his heart suggested. He walked up to Mr. Lorne, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him very tenderly.

"All is ready, sir!" cried Erik, at the door. The last packages were carried out and tied upon the baggage-ponies, farewells were said once more, and the little caravan took its way down the valley. The family stood in front of the house, and watched until the ponies turned around the first cape of the hills and disappeared; then they could only sit down and talk of all the unexpected things that had happened. There was no work done upon the farm that day.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE unusual warmth of the summer, which was so injurious to the pastures lying near the southern coast, wrought fortune to Sigurd's farm. The price of wool was much higher than usual, and owing to Jon's excursion into the mountains, the sheep were in the best possible condition. They had never raised such a crop of potatoes, nor such firm, thick-headed cabbages, and by great care and industry a sufficient supply of hay had been secured for the winter.

"I am afraid something will happen to us," said Sigurd one day to his wife; "the good luck comes too fast."

"Don't say that!" she exclaimed. "If we were to lose Jon ——"

"Jon!" interrupted Sigurd. "Oh, no; look at his eyes, his breast, his arms and legs—there are a great many years of life in them! He ought to have a chance at the school in Rejkiavik, but we can hardly do without him this year."

"Perhaps brother Magnus would take him," she said.

"Not while I live," Sigurd replied, as he left the room, while his wife turned with a sigh to her household duties. Her family, and especially her elder brother, Magnus, who was a man of wealth and influence, had bitterly opposed her marriage with Sigurd, on account of the latter's poverty, and she had seen none of them since she came to live

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on the lonely farm. Through great industry and frugality, they had gradually prospered; and now she began to long for a reconciliation, chiefly for her husband's and children's sake. It would be much better for Jon if he could find a home in his uncle's house, when they were able to send him to school.

So, when they next rode over to Kyrkedal on a Sabbath day in the late autumn, she took with her a letter to Magnus, which she had written without her husband's knowledge, for she wished to save him the pain of the slight, in case her brother should refuse to answer, or should answer in an unfriendly way. It was a pleasant day for all of them, for Mr. Lorne had stopped a night at Kyrkedal, and Erik had told the people the story of Jon's piloting them through the wilderness; so the pastor, after service, came up at once to them and patted Jon on the head, saying: "*Bene fecisti, fili!*" And the other boys, forgetting their usual shyness, crowded around and said: "Tell us all about it!" Everything was as wonderful to them, as it still seemed to Jon in his memory, and when each one said: "If I had gone there I should have done the same thing!" Jon wondered that he and the boys should ever have felt so awkward and bashful when they came together. Now it was all changed; they talked and joked like old companions, and cordially promised to visit each other during the winter, if their parents were willing.

On the way home Sigurd found that he had dropped his whip, and sent Jon back to look for it, leaving his wife and Gudrid to ride onward up the valley. Jon rode at least half a mile before he found it, and then came galloping back, cracking it joyously. But Sigurd's face was graver and wearier than usual.

"Ride a little while with me," he said; "I want to ask thee something." Then, as Jon rode beside him in the narrow tracks which the ponies' hoofs had cut through the turf, he added: "The boys at Kyrkedal seemed to make much of thee; I hope thy head is not turned by what they said."

"Oh, father!" Jon cried; "they were so kind, so friendly!"

"I don't doubt it," his father answered. "Thou hast done well, my son, and I see that thou art older than thy years. But suppose there were a heavier task in store for thee,—suppose that I should be called away,—couldst thou do a man's part, and care properly for thy mother and thy little sister?"

Jon's eyes filled with tears, and he knew not what to say.

"Answer me!" Sigurd commanded.

"I never thought of that," Jon answered, in a trembling voice; "but if I were to do my best, would not God help me?"

"He would!" Sigurd exclaimed, with energy. "All strength comes from Him, and all fortune. Enough—I can trust thee, my son; ride on to Gudrid, and tell her not to twist herself in the saddle, looking back!"

Sigurd attended to his farm for several days longer, but in a silent, dreamy way, as if his mind were busy with other thoughts. His wife was so anxiously awaiting the result of her letter to Magnus, that she paid less attention to his condition than she otherwise would have done.

But one evening, on returning from the stables, he passed by the table where their frugal supper was waiting, entered the bedroom, and sank down, saying:

"All my strength has left me; I feel as if I should never rise again."

They then saw that he had been attacked by a dangerous fever, for his head was hot, his eyes glassy, and he began to talk in a wild, incoherent way. They could only do what the neighbors were accustomed to do, in similar cases,—which really was worse than doing nothing at all would have been. Jon was dispatched next morning, on the best pony, to summon the physician from Skalholt; but, even with the best luck, three days must elapse before the latter could arrive. The good pastor of Kyrkedal came the next day and bled Sigurd, which gave him a little temporary quiet, while it reduced his vital force. The physician was absent, visiting some farms far to the eastward,—in fact, it was a full week before he made his appearance. During this time Sigurd wasted away, his fits of delirium became more frequent, and the chances of his recovery grew less and less. Jon recalled, now, his father's last conversation, and it gave him both fear and comfort. He prayed, with all the fervor of his boyish nature, that his father's life might be spared; yet he determined to do his whole duty, if the prayer should not be granted.

*(To be continued.)*

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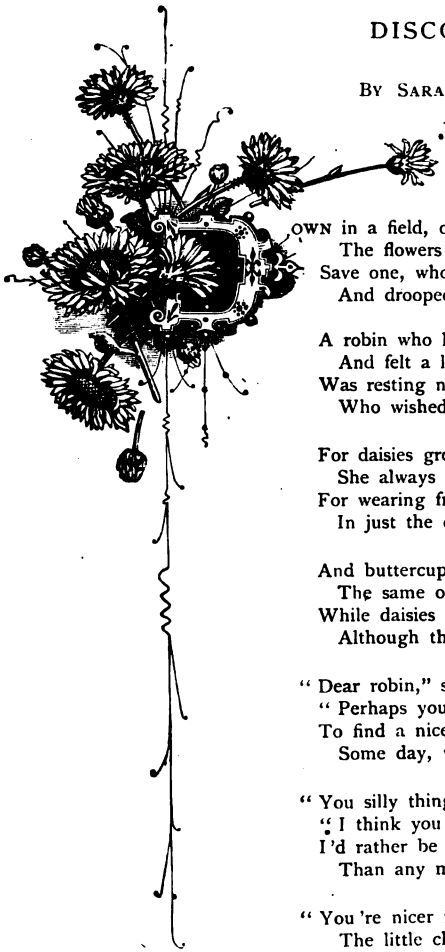
# DISCONTENT.

By Sarah O. Jewett.



DOWN in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall;
She always had a passion
For wearing frills about her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you 'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day, when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said;
"I think you must be crazy!
I 'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You 're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We 'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup,
Just here where you are growing."

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# THE TWO GOATS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

[Two youthful goats, belonging to families of high degree among the goat tribes, once encountered each other upon a narrow tree-trunk which spanned a mountain torrent. Said the goat from the East to the goat from the West: "Go back and make way. I am an important goat, a goat of degree. It is but proper that common goats should stand aside when I pass by." "Common, indeed! Pray what do you mean by common?" replied the one from the West. "I would have you to know that I am a full-blooded Merino! Merinoes make way for nobody. Go back yourself!" The dispute raged. Neither would yield an inch. At last, in heat of argument, their horns locked, and a desperate struggle began, in the midst of which both goats lost footing, and, still fighting, fell from the bridge into the water, which speedily cooled their anger and brought them to their senses.]

THE day of Miss Alicia Belden's annual picnic was the most exciting day of the year in Lanark village. Excitements were not frequent in pretty Lanark, nor holidays many. There were Sundays, to be sure—Sunday goes everywhere; Christmas, observed in simple country fashion; Lady-day, when rents came due and servants changed places; Shrove Tuesday, conspicuous for pancakes; and Good Friday, when all the world went to church except the Independent Baptists, who (there being nothing else doing) sat at home and found the day long and dull. But none of these, the children thought, compared in interest with Miss Alicia's picnic. It was *their* day, and grown people, except Miss Alicia, had nothing whatever to do with it.

Miss Alicia Belden was a retired sugar-baker. The taste for gingerbread is universal as that for freedom. Miss Alicia's gingerbread came as near to being good as British gingerbread can be. It looked like bar-soap, but it did not taste like that; and the youth of Lanark, having never known the delicious American article made of molasses, voted it prime and consumed it in enormous quantities. Buns and turnovers also did Miss Alicia make; cheese-cakes, which melted in the mouth; tea-cakes, with currant eyes; and toffy, which won praise even from London visitors. No wonder, then, that her trade prospered, and that by the time she was fifty, and her earliest customers staid men and women with gingerbread-eating boys and girls of their own, she was able, as the newspapers say, to "retire on a competence." This competence was not a large one, but it left a margin for what Miss Alicia called "pleasures," chief among which was the annual picnic she gave all the children of the village. Every one was included, even the little Independent Baptists. Some of Miss Alicia's friends thought that this was going too far. But she would listen to no remonstrances.

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"What!" she said, "go and leave any of the poor dears behind to cry their eyes out at home! I could n't enjoy the day a bit if I did—not one bit." So all the children went.

Helm Island, six miles off at sea, being the picnicking place, the day always began with a sail in a wheezy little steam-tug chartered by Miss Alicia. It left Lanark according to the tide. On this day which I am going to tell about, the tide served at half-past nine in the morning, and there was great hurry and confusion in the village households to get the little ones dressed and ready in time. Some of the children had been up at daybreak to see what sort of day it was going to be. These thought the older folks unusually late and slow. They danced about, impatiently begging everybody to make haste, to hurry, or they should certainly be left behind; in which case—but here they stopped; imagination could go no farther than that frightful possibility!

"Put on your blue frock, Nancy," said Mrs. Sarkie; "not the pink-sprigged. That lass of the Spences 'll likely wear her sprigged, and I 'd not wish to have you look as if you dressed alike, or was any way connected, and the families not speaking as they do."

"Yes, indeed, mother," responded Nancy, with a little toss of her head, "I 'd be sorry at that too. Nancy Spence is always getting things like mine. I wish she would n't. It 's just as if she did it a-purpose."

"Not that I wish to say aught against the lass," went on Mrs. Sarkie. "She 's well enough, and so was her mother afore her: a good-natured lass her mother was at school, years back. Nobody denies that. But after the way Farmer Spence has behaved and all, no one would wish to liken you together in any sort; it is n't natural, and I 'm sure your father would n't want it."

On the farther side of the village, toward the east, in another big, substantial red-brick farmhouse, set about with thick orchards and waving fields of grain, Mrs. Spence was fastening *her* Nancy's frock, blue also.

"The pink sprig is the freshest," she said, "but it 's just like that one of Nancy Sarkie's, which she 'll be sure to wear, so I 'd rather have you in this. 'T aint worth while to be imitating neighbors that is n't neighborly—that 's my opinion."

"Nancy Sarkie is a cross, stuck-up thing!" said Nancy Spence. "What do you think she said one day at school, mother?—that her father's folks in London 'd have nothing to do with low people like us Spences! Ought she to have said that? Is n't father as good as the Sarkies?"

"Set her up, indeed!" cried Mrs. Spence, flushing. "*As* good? I should think so. I never yet heard tell of a Sarkie as could hold his head higher than a Spence. Why, Nancy, your father's uncle in Bristol, as died so rich, kept his own carriage—carriage *and* horses!"

"Did he?" said Nancy, eagerly. "I 'll tell Nancy Sarkie that next time she boasts. You can't think how rude she is sometimes, mother. Last picnic she gave me a great shove and most pushed me down. What makes her act so?"

"Some of the father's blood in her, I guess," replied Mrs. Spence. "Her mother was a good girl enough before she wedded him. Ah! your father could tell tales. He 's had cause to know what Sarkie is, if ever man had. But never mind that now, Nancy; we wont rake up trouble this day of all days in the year."

She tied Nancy's hat ribbons firmly as she spoke, and gave her hair a last smooth.

"Good-by, mother. Oh! you 're putting on your bonnet. Are you going to walk down with me?"

"To be sure I am. I want to see you safe off."

The dock was crowded when they reached it. Far below in the basin floated the tug, and the sailors were placing a plank with hand-rails for the children to pass over. Presently, a stream of little figures began to pour across it to the deck.

"I declare," pouted Nancy Sarkie, "there 's that Spence girl in blue after all. Is n't it too bad, mother?"

"Yes. I wish now you 'd worn the sprigs," said Mrs. Sarkie. "But never let it matter; you can enjoy yourself all the same if she is in blue."

"No, I can't. I don't like to have her setting herself up to dress like me," said Nancy.

Her face was quite clouded as she walked slowly down the plank.

"Ts, ts, ts!" clicked Mrs. Spence between her teeth. "That Sarkie lass has on the blue frock like yours. Well, well! If there was time, Nancy, you should run home and change."

"There is n't," replied Nancy with a little scowl. "I don't care, mother. She can't *be* me, even if we have both got on blue frocks. Nobody 'll mistake us for each other."

With a laugh she ran down the plank. The tug gave three screeching whistles as a signal to belated comers. At the sound, a woman who was walking along the shore with two boys began to run.

"Just in time," said the captain, as she handed the little fellows down to him.

Then the whistle sounded once more, the paddles revolved, the children raised their voices in a shrill cheer, and the boat moved away. The day of pleasure was begun.

Seated on either side the deck, the two Nancys

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glared gloomily across. Why did they dislike each other so much? I don't think either could have told. The ill-feeling between the families had begun years ago, when the girls were babies, and nobody now recollected exactly how it began. There was something about a bit of land and right of way, something about a trespassing pig, somebody had called somebody else hard names—who or what did n't matter; it was a good thorough quarrel, one of the sort which the ill-natured imps delight in, and the children, as children will, threw themselves into the warfare with a zeal surpassing that of their elders. Pride and ill-humor are not pleasant things to carry to a picnic, and it might be predicted in advance that the two Nancys were not likely to have a perfectly agreeable day.

The first trouble came soon after landing, when Nancy Spence by mistake lifted the wrong basket.

"Put that down!" said Nancy Sarkie, sharply. "Miss Alicia told *me* to carry that. You 've no business to touch it."

Nancy Spence was a year older than the other Nancy, and a good deal taller; but she was also gentler and more easily cowed. She dropped the basket quickly, and said confusedly:

"I did n't know—I did n't mean to ——"

"O yes!" replied Nancy Sarkie, tauntingly—"did n't know! did n't mean to! That 's the way you always go on, Nancy Spence—meddling, always meddling! Everybody knows that."

"No such thing," said the larger Nancy; "I don't meddle. You 've no call to talk to me like that."

So the dispute proceeded, Nancy Sarkie repeating that Nancy Spence was a meddler, and she retorting that Nancy Sarkie was a spitfire.

"Girls, what is the matter?" said Miss Alicia, overhearing them. "Let Nancy alone, Nancy Sarkie. You began it, I know; you always do. What does ail you to provoke each other always? Come with me one of you. I shall keep you separate if there is n't an end to this barking and biting and calling of names." Saying which she marched Nancy Spence away.

Nancy Sarkie was left behind. The pretty island lay before her with its plumy trees and stretches of yellow beach. Behind was the sea, dimpled and shining; overhead, the blue sky and the sun; but she looked at none of these fair things. Her heart was sullen and heavy; the bright did not seem bright just then—the blue sky might as well have been gray. She did not care for the woods and beaches, or for the shells which she had looked forward to gathering. We can never enjoy anything unless the enjoyment is inside ourselves, ready to come out when called; though, when that is the case, we enjoy almost everything. Nancy found this true that morning. She set her basket on the ground, and stood as in a dream, with eyes cast down, and a dull, miserable feeling all over her.

By and by she heard sounds of singing. Up there at the top of the tree-covered bank, the children, she knew, were playing games and having a merry time together. She lifted her basket and climbed the path. Miss Alicia was sitting under the trees with two or three of the older girls. Some of the big boys were lighting a fire. The other children, linked in a great ring, were playing "Here we go round the barberry-bush." It looked gay and cheerful, and everybody seemed to be finding it pleasant except poor sulky Nancy, who was not in mood to like anything, whatever it might be.

"Oats, Peas, Beans" succeeded to "Barberry-bush," and "Ruth and Jacob" followed that. Did any of you ever hear of the game of "Ruth and Jacob?" This is the way it was played in Lanark village: All the children made a circle with clasped hands, except one boy and one girl, who stood in the middle. The boy was blindfolded, the girl not. The blindfolded boy groped about, demanding, "Where is my Ruth?" And the girl had to answer, "Here," but the instant she spoke she glided away to the other side of the circle, so that the boy, following her voice, should not find her. As soon as the girl was caught, she put on the bandage, and a fresh boy took his place in the circle, of whom she demanded, "Where is my Jacob?" The Lanark children were fond of this game, because it gave opportunity for good hearty romping, in which they delighted.

Nancy Sarkie joined in "Ruth and Jacob," but, for the first time, the play seemed to her dull and tiresome. Nancy Spence, too, was out of sorts. Miss Alicia had read her a lecture on quarreling, and feeling as she did that she was all in the right, and Nancy Sarkie all in the wrong, the lecture made her very cross. Neither she nor Nancy Sarkie spoke during the game, and when they looked at each other it was not in a pleasant way at all.

Meantime, Miss Alicia, aided by the older girls, was unpacking great baskets of bread and meat, and arranging veal-pies, tartlets, sweet-cakes, and ginger-beer bottles on four big white table-cloths laid on the ground in the shade. All these good things were provided by Miss Alicia, who liked to do everything herself at *her* picnic, and never allowed anybody else to contribute.

By the time the feast was ready, the children were ready for it. What with "Ruth and Jacob" and the fresh sea air, they were hungry as wolves and crowded round the tables. Such a demolishing of veal-pies and devouring of bread-and-butter

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was never seen before. It took some time to settle who should sit here and who there, to distribute the food and make sure that no one was left out; but Miss Alicia was experienced in picnics, and before long all was nicely arranged, and the fifty little jaws were wagging in happy concert. The meal passed off with entire success until cake-time came. There was one loaf with pink icing, on which all the party had fixed admiring eyes. When this loaf was cut and distributed, it chanced that Nancy Spence got a bit, but before it reached Nancy Sarkie the last morsel was gone.

"Never mind," said Miss Alicia, cutting another loaf. "This is the same cake exactly, only with white sugar instead of pink. Here 's a piece for you, Nancy Sarkie."

"I don't want any," replied Nancy, crossly.

"It 's velly good," remarked little Polly Darton, with her mouth full. "Do take some, Nancy."

"No," muttered Nancy; "I can get white cake at home. I wanted some of the pink, but there was n't enough. There was plenty for Nancy Spence though. Miss Alicia made sure of that, 'cause *she* 's a favorite."

"Nonsense," said Miss Alicia, who caught the words. "It 's nothing of the sort. Take some cake, Nancy; don't be foolish. You wont? You're as obstinate as a goat, I declare. I tell you what, Nancy Sarkie,—if you can't be pleasant and good-humored, you 'd better not come on *my* picnics. I shall just leave you out next time."

The children gazed at Nancy with round eyes full of horror when Miss Alicia said this. How very bad she must be, they thought, to be shut out from the picnics. Nancy herself was frightened. She choked and strangled. A lump came into her throat. Presently a big tear, hopping down her nose, splashed into her plate; and vexed that the other girls should see her crying, she jumped up and fled down the bank and on to the beach.

It was afternoon now, and the yellow sun on the water shone dazzling and bright. The tide was coming in, fast but noiselessly, each wave running a little higher on the sand than the last, tracing its soft wet mark, and slipping back again into the lap of the sea with a tiny splash like a baby's laugh. Here and there lay beautiful little shells, pink and yellow, or striped in faint lines of red and brown. Helm Island was famous for these shells; the children looked forward to picking them up as one of the chief pleasures of the picnic. But Nancy plodded past the shells and over them, and did not stoop to lift one from the sand. On and on she went to the very end of the beach, then over a little rocky point to a second and longer one. The sun lay hot on the sand, and the breeze seemed to have died away, but still she marched forward till the second beach also was passed. She was on the north side of the island now. It was bolder than the other side, with rocks and cliffs, but few trees grew near the shore, and Nancy, who was getting tired, saw no shady place in which to rest. At last she spied a point of land on which grew several pine-trees. The point jutted into the water for quite a distance, and the sea had eaten away the sand on either side and behind, so that at high tide the point was a little island and quite cut off from the shore. The tide was not more than half high now, however; besides, one of the pine-trees had fallen across the passage, making a narrow bridge over which it was easy to walk.

Nancy's head was steady, and she trod the bridge without fear, looking down at the sand five or six feet below without turning giddy in the least. The pine-tree shade was delightful after her hot walk. She sat down on the ground, which was carpeted with fine brown needles, warm and soft. Here the breeze blew strong and cool, the waves lapped and rippled with a soothing sound. By and by Nancy's head sank on her arm, she curled herself comfortably on the pine-needles, and before she knew it she was asleep. The wind rocked, the sea sang its lullaby, and both took care that she should not waken again in a hurry.

How long she slept she did not know. She roused suddenly and with a start, to wonder where she was and how she came to be there. I fear the angels who watched her slumbers were not of the right sort, for instead of waking pleasantly she was thoroughly out of humor. Her neck and shoulder ached from lying on the ground, and she felt stiff. The first thing that popped into her mind as she roused was Miss Alicia's reproof.

"It was Nancy Spence's fault," she said half aloud. "She 's always doing provoking things, and then people think it 's me. Miss Alicia *does* have favorites, and I shall just tell mother what she said to me. Mother 'll be real vexed, I know she will. Mother 'll take my part against the Spences."

These amiable reflections were interrupted by the sight of a figure on the beach, so far away as to seem like a mere dot against the sand. As it drew near it grew larger. Nancy made out, first that it was a girl, next that the girl was picking up shells (for the figure stooped and rose, and stooped again as it walked), then that the girl had on a blue dress, and lastly (her eyes dilated as she looked), that it was the girl she disliked most! Nancy Spence, the rival Nancy, was coming along the shore!

The moment she made this discovery, Nancy Sarkie slipped behind a pine-tree and hid herself. From this covert she watched the approaching foe.

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Nancy Spence drew nearer. She had a basket on her arm, in which she placed the shells as fast as she picked them up. As she walked she hummed a tune. This somehow struck the hidden Nancy as a wrong and insult to herself. Why should Nancy Spence be having such a good time when she had not? It seemed too much to bear!

Before long, Nancy spied the piny islet and the fallen tree. She was as much delighted as the other Nancy had been earlier in the afternoon.

"What a pretty little island," she said out loud, "with a bridge and all! I mean to call it mine. Nobody has found it out but me, because nobody else has come so far along the beach."

She set her foot on the pine-trunk to cross over. The water was curling below now. It was not deep, but it seemed so, and gurgled and splashed in a noisy and suggestive manner. Nancy looked down a second, hesitating. When she raised her eyes she gave a great jump, for there, at the other end of the bridge, stood Nancy Sarkie, flushed and wrathful.

"Go back!" she cried. "How dare you call this your island? It 's mine. I found it first, and you sha' n't come on it at all."

"Yes, I will," said Nancy, flushing up also. "I 've just as much right as you have. I found it too, and I did n't know you were here at all. I 'm just as good as you are, Nancy Sarkie."

"No, you 're not. My father said once that your father was a boor. I heard him. And my uncle in London lives in a big house, with *beau*-tiful things all over it; and he 'd not have anything to do with such people as you Spences are. So there now!"

"My father's uncle kept a carriage and the most splendid horses as was ever seen. He was a great deal better than your uncle is. And my father 's not a boor. He 's good old stock, father is; there is n't any Sarkie can hold a candle to us Spences. I 've heard people say so. So there now, Nancy Sarkie!"

"Anyhow, you sha' n't come on *my* island. I wont let you."

"*You* wont let me! *You*, indeed! I tell you I will come."

Both girls ran forward. They met in the middle of the bridge. "Go back!" "I wont!" There was a push—a struggle. Nancy Spence's foot slipped. She recovered herself. It slipped again. She staggered—fell—dragging Nancy Sarkie with her, and the foolish children rolled together off the log and into the sea!

The shock and the wetting cooled their anger and brought them to their senses. The water where they fell was about two feet deep, and they scrambled out without much difficulty; but both were thoroughly soaked, both felt cold and miserable, and both began to cry.

"It 's all your fault," spluttered Nancy Sarkie, spitting out a mouthful of salt water.

"That is n't true; you pushed me, or we should n't either of us have fallen," sobbed Nancy Spence.

"Ow! ow! I 'm all wet and nasty, and so freezing cold," blubbered the lesser Nancy. "I did n't push you—you pushed me."

"O dear, my frock!" sighed Nancy Spence, deplorably, trying to wring it out. "Why don't you squeeze your clothes, Nancy Sarkie, and get out all the water you can? You 'll take a cold else."

"I don't know how," said Nancy Sarkie, touching the wet gown helplessly with the points of her fingers. "If I do take cold it 'll be all your fault. I shall tell Miss Alicia so."

Nancy Spence was on the point of offering to help wring the wet dress, but at this speech she forbore.

"I shall tell Miss Alicia, too," she said, shutting her lips tight together.

Then she seized her basket, out of which all the shells were fallen, and began to walk away. Nancy Sarkie, dripping like a fountain, followed.

What a long, dismal walk that was! It seemed twice as far as it had seemed in the morning. The girls' clothes felt heavy, their shoes stuck to the sand and dragged them down. The sun was hot still, and though the exercise gradually warmed their chilly limbs, it was all hard work, and only pride prevented either Nancy from flinging herself down and declaring that she could go no farther and must rest. Side by side they toiled over the point of rocks which shut off the second beach, and from which they looked to see the tug, and the children playing on the sand. They reached the top and stood aghast. *No tug was there!* It had gone from the shore, and presently, far off at sea they spied a tiny curl of rising smoke. Then they knew all,—Miss Alicia had forgotten them, or miscounted, and had sailed, leaving them behind. They were alone upon the island—all alone! What *should* they do?

Nancy Sarkie flung herself down on the ground in a paroxysm of despair. The other Nancy stood upright and looked about her. A tear rolled down her face. She wiped it away with the back of her hand. For a time no sound was heard but the lapping of the water and the muffled sobs of Nancy Sarkie. At last, Nancy Spence glanced down at the wretched little crumpled heap beside her, and trying to make her voice sound brave, said:

"There's no use crying. Don't lie there, Nancy. You 'll catch an awful cold. Let us run on and see

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if the fire the boys lit has gone out. If it has n't, we can dry ourselves."

"Oh, mother, mother! We shall die—I know we shall die!" moaned Nancy Sarkie, who, for all her perversity and fierce speeches, was helpless as a baby the moment trouble came. Nancy Spence was of more courageous stuff.

"Oh, no," she said, "we sha' n't die. They 'll find out as soon as they land that we 're left behind, and send somebody for us. Come, Nancy—come with me and see about the fire."

Nancy Sarkie suffered herself to be coaxed from her crouching position at last, and they went on down the beach. The boys had pulled apart the brands the last thing before they sailed, but the fire smoldered still. Judiciously fanned and fed with dry twigs, it soon flamed up brightly. Searching for fuel, the girls lighted on other treasures—a hard egg, a piece of thick bread and butter, and a scrap of cake, to which still clung a fragment of rosy icing.

"That 's the pink cake I did n't have any of," said Nancy Sarkie.

"Well, you shall have all of this; I don't want any," replied Nancy Spence, good-naturedly.

She felt sorry for the other Nancy, and did not find it hard to speak pleasantly now.

"What 's that dark thing under the bush?" she cried. "Oh, Nancy, Nancy! is n't this good? Here 's that old blanket that Miss Alicia had round the hamper. They 've forgotten and left it behind. Now we shall hardly be cold a bit."

Their dresses were more than half dry by this time, which was fortunate, for the sun was setting and the evening growing chill. Side by side the two cuddled under the blanket close to the fire. It was not *very* warm, it must be confessed, for while the heat scorched their faces, their backs were always conscious of a creeping chill. Desert islands, I rather think, are not comfortable places except now and then in a story-book. The girls lay without speaking for a long time; then Nancy Spence heard a tiny sob close to her ear, which made her turn over in surprise.

"Why, what 's the matter, dear?" cried she, forgetting all cause of quarrel, and speaking as kindly as if Nancy Sarkie had been any other girl.

"Oh, it 's so miserable! I keep thinking about wolves and robbers, and wishing my mother were here."

The wretched, tearful face rolled over on to Nancy's shoulder. Nancy put her arms out to the sobbing child, and the other Nancy clung tight.

"Don't cry—don't," said Nancy Spence, soothingly. "There are n't any wolves or robbers on Helm Island, I 'm sure; and we 'll see our mothers again to-morrow. Don't cry."

"How kind you are!" said the little Nancy, wondering. "I did n't know you ever could be so good. I used to be real hateful to you, Nancy. But I 'm sorry now."

"I was hateful, too, and I 'm sorry."

"I 'll not be so any more," murmured Nancy Sarkie. "I like you now, ever so much. But you 'll never like me, because I acted so."

"O yes, I will. I like you a great deal better already. I like you very much indeed."

The two Nancys kissed one another.

"I 'm getting sleepy," whispered Nancy Sarkie.

Meanwhile, on the dock at Lanark, six miles away, a heart-rending scene was taking place. No sooner had Miss Alicia landed and marshalled her flock than she discovered that two were missing. Mrs. Sarkie and Mrs. Spence were in great distress, but scarcely greater than poor Miss Alicia, who tearfully protested that she could n't think how it happened, such a thing never did before. Farmer Spence and Farmer Sarkie hurried to and fro, questioning, consulting, discussing; the smaller children cried, and all the town was in a ferment.

It was finally decided that a sail-boat should at once set out for Helm Island.

"I shall go, of course," said Mr. Sarkie.

"And I shall go," asserted Mr. Spence.

He spoke like one who expects contradiction; but no one disputed him, and the boat pushed out, the two fathers seated side by side in the stern. The wind was a fair one and blew them swiftly along.

"What could keep the lasses from starting with the rest?" said Mr. Sarkie.

He was too anxious to observe the fact that he had included his enemy's daughter with his own under the general term of "the lasses."

"God send we find 'em safe," groaned Farmer Spence.

The sail seemed a long one to the anxious men, but was in fact short, for they reached Helm Island in less than two hours. No sooner had the keel of the boat grazed the sand than the two fathers sprang out and hurried up the beach.

"We 'll search this side before we try the other," said Farmer Spence. "The cliffs are all over that way. There are none here."

"What 's that?" cried Farmer Sarkie.

It was the glimmer of the fire which had caught his eye. They hurried forward. There, close to the flickering embers, was a dark heap, which rustled and stirred. Farmer Spence stooped and lifted a corner of the blanket. There lay the two children, clasped tight in each other's arms, and fast asleep.

"Merciful Lord! Here they are!" he said, huskily.

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The sound roused the Nancys. They moved—started—sat up.

"Oh, oh! what is it? Who are you? Father! It 's my father, Nancy!"

"And mine, too!" And the Nancys, lifted each into the arms of her own special parent, kissed and clung and cried.

"Oh, it 's been dreadful," sobbed Nancy Sarkie, "but Nancy Spence was so brave—a great deal braver than me, father. She wrapped me up and dried my clothes, and was *so* kind."

"We 're going to be friends now, father," broke in Nancy Spence. "I never knew what a nice girl Nancy Sarkie was before. We may be friends, may n't we? You don't mind, do you, father?" And she and Nancy Sarkie took hold of each other's hands.

The two farmers regarded each other by the light of the moon. Farmer Sarkie cleared his throat once or twice. Then:

"Neighbor," he said, "we 've been at loggerheads now these twelve years or more. I wont say who was right in the matter, or who was wrong, but only this: If you 're so minded, we 'll strike hands here and end the matter. These girls of ours set us an example."

"You 're in the right of it, neighbor," replied Farmer Spence. "There 's my hand, and it sha' n't be my fault if we fall out again."

The Nancys hugged each other.

So ended the famous Spence and Sarkie quarrel, and, in spite of fright and wetting, four light hearts sailed back across the dark sea that night to Lanark village.

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# HOW TO MAKE AND STOCK AN AQUARIUM.

By Adelaide F. Samuels.

ALMOST all of you—I am addressing the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS—know what an aquarium is, and many of you have, no doubt, wished to own one; but the tanks made of French plate-glass and iron, for sale in the shops, are so expensive, that few can afford to buy them; for those who cannot, I will tell how we—that is my nephew Frank and myself—made ours for less than two dollars; and it answers every purpose.

Of course you must wait until spring before you can stock an aquarium, but it should be made in the winter; and it is also well to learn now what to do when spring comes.

First, we took a piece of planed pine board, two feet two inches long, and one foot two inches wide, for the bottom of the tank; this was just about an inch thick. Then four pieces of hard wood or pine, one foot in length each, and about an inch square. These corner posts now had to be grooved so as to admit the glass at right angles. The posts were then fitted into a shallow place at the angles formed by a groove which we had made in the bottom board, and a screw driven into each through from the under side. The frame was now ready for the glass, the posts being set so as to leave about an inch of the bottom board projecting all around.

We then bought our glass, the side pieces measuring two feet long and a foot wide, the end pieces a foot square. We had the grooves in the corner sticks wide enough for the glass to slip in easily; it might have broken while we were trying to get it in, had we not taken that precaution. Then we nailed a slat of wood, an inch wide, all around the board on the outside of the glass. For the top, we made four grooved sticks to bind the glass, and secured them to the corner pieces; but as the corner pieces and glass sides were of the same height, we were careful to have the grooved part of the top pieces deeper than where they were secured at the corners.

Carpenters use a kind of cement that they call "rubber cement." For a few cents, we bought enough to cover the bottom and the corners of our tank neatly. Then all around the bottom, on the wood outside the glass, we arranged shells in putty; then, having painted black the wood-work yet visible, our tank was done. We knew better than to use white-lead in the putty, or paint of any kind on the inside.

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By the time we had finished the tank, it was too late to think of stocking it; so we put it away till spring should come; then we were delighted to find that the cement had dried as hard as marble, though had we examined it months before we should have found it just as hard. This cement requires only a short time for drying.

We washed the tank out nicely, and made a place for it on a window-seat, where we could open the window back of it, to keep the water cool; for the cooler the water in an aquarium is kept, the better. In hot weather, it is sometimes necessary to place ice around the tank, or put a few pieces in the water.

### Stocking an Aquarium.

Stocking an aquarium is a great deal pleasanter than making the tank. Having procured a long-handled net, a tin pail, a long, stout fishing-line, with several large hooks firmly secured at one end, and something that will hold water enough to fill your tank, you set out for specimens. Ours is a salt-water aquarium; and as I am drawing only from our personal experience, I will say nothing of any other kind.

First seek some place where you know the water is very deep, or deep enough for a large vessel to sail in; then take out your line, and throw it overboard; let the hooks go as far down as they will; never mind baiting them; what you want to catch will come up without it.

Your hooks have caught in something: a hard pull, and up comes a sponge. Sponges soon die in aquariums, and are injurious to the water; so, although your prize is handsome and curious, you will throw it overboard.

What have you caught this time? Nothing but a bunch of mussels, all matted together; yes, and half an old clam-shell attached to them; on the shell is something as large as a hen's egg, that looks like a piece of shrunken leather, only it is soft, like jelly. It does not look like a flower now, but it is one. Wait till you see it in your aquarium, after it has had a little time to recover from its alarm! It is an *animated* flower, called the sea-anemone. You will take great pleasure in feeding it, as it will eat meat as fast as you will, in comparison to its size. Put it, just as it is, into your pail, then throw out your line again; for you must have some more of them, of different colors.

Up come two on one shell! That is capital! Now you have a dark-red one, a yellow one, and a delicate pink-and-white one. Those will be all the anemones you will want.

There is something attached to the little stone that came up with the last anemone. It looks like a diminutive bush, with very delicate creamy pink branches, and on the end of each is a dark pink, jelly-like knob,—that is another live animal; and as it is a small one of its kind, you can put it, stone and all, into the pail. Never mind if you have knocked off two or three of its heads; they will grow again.

Now we will go to yonder creek, and see what we can get with our net. Scoop it along the bank, and let some mud come, too. Now, what is in it? Some shrimp, and some little fishes. You will want a dozen shrimp, at least; and of the fishes—small minnows, and sticklebacks—choose three or four of each. Now, from the salt grass at your feet, pick a dozen or more snails: they are not very handsome, or interesting, but are indispensable in an aquarium, as they keep the glass clean, and eat all the decaying vegetable matter.

Now a few plants, to supply oxygen to the water, will be all that is necessary. Choose two or three stones as large as hens' eggs, with a generous crop of *green* sea-weed upon them. The brown and red sea-weeds usually do more harm than good; but that little stone of brown rock-weed you can take, as I see a pink bunch upon it, which I will tell you all about, when you get it in your aquarium.

There is a small stone full of barnacles; take that, too; for the barnacles are very interesting—to the sticklebacks. Now you can start for home with your collection.

Your tank is all ready, in the north window of the sitting-room, where the sun never comes. Arrange your plants in it carefully, without detaching them from the stones they are on; then place the anemones in front, where they will have room to expand, and where they can be seen easily; then put in the fishes, shrimps, snails, etc., and fill up the tank with the clear, pure salt water you brought.

Now look at the animated bush, attached to the stone! Every one of the jelly-like knobs, at the extremity of every branchlet, has expanded, and you have no less than twenty beautiful flowers, resembling the cyclamen, with pearly white petals, and centers deeper-colored than peach-blossoms; only the petals in this case are called *tentacles*, and are thrown out to catch whatever comes in their way in the shape of food.

The little pink bunch attached to the sea-weed has opened, also, and you see what resembles a dozen, or more, star-like flowers, on stems a quarter of an inch long: every one of them is a separate animal, as that foolish shrimp just proved to you; for, as he was swimming lazily by, he allowed his fan-like tail to come within their reach, and these zoophytes immediately closed around it; but the shrimp was fortunate enough to get away.

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Wait a minute, till I tell you what that big word means! Zoophytes means "animal plants" (from two Greek words: *zoon*, an animal, and *phuton*, a plant), and is applied to sponges, corals, sea-anemones, and all those numerous beings that were at first supposed to hold a middle position between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but whose natures have since been ascertained to be strictly animal.

Now look at your anemones! The yellow one has spread out like a great sun-flower, on a stem as large around as a tea-cup, and three inches long. That stem is its body. The flat bottom of the stem has to answer for feet, and it will soon walk out of the shell it is on, if it becomes dissatisfied with its new dwelling-place. One of ours became discontented, and was two days walking over the glass. At last he attached himself to the cemented bottom of the tank, where he now appears to be perfectly contented. They move by suction, after the manner of snails.

Every one of their numerous tentacles has power to sting and paralyze whatever small prey comes within its reach, so they are able to catch and devour fish nearly as large as themselves. The little fishes in our aquarium seem to know all about them, and it is seldom one will approach them; but yesterday, as I was trying to remove with a small stick a piece of meat that I had dropped on an anemone, a minim, that had been watching me, offered to assist me, and approached the anemone near enough to touch one of its tentacles; then away it darted, shaking its head.

I had the curiosity to insert my finger in among the tentacles, and immediately experienced a sensation in it like a slight galvanic shock, and from my finger to my wrist was quite numb for several hours afterward.

You did not know how barnacles worked before, did you? Each one of them is now throwing out a full dozen of delicately constructed feelers, that look like diminutive ostrich plumes; on these they catch their food, which is too small to be seen by the naked eye. It is amusing to watch them as they work. One would imagine they had clocks inside their shells to time themselves by, so regular are their movements.

Here is a stickleback admiring them, too. It is poised motionless in the water above them, with the three sharp horns upon its back sticking up threateningly; now he darts down, and, taking all of one barnacle's feelers in his mouth, he bites them off, shaking his head savagely because they do not come easily.

What is the shrimp about to do that is climbing up the stone, running the risk of getting his delicate feet caught in the barnacle-shells as they close? He pauses before the barnacle the stickleback has just left, and, thrusting his two-fingered hand into the partly opened shell, pulls off a piece of the poor body, and conveys it to his mouth, watching you all the while with his great goggle eyes, and looking for all the world like "Jacky Horner," who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum." You may be sure he will not leave that shell till it is as clean inside as it is out.

A pair of our sticklebacks have just built a nest of sea-weed in one corner of our aquarium, and are guarding it all the time. Woe to the minnow who should be so unfortunate as to approach it! We are watching every day for the little fish to make their appearance. Papa Stickleback attends to the nest now, but soon the old mother-fish will have all she can do to keep her children at home and out of danger; for, as there are two doors to her nest, they will dart out of one door nearly as fast as she can put them in at the other. Her way of carrying them cannot be agreeable to the little ones, for she takes them in her mouth, and often swallows them; but when she re-deposits them in the nest, they are well, and lively.

You will want to feed your anemones every day, with small pieces of dried meat. You will be astonished to see how many different shapes they will take; for, besides looking like different flowers, they will at times contract their bodies and resemble vases full of flowers; then they will droop their tentacles, and resemble the weeping willow-tree; then they will turn all their tentacles inside their bodies, and look like long thimbles; and when you touch them with a stick, down they will drop as flat as fried eggs.

Your greatest trouble will be to keep the water pure, unless you should be so fortunate as to just balance the vegetable and animal life; in that case, everything will thrive.

It is better to have a few good healthy animals than many; and if one dies, it should be removed at once.

The green dulce, or sea-cabbage, is the best for the vegetable element of the aquarium; and it should be washed before being placed within. A good way to send air into the tank is to dip up the water carefully, and let it fall in such a manner as to make bubbles.

Those who live near the salt water can easily renew the water in their aquariums, if it becomes impure; but those who live at a distance from the coast can restore the water to its original purity by filtering it through a sponge. The trouble will be nothing in comparison to the joy you will experience on beholding the gratitude expressed by the animated beings in your aquarium.

As there has been so much done lately in the

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business of making aquariums, it is quite possible to purchase cheap iron ones; and better still, we often see second-hand ones of all sizes for sale very cheap. In the city, the bird-dealers and "Old Curiosity" men have them, and in nearly all large towns there are naturalists and taxidermists who either have them, or will kindly give all information about them. So if our home-made aquarium is not just what our readers care to have, they can with very little cost secure a better. We have seen aquaria made very strongly and durably of stone and iron. A flat piece of slate or freestone, or marble, is easily grooved, and then a blacksmith can easily make iron standards or corner posts with grooves; these can be fitted into holes at the corners, and secured firmly by screws from beneath. We think that it is better to have the tank of stone or iron, if practicable, as the wood almost always swells to such an extent that it soon becomes troublesome.

A very pleasant aquarium, and a very handsome one, is soon made by taking one of the large cake-bells of the confectioner, and setting it on a wooden stand to support it. You can easily do it by boring a hole in a stout piece of pine to admit the handle. You have then a beautiful tank, and one that will not leak. This is also very easily cleaned, which is an important point.

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# THE LITTLE MERMAID.

By Carrie W. Thompson.

NICE little mermaid lived under the sea,
And always a-combing her hair was she.

She did it high up, and she did it low down,
She twisted it in with a sea-shell crown;

She braided and curled it for hours and hours,
And spangled it over with coral flowers.

But once she grew tired of combing her hair,
And fell to wondering what was where.

She climbed on a rock to talk with the gales,
And made great eyes at the sharks and whales.

Some white-winged gulls flew over her head;
"Now where can those things live?" she said.

She wondered and wondered, but could n't guess where,
For she thought the whole world was water and air.

"And so many great ships sail over the sea;
Where they are going is what puzzles me!

"They will get to the edge of the sea some day,
And tumble off in a terrible way.

"There 'll be nowhere to catch them, I 'm afraid—
So they 'll tumble forever!" said the little mermaid.



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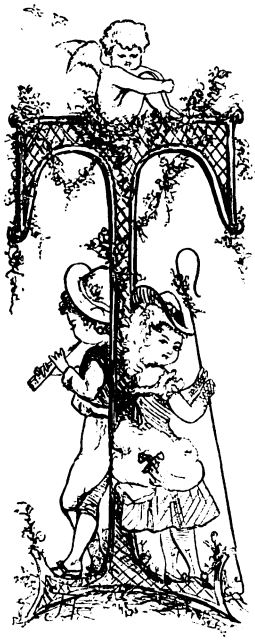
# WHO BEGAN IT?

BY OLIVE THORNE.



THERE'S one thing we know positively, that St. Valentine did n't begin this fourteenth of February excitement; but who *did* is a question not so easy to answer. I don't think any one would have begun it if he could have known what the simple customs of his day would have grown into, or could even have imagined the frightful valentines that disgrace our shops to-day.

It began, for us, with our English ancestors, who used to assemble on the eve of St. Valentine's day, put the names of all the young maidens promiscuously in a box, and let each bachelor draw one out. The damsel whose name fell to his lot became his valentine for the year. He wore her name in his bosom, or on his sleeve, and it was his duty to attend her and protect her. As late as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this custom was very popular, even among the upper classes.

But the wiseacres have traced the custom farther back. Some of them think it was begun by the ancient Romans, who had on the fourteenth or fifteenth of February a festival in honor of Lupercus, "the destroyer of wolves"—a wolf-destroyer being quite worthy of honor in those wild days, let me tell you. At this festival it was the custom, among other curious things, to pair off the young men and maidens in the same chance way, and with the same result of a year's attentions.

Even this is not wholly satisfactory. Who began it among the Romans? becomes the next interesting question. One old writer says it was brought to Rome from Arcadia sixty years before the Trojan war (which Homer wrote about, you know). I'm sure that's far enough back to satisfy anybody. The same writer also says that the Pope tried to abolish it in the fifth century, but he succeeded only in sending it down to us in the name of St. Valentine instead of Lupercus.

Our own ancestry in England and Scotland have observed some very funny customs within the last three centuries. At one time valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and, while still selected by lot, it became the duty of a gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, as gloves, were more common.

A gossippy old gentleman named Pepys, whose private diary has come to afford great interest and amusement to our times, tells how he sent his wife silk stockings and garters for her valentine. And one year, he says, his own wife chanced to be his valentine, and grumbles that it will cost him five pounds.

There was a tradition among the country people that every bird chose its mate on Valentine's day; and at one time it was the custom for young folks to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded, it was a good omen, and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. Another fashion among them was to write the valentine, tie it to an apple or orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in.

The drollest valentine I ever heard of belongs to those old times in England, and consisted of the rib of a small animal wrapped in white satin ribbon, which was tied in true lover's knots in several places. This elegant and suggestive gift was sent to a bachelor, and accompanied with verses:

"Go contemplate this lovely sign!
Haste thee away to Reason's shrine,
And listen to her voice;
No more illusive shades pursue,
To happiness this gives the clue,
Make but a prudent choice."

So far, it is uncertain whether or not the lines refer to the pleasures of eating, suggested (to modern minds) by a rib. But they go on to explain:

"Till Adam had a partner given,
Much as fair Eden bloomed like heaven,
His bliss was incomplete;
No social friend these joys to share,
Gave the gay scene a vacant air;
She came—'t was all replete!"

which leaves nothing to be desired, I 'm sure.

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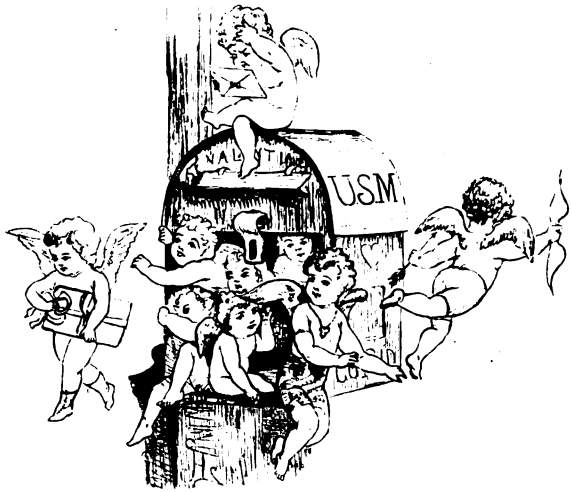
Those were the days of charms, and of course the rural maidens had a sure and infallible charm foretelling the future husband. On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the anxious damsel prepared for sleep by pinning to her pillow five bay leaves, one at each corner and one in the middle (which must have been delightful to sleep on, by the way). If she dreamed of her sweetheart, she was sure to marry him before the end of the year.

But to make it a "dead sure" thing, the candidate for matrimony must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill its place with salt. Just before going to bed, she must eat egg, salt, shell and all, and neither speak nor drink after it. If that would n't insure her a vivid dream, there surely could be no virtue in charms.

Modern valentines, aside from the valuable presents often contained in them, are very pretty things, and they are growing prettier every year, since large business houses spare neither skill nor money in getting them up. The most interesting thing about them, to "grown-ups," is the way they are made; and perhaps even you youngsters, who watch eagerly for the postman, "sinking beneath the load of delicate embarrassments not his own," would like to know how satin and lace and flowers and other dainty things grew into a valentine.

It was no fairy's handiwork. It went through the hands of grimy-looking workmen and dowdy-looking girls; it made familiar acquaintance with sand-paper and glue-pots, and steel stamps and inky presses, and paint-brushes and all sorts of unpleasant things, before it reached your hands.

To be sure, a dreamy artist may have designed it, but a lithographer, with inky fingers, printed the picture part of it; a die-cutter, with sleeves rolled up, made a pattern in steel of the lace-work on the edge; and a dingy-looking pressman, with a paper hat on, stamped the pattern around the picture. Another hard-handed workman rubbed the back of the stamped lace with sand-paper till it came in holes and looked like lace, and not merely like stamped paper; and a row of girls at a common long table—talking about their own narrow lives, the hard times, and so forth—put on the colors with stencils, gummed on the hearts and darts and cupids and flowers and mirrors and doors and curtains, and stuck in the sachet-powder and tied up the bows, and sewed on the fringes, and tucked in the handkerchief or other gift, and otherwise finished the thing exactly like the pattern before them.




ST. VALENTINE'S LETTER-CARRIERS.

You see, the sentiment about a valentine does n't begin yet. To all these workmen it is merely their daily work, and to them means only bread-and-butter and a home. It is not until Tom, Dick, or Harry takes it from the stationer, and writes your name on it, that it acquires, in some mysterious way, the sentiment that makes it such a nice thing to get.

The hideous abomination called a "comic valentine," which is merely a cruel or a low-minded insult to the receiver, is beneath the notice of any gentleman, whether he 's five or fifty years old, and I 'm sure no ST. NICHOLAS boy cares to know just how it is made.

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## JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE ice-pond by the School-house is in splendid skating order, and it's all a-bloom with boys and girls. Such fun as they have! Such shouting, laughing and darting this way and that, like birds or tulips, or what you will, blown about by the breeze. This is all very well. The deacon says it makes him young again to see it. For that matter, he is often in among them, skates and all—the swiftest among the swift.

"It's glorious sport," says the deacon sometimes when he's on the way home with the youngsters, skates in hand,—"glorious sport! But there's one thing I never do, and I advise you against it too—that is, to kneel upon the ice. It seems a natural thing to do, just for a minute, when you wish to tighten your straps; but don't you try it. It's dangerous. It may lame you for life, and it is pretty sure to give you cold or injure you in one way or another."

He says more, but they walk by so fast that Jack cannot catch the rest.

### A CHANCE FOR THE CHICKS.

TWELVE PRIZES!

Southport, Conn.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We all laughed over the story which your pretty schoolma'am spelled so funnily in October ST. NICHOLAS, and I now send you another, which I have written in the same style. May be you will show it to your boys and girls. Every word in it is *correctly spelled*, only, like the little schoolma'am, I have in most instances given the wrong word.—Yours, with respect, M. E. A.

A SHORT TAIL.

Won dey last weak, eye set fourth to Rome oar the planes and threw the veils. The Skye was fare and blew, and the lo son through his pail raise ore the seen. Dear, yews, and hairs were gambling on won sighed, while on my write rows long strait rose of maze, ate feat hie or sew, and as fresh as reins and dues could make them.

"Owe," said eye, razing one of the suite colonels to my knows, "surely this plant has know pier among the serials! Sea the rich hew of its waiving lief—its flour like a lock of silken hare—its golden cede, in rose of colonels, which, maid into flower and then into doe or bred, charm hour pallets. It feeds knot man alone, but the foul of the heir and fish of the seize."

I might have continued in this stile an our, but I saw the son had set and the knight was coming fast, and it began to reign. My weigh lay threw a loan would of furs, ewes, and beaches. The clouds rows hire, the lightening shown, and the thunder peeled allowed, till my hole sole was feint with fear. Eye flue on my coarse, though my feat hardly could bare my wait, till my tow was caught buy a decade limn, and I was throne down, striking my heal on a roc, which was the caws of a grate pane. I had no cents left. I herd something in my head like the wringing of a Nell, or like the thrill of the heir after a belle is told. It took sum thyme two clime back too the rode, butt then the reign was dun, and the stars shown fourth. I gnu the weigh, and soon reached home. My ant was at the gait, weighting, and she hide too meat me. She led me inn, took off my wet raps, gave me hot tease, and eh supper of fried souls, with knew wry bred, so suite that it kneaded know preys. I soon retired to my palate, glad two lye down in piece and wrest.

Good news, my chicks! This time the little schoolma'am wishes me to say that she offers twelve prizes for the best twelve "corrected stories" sent in by girls and boys of thirteen years of age and under, before March 12th. Address "Little Schoolma'am, in care of ST. NICHOLAS, 743 Broadway, New York," and give your full name and your age. By corrected story, the little schoolma'am means, you will understand, this short "tail," all written out properly, giving the right words in place of the wrong ones, and not changing the sound. She says "accuracy, neatness, good penmanship, and promptness all shall be taken into account." To each of the twelve prize-winners shall be sent two very large envelopes containing twelve beautiful colored pictures, with twelve stories by Aunt Fanny, author of "Night-cap Stories."

Hurrah! There's fun for you, my youngsters!

### FLOWERS IN NEW COLORS.

WELL, well! What will your Jack hear next? The birds tell him that a Professor Gobba has succeeded in changing the colors of cut flowers to suit his own fancy. Rather an unnecessary piece of work, one would say, since flowers generally choose their own colors pretty wisely. Still you may like to hear about it:

The Professor simply pours a small quantity of common aqua ammonia into a dish. Over this he places a funnel (big end down), in the tube of which are inserted the flowers he wishes to change.

What happens then?

Ah, my chicks, that's just what your Jack wishes to know! Wonderful changes take place, I am told. The first time you have a flower to spare, just buy ten cents' worth of aqua ammonia at the nearest druggist's, try Professor Gobba's experiment, and report to Jack.

### WHICH IS IT?

SOMEBODY has sent me this bright little picture. What is it, my dears? Is it a fox or a wolf? and what is the difference between foxes and wolves—in their looks, their habits and dispositions?

Would n't it be fine if one of you were to answer these questions well enough not only to satisfy your Jack, but to make something worth going into the deacon's "Young Contributors' Department?"

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### AN ANCIENT PRESENT.

A VERY learned man came once to one of the dear little schoolma'am's picnics, and what do you think he said in the course of conversation?

I give his remark entire.

"We all know," said he, raising his eyebrows, "that rivers in time will carry land from one place and deposit it in another. Perhaps the best illustration of this fact is lower Egypt, which Herodotus said the Egyptian priests considered to be a *present* from the river Nile."

The little schoolmistress was busily dealing out sandwiches at the time, but she nodded her head. So I suppose the learned man was right.

### CALABASH-TREE.

ONE of my birds has just been telling me about a tree that, he said, "grew dishes."

In his native islands—of the West Indies—he has seen a tree, in height and size resembling an apple-tree, called a calabash-tree. It has wedge-shaped leaves, large whitish, fleshy blossoms, that grow—where do you think?—not like those of most other fruits, on the smaller and outermost branches, but on the trunk and big branches. The fruit that succeeds the flower is much like a common gourd, only a good deal stronger, and it often measures twelve inches in diameter. The hard shell of this fruit is cut into various shapes by the natives, and is sometimes handsomely carved. It is made into drinking-cups, dishes, pails, and even pots. Yes, they say that these calabashes actually can be used over the fire for boiling water, just as you would use a pot. But the calabash pot gives out after a few such trials, and is unfit for further service.

### A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR CAT.

"YES, sirs,—a five-hundred-dollar cat," said Deacon Green yesterday to three little chaps who were walking with him. "Lately, at the Sydenham Palace, near London, was held a Cat Show, where over four hundred were exhibited. The prize cat won a premium of £5—twenty-five dollars. He's a splendid fellow, named 'Tommy Dodd'—nine years old, and considered worth £100, or five hundred dollars. The heaviest specimen in the show weighed a few ounces over eighteen pounds. There's a cat for you, young gentlemen!"

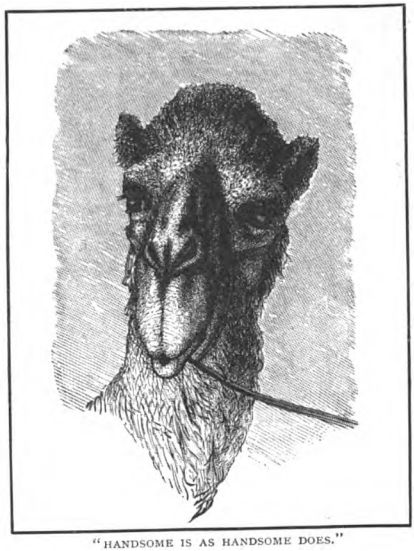
### ILLUSTRATING PROVERBS.

ONE day, the little schoolma'am asked the children to select a proverb among themselves for illustration. They did n't quite understand this, but, nevertheless, they settled upon one and handed it in:

#### "HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

"Good!" said she. "Now I should like to have you each bring on Friday a composition or a quotation, or an object of some kind, or whatever you please, illustrating this proverb."

Well, they did so. Some, I am told, brought little stories; others brought compositions; one little girl brought a warm but faded shawl; and one homely, clever little chap audaciously brought his own photograph! One and all came off with honors, but the crowning illustration of all was Tom McClintock's; he simply brought a picture of a camel's head, looking as if it had just been saying "prunes" and "prism," and knew quite well of its own excellent qualities. Not a word did Tom McClintock write, beyond the proverb. He knew his camel could speak for itself.



"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

#### "AS MUCH ALIKE AS ANTS IN A HILL."

I DON'T know what the lady was talking about. I merely heard the above remark as she was passing through my wood. Ha! ha! thought I to myself, why, there is as much difference between ants as between people! I'll tell you how I know it: The little schoolma'am has a turn for experiments, and I've seen her make one or two on this very point. One day she picked up several ants from one ant-hill and carried them to another ant-hill, where there appeared to be thousands of inhabitants all looking just like the new-comers. But it seems the ants could see the difference, for the unfortunate strangers were recognized as intruders, and were instantly set upon and killed.

Another time the little lady took some ants from a large hill, and shut them up in a bottle with some very ill-smelling stuff called asafœtida. The next day she returned, bringing the bottle with the imprisoned ants. Of course the poor things smelled very strongly of the asafœtida, and their nearest relations could hardly be blamed for refusing to know them. So I felt quite frightened for their sakes when the schoolma'am returned them to their home. But no. Though they were at first threatened by their fellows, they were soon recognized and allowed to pass. "Blood" was stronger than asafœtida.

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# MOTHER GOOSE PANTOMIME.—THE RATS AND THE MICE.

By G. B. Bartlett.

Characters and Costumes.

*The Bachelor.* Swallow-tailed coat, checked pantaloons, red vest, high collar, red cravat, ruffled shirt, white hat.
*The Widow.* Chintz skirt, white kerchief, very high cap.
*The Bride.* White dress, very scant, with leg-of-mutton sleeves; old-fashioned white bonnet, gayly trimmed; parasol.
*The Four Sisters.* Very gay chintz dresses, of quaint style, with high pointed hats. One sister should be very tall and one very short.

*Properties:* Wheelbarrow, three bandboxes, bundle, bird-cage, chair, table, five rats and three mice (made of dark gray flannel, with long tails, with beads for eyes), two loaves of bread, a piece of cheese, umbrella, eye-glass, and handkerchiefs.

## Scene I.

Table, with bread and cheese, and rats and mice. Bachelor enters, and strikes an attitude of horror. Seizes the umbrella, creeps up to the table, and hits a rat, which he holds up by the tail. He then lifts a loaf and discovers a mouse; throws down the bread, and with great haste sets off for London. During this scene these words are sung by a concealed singer, to the tune of "Zip Coon":

"When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I kept upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I had to go to London to get me a wife."

## Scene II.

The bachelor enters and knocks on the floor with his umbrella. The widow enters, and they bow very low to each other. He places his hand on his heart, and then points to the door. She smiles and bows and goes out and leads in the shortest sister, who looks very sentimental, with her finger up to her mouth. He walks around her several times, looking through his eye-glass, and motions that she is too short; and the sister goes out very angry, followed by the widow, who leads in the tall one, who appears very haughty and scornful. He also walks around her, takes a chair and tries to reach to the top of her hat, and dismisses her as being too tall. The widow introduces the two others in turn, with each of whom the bachelor finds some fault. But when the bride is brought in, he seems enraptured and approaches her shyly, and, taking her hand, kneels before her, and both at last kneel before the widow. The same verse is sung as in Scene I., and the same tune is played slowly.

## Scene III.

All the sisters stand in a row, with the mother at the end. The bachelor enters, wheeling the barrow, which he places in the middle of the room. The bride enters. They shake hands. He points to the barrow. She embraces each one of the sisters, and, last of all, the widow, who, with a great show of feeling, escorts her to the barrow and places her in it, after putting on her bonnet. Each sister runs out and returns with bandbox, bundle, or bird-cage, all of which are piled upon her, and the parasol is placed in her hand, and she is wheeled around the room and out by the bachelor, who stops often to rest, and finds his load very heavy. Meanwhile these lines are sung to the music:

"The streets were so wide and the lanes were so narrow,
I had to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow."

## Scene IV.

The bride sits upon the ground, leaning upon the barrow, which has broken down. The boxes and bundles are scattered over the floor. The bachelor bends over her in an attitude of comic despair, with a red handkerchief up to his eyes. The sisters and mother enter in the order of their heights; each draws out in turn a handkerchief of graduated size, the first being very small and the last very large, and all cry together in concert. These lines are sung:

"The wheelbarrow broke, my wife had a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, wife and all."

In the third and fourth scenes it is necessary to repeat the two lines to complete the tune, and the melody is continued upon the piano.

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# VICTOR'S WONDERFUL ANIMALS, AND WHAT THEY ALMOST DID.

VICTOR ROYL was eight years old. He had a little dog and a kitten. His Uncle John gave him the dog, and his Aunt Jane gave him the kitten. Now Uncle John and Aunt Jane called them "sweet little things," but Victor knew more than that. He saw at once that they were very bright and very brave. He had been to a circus show, and he knew what wonderful things animals could do. He made up his mind that his dog and cat should soon astonish the world. The first thing he did was to give them both fine names. He named his dog the Wild Mazeppa, after a famous horse; and he called his cat Mademoiselle Planchette, after a pretty lady in spangled skirts at the circus who stood on the Wild Mazeppa's back, and waved a flag while Mazeppa galloped round the ring.

Then Victor sat down to make his plans: Mazeppa should first learn to gallop and leap over bars. Mademoiselle Planchette should learn to ride, to stand up on Mazeppa and wave flags, to jump through rings, to stand on one foot on Mazeppa's back while he was going at full speed; to spin, to hop, to dance—in fact, to almost fly in the air after Mazeppa as he tore round the ring. Wonderful Mademoiselle Planchette! She and Mazeppa should give a grand performance in aid of the Sunday-school. Victor decided to charge five cents a ticket. Three thousand and twenty-seven people would come, and that, as Victor said, would make a hundred thousand million

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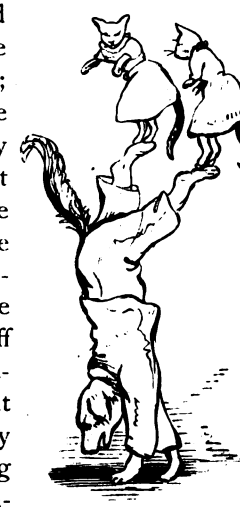
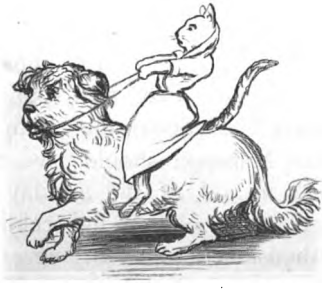
dollars. Then if the Sunday-school teacher would give him back some of the money, he would buy another dog and a cat. Oh! what times he could have then! He would name the new dog Professor Macfoozelem, and the new cat the Fairy Queen of the Wire, and all four of his animals could then perform. It would take a long while, perhaps, for him to teach them to act as wonderfully as Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette, but he knew he could do it in time. Then, when everything was ready, he would give another grand exhibition, that should raise twenty hundred thousand dollars, to buy shoes for every poor little boy and girl in the world. He thought, but he was not quite sure, that he would make a speech to the spectators on the occasion. If so, this is what he thought he would say:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I appear before you with my four celer-berated dogs and cats. Their names is the Wild Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette, and Professor Macfoozelem and the Fairy Queen of the Wire. Wild Mazeppa and Planchette came first; they are a present from my Aunt Jane and my Uncle John. They scratched and snapped a little when they was first getting to be wonderful, but now they don't do it at all. They are very glad to earn some money for the Sunday-school, and Mademoiselle aint afraid of tumbling off any more, and Wild Mazeppa knows she wont scratch his eyes. They play they was tearing through a forest with soldiers, and mighty giants coming after them. The others are newer. I





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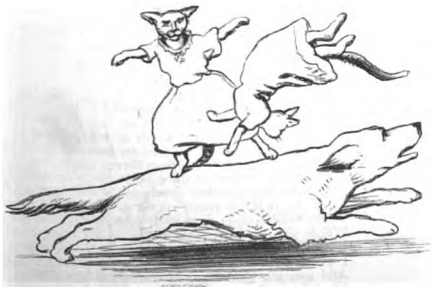
taught 'em all my own self. Professor Macfoozelem is splendid. He growls all the time he is performing. The Fairy Queen of the Wire is the wonderfullest cat that ever lived except Planchette. When I get big I am going to take my show all over the world—to Asia and Brooklyn and Albany and Atlantic Ocean and to Scotland and Egypt and other cities.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will sit still and wait a minute, you can see the show.

This speech Victor said so often to himself, with Aunt Jane sitting by, that he knew it quite by heart. He was sure all the people would clap, and then the grand performance should begin:

First, Professor Macfoozelem would stand on his fore paws and hold a lady on each foot—that is, Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire. Then the next thing should be this: The music should play "tumpy-tee, tumpy-te-tee," and in should rush the Professor, galloping like a horse, with Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire standing on his ears or doing anything they chose. Then they 'd all rush out; the music would strike up again "tumpy-tee, hump-it-y, tumpy-tee-tee;" and then Professor Macfoozelem would walk in on his hands, with his feet high up in the air. On top of his feet would be Mazeppa, with *his* feet up in the air, and high on Mazeppa's feet would stand Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire, hand in hand, smiling sweetly. This would be so wonderful that all the people would jump up and cheer and wave their hats. Drums would beat, trumpets would sound, and—and —— Well, the fact is, Victor could not say exactly what would happen next, because just then his Aunt Jane told



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him to give Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette some supper, for the poor little creatures seemed hungry.

Should you like to see these two wonderful animals—the Wild Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette—just as they looked when Victor Royl made all these grand plans, for you know this story tells only what he *thought* they would do in time? Here they are:

THE WILD MAZEPPA.

MADEMOISELLE PLANCHETTE.

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

### A SCOTCH GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK.

It is now three months since our arrival in this country. After being battered by storm, and detained by fog, we were well prepared when we entered New York to appreciate fully the beauty of this magnificent city. The approach from the sea is very grand. Entering the dangerous narrow between Sandy Hook and Long Island, a great expanse of inland sea is reached, which gradually narrows as we near Staten Island. Here, at Quarantine Bay, the view is exquisite, and all the way up, among countless yachts and ships of all sizes—rising grounds on the left, covered with the richest verdure; and every description of seaside residence on the sandy shores on the right. The eye is dazzled and the imagination stirred. Our matchless Clyde, with its island-begemmed frith, makes it impossible to leave "Bonnie Scotland" without lingering visions of beauty we never hope to see equaled; but the outskirts of New York rouse an admiration of a totally different nature, which leads us to remember that "The earth is the Lord's," and that the New World, though differing in feature, is as perfectly beautiful as the Old.

As where we landed was perhaps the oldest and least interesting part of the city, we were not immediately prepossessed in its favor; but when driving to our temporary home along renowned Broadway, and through Union and Madison Squares, the splendid buildings and crowded streets excited our highest admiration. Though New York is built on an island, you experience no feeling of insulation, there are so many ferry-boats ready to take you where you will. These steamers are not unlike the boat intended for the shallow Chinese rivers which we saw trying its engines on the Clyde. The greater portion of the streets are arranged with mathematical precision, the avenues running north and south, and the streets east and west. They are generally numbered instead of named, as every one knows, for who has not heard of Fifth Avenue? This use of the number is very serviceable to strangers. The streets are equidistant, and twenty blocks make one mile, so you can tell at once how far you have to go by doing a small arithmetical sum. The streets are beyond any I have ever seen for regularity. Their length, the great height of the houses, and the purity of the atmosphere, give a very imposing idea of this city. There is little of the picturesqueness which makes Edinburgh stand alone "Queen of Cities;" and although Glasgow has many streets quite as fine, the jealous smoke, which will veil her beauty, makes me think that New York stands before them all. As there are upwards of three million inhabitants in London, the dwellings are so numerous, and many of the streets so narrow, that I always think of it as a wilderness of houses.

The churches here are magnificent, especially the inside of some of them. There are some splendid marble buildings, such as the private residence of Mr. Stewart, the great warehouseman, and a new Roman Catholic cathedral, which will, I hear, rival some of the European ones. But we miss the abbeys, cathedrals, castles, and palaces of the old country, just as we almost cry to see the dear clinging ivy dragging out a pinched existence in a flower-pot instead of festooning the walls and hiding the rents of a crumbling ruin, or hugging in its too close embrace a withered tree.

There are no underground railways here as in London. There is one that runs above the streets, but I like the London way best. However, the system of tram-ways, or street-cars as they are called here, is the most perfect in the world.

The Central Park is well worthy of notice, and I can hardly say whether it is more beautiful when the trees are glowing with their autumnal tints, and the lakes flashing in the sunlight, as we saw it when we first came, or as it is now, the keen air alive with the soft tinkle of the bells of the gliding sleighs and the ponds covered with graceful skaters.

The people have a frank, pleasant manner, which I like much better than our cold reserve. The ladies dress with great taste—somewhat French, perhaps, but I think that rather an improvement than otherwise.

An universal uncertainty seems to pervade the whole city, for if any one intends to do anything, be it ever so simple, he will only venture to *guess* he will do so.

MAUD.

### FIDO AND I.

Fido and I went out one day,
Fido to watch and I to play.
We wandered to the little brook,
Where silver wavelets gently took
Their course o'er shining sands of gold,
The moss-grown bank, in freshest hue
Of new spring moss, and fern-leaves too,
Down to the water gently rolled.
The great big branches overhead
Their green leaf curtains round us spread;
While music issued from their folds,
Where daily concert robin holds.
I built a dam across the stream;
I made a water-wheel to run,
And toss the gold-drops in the sun
That shone through leaves in tiny gleam
At last I was tired out with play:
I sought the place where Fido lay,
And laid my head against his neck,
And watched a little passing speck

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Of withered fern-leaf float away.
But soon I fell asleep to dream.
I dreamed a ladder, large and high,
Was lifted far up in the sky,
Where stars forever brightly beam.
I climbed the ladder round by round,
And reached the top, at which I found
Another world of awful kind.
The men were black, with tails behind;
The rocks were black, the trees were black,
The clouds and air itself were black.
I grasped the ladder to go back,
But one great hairy-looking man
Pulled me away, while others ran
And quickly threw the ladder down.
And then they took me to their town,
And it was all as black as night,
Cut out of rocks away from light.
The king lived in a dark, deep cave.
I cried, and begged that he would save
Me from his cruel, ugly men,
And take me to my home again.
He was a giant, and his eyes
Were white and like big eggs in size.
He laughed, and roared, and laughed aloud,
And shouted to his black-faced crowd,
And shaking, held his lazy sides
As if they 'd burst their tawny hides
With crazy laughter. Then he turned
And called to feed the fire that burned
Within the cave. He then began:
"I've got you now, my little man!
A dainty meal you'll make for me,
My wife, and blackbird children three."
In frenzy now I cried and prayed:
"Oh, do not kill me, please!" I said.
He only sneered and rolled his eyes,
And wound his tail around his thighs,
And shook his ugly fist at me.
I fancied I could almost see
The dark thoughts in his savage face,
Blacker than any in the place.
And now a silent servant came
And thrust a rod into the flame.
I watched the man in wondering fright,
Then screamed, and tried with all my might
To run away. They held me fast.
The black king took the rod at last,
Which was red hot with sparkling heat,
And came toward me. His heavy feet
Trod on my toes. I knew he 'd drive
The iron through me still alive.
He put his hand around my head.
I yelled enough to wake the dead.
A cold chill through my body spread,
And woke me. Fido's dear old paw
Was round my neck. And now I saw
His peaceful eyes look down in mine.
He licked my hand, and with a whine
Seemed asking what was all my fear.
In happiness I shed a tear.
"Oh, dear old trusty, faithful pet,
You've saved me from an awful death.
I'll cherish you, I'll love you yet
Until my very latest breath.
I'll build a house where you shall dwell;
I'll treat you like a king, I will;
I'll never harm you, never sell,
Not for a miser's heavy till;
And never shall you be away
When on a quiet summer's day
I while away the hours in play."

J. G. H. P.

## CHARLES MELROSE'S PROVERB.

In the large library sat Charles Melrose; and though there was no school on that day, he was studying his grammar. It was evidently dull work, for he fidgeted and yawned every few minutes, and now and then he would cast a look out of the window. There was Willie Winters and his brother Eddie playing ball, and Louis Foster playing marbles. How he wished he was with them, instead of studying those tiresome grammar lessons! And there—yes, there was Oscar Taylor going chestnuting. That was too great a temptation. With one bound he reached the door, and, opening it, he rushed down the stairs and said to Oscar:

"Going chestnuting?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Come with me?"

Charley thought to himself: "Why can't I go? There is no reason why I should n't, for I can do my grammar to-morrow morning." So thinking, he said to Oscar:

"Wait a few minutes, and I 'll go with you."

So saying, he ran upstairs to his mother, and said: "Mother, I am going chestnuting with Oscar Taylor."

"Very well, my dear," she replied.

This was the manner in which Mrs. Melrose usually answered Charley. She thought a sensible boy of twelve ought to know whether he had the time to go chestnuting, when he had a lesson to study, or not. When his mother looked toward him he felt uneasy. He knew his mother felt troubled when she knew he had something to do and did not do it; and while hunting after chestnuts, this uneasiness threw a shadow upon the bright day and clouded the happiness of the hunt. But the hunt was successful. Charley had never brought home as many chestnuts before. His mother was very well pleased with them, and asked him in which direction he had been.

"We went all the way to Spile Woods, mother," was the reply.

"Well, now you had better eat your supper and go to bed. You must be tired."

Charley followed this advice, for he knew he must have that grammar finished before school in the morning.

"Harry," he said to his brother when he went to bed, "wake me at six o'clock, will you?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but it wont be so easy for you to mind, for I have tried to wake you before—you know that."

It seemed hardly an hour to Charley when Harry called out: "Get up, Charley. It is six o'clock, and you remember you wanted me to wake you."

"Yes," was the reply; "I hear you, and I am going to get up right away,"—which he certainly meant to do, but it was so long until nine o'clock that he would lie a moment longer; and that was the last he thought about it until a violent shaking broke up his morning dream.

"Why, Charley, are n't you ever goin' to get up? It is near breakfast-time, and Harry said he woke you hours ago. And I want you to see my new ball I bought of Tom Wilson yesterday."

"Do go away, Will. I can't attend to your ball now; I am in a hurry."

"Oh, as for that, you are always in a hurry."

Charley had n't time to reply, for he banged the door and was soon half way down the avenue. But it was n't the saying that occupied Charley's mind; it was the doing. He had now six pages of grammar to correct, and he was never quick at any of his studies. He was beginning on the fourth page when the quarter to nine bell rang.

"O dear!" he sighed; "if I get another tardy mark, or an imperfect one, Miss Barrows will change my seat."

Poor Charley! he got both—the tardy mark and the imperfect one too.

"What is the matter with you, Charley?" asked Miss Barrows, as Miss King reported him, angrily.

"He is not attentive," said Miss King.

"I am afraid that that is it, Charley," said Miss Barrows.

When Charley came home, his eyes were red from weeping. His mother asked what had happened. At this, Charley burst into tears and told his mother how he had failed in his lessons and suffered the dreadful punishment, losing his seat, by Oscar Taylor. His mother listened quietly. She thought that he had now learned whether he should go chestnuting when it was time to study, or not.

From that time on, Charley took his lessons in a back room, where he could neither see nor hear the boys at play; and he found that he got on a great deal better.

One day, he heard his mother reading. He went down-stairs and overheard her reading to his little sister Lilly. After she had finished he took up the book, and, looking over it, came upon a proverb that read thus: "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"Mother," he said, "I now see into this proverb, and I shall always try to remember it."

C. J. R.

## A TRUE BIRD STORY.

A few summers ago, a little yellow warbler began to build a nest in a little bush in the front yard. All the family were much distressed, for it was within easy reach of puss (you see they were cat-defenders, too). At last, the Doctor moved the straws and sticks which the birds were weaving together, to a syringa-bush near by, where it would be out of kitty's way. The birds were not as slow to take a hint as some people are, and they went on and finished the nest and hatched out a little brood.

One Sunday, a violent storm came up, and the poor little home was rocking to and fro, sometimes almost upside down; but the mother bird managed to cling to it, with her wings outspread, keeping the little nestlings from falling out. But the wind blew harder every moment, and the rain was beating down. The Doctor was the only one of the family at home, and he saw that, unless something was done at once, the nest must soon be overturned and the occupants thrown out. So, trusting to the good sense of the little mother, he opened the window, reached out, and with a firm hand took hold of the branch to which the nest was fastened, and held it still. The little bird was confiding enough to sit quietly brooding her babies. The Doctor sat and held the nest until the rest of his family returned from church, and then they put a stake into the ground and tied the bush securely to it, so that the nest could not be disturbed in the next storm; and there the little family of warblers lived until they were old enough to fly.

S. A. B.

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# THE LETTER-BOX.

JAMIE LOWE wntes a funny little letter asking "what sort of thing" a "*congereel*" is, and probably expecting to find that it is a queer mechanical contrivance. At any rate, our first thought on seeing Jamie's strangely-written word was to conjure up all the reels of which we ever heard, in the hope of finding one among the list that bore this unfamiliar name. It was not, indeed, until we had given up in despair that we discovered Jamie's orthography and our mistake. We can answer his question now. It is quite easy and simple.

Know then, Jamie, that a *conger-eel* is very much the same "sort of thing" as a common eel, excepting in size, in which respect it differs greatly, being sometimes ten feet long and weighing 100 pounds. It lives almost entirely in the sea, and is rarely seen in winter.

(But, Jamie, for our sakes, please remember that a little thing no bigger than a hyphen is sometimes worth a great deal.)

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New York, Nov. 30th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found a curious explanation lately of the custom of hand-shaking, bowing, &c.

In the days of chivalry, when men went around clad in armor, and no one could trust any he met, when two knights came together they clasped right hands. This, of course, was a sign of peace, as putting your battle-hand in your enemy's rendered you helpless.

Again, when a knight met a lady, his taking his helmet off was a sign of friendly intentions as well as respect, as it rendered him entirely defenseless. It is easy to see how, on the dropping of the custom of armor-wearing, that these customs were perpetuated.—Yours,

FRANCIS DE GREY.

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PILOT-PUZZLERS.—You shall hear from ST. NICHOLAS next month concerning the answers to our Prize Puzzle—THE RACE OF THE PILOTS—in December number.

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J. L. D.—"Heligoland" is not a fabulous country, as you imagine, but an island in the North Sea, belonging to Great Britain. It is very small and bare—little more, indeed, than a single rock rising 200 feet above the sea, and capped by a light-house and a small village. Its inhabitants are almost all either fishermen or pilots. It is an important post in war-time, and has of late been frequented as a watering-place, the sea having created large sand-banks around it.

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JUDY JONES.—We must respectfully decline your poem commencing:

"There was once a little boy,
And his heart was full of joy,
For he had a little pail,
And he did n't like to wail
When he broke his little pail.
But his mother heard him cry,
And she ran unto her boy,
And said, 'What's the matter, child?
'Oh, ma!' says he, 'I 'm wild,
For I've broke my little pail,
And I did n't like to wail.'"

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May we tell the girls of a simple but useful discovery we children have made? The other night we accidentally spattered some ink on papa's library-table. We were awfully frightened at first, for the blots made ugly spots on the green cloth; but Lizzie, quick as a flash, took a sheet of blotting-paper and soaked up the ink. Then, just because we were desperate and had n't any water handy, we kept rubbing and rubbing the wet places with the blotting-paper till it all lay on the cloth in little black or lead-colored rolls—and the *spots were all gone!* Yes, you could n't even see a trace of them. Then we ran and told papa, feeling just as proud as could be. Since then we tried the experiment of spattering a little ink on the drugget (away back under the sofa, you know), and the blotting-paper rubbed every smitch of it out. Don't you think this is worth knowing? We used the ordinary thick white blotting-paper. —Yours affectionately, MAY AND KITTY H——.

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JOHN S. C.—See "Edwin and Paulinus," in Palgrave's "Children's Treasury of English Song." It is a good "speaking piece"—short, and capable of fine action and expression. If you wish to learn a simple piece, dealing with every-day life, you 'll find "The Harper," in the same volume, just the thing. It is by Thomas Campbell, author of "Pleasures of Hope," and may be styled the classic "Old Dog Tray."

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please send me a definition for the word "Iliad?" The story which goes through your third volume just suits me. I like adventurous stories so much. I like Mr. Trowbridge's "Bass Cove Stories" very much. If you please, is there any other pronunciation for "quay" beside *ke?*—I remain, as ever, your affectionate reader, META GAGE.

The "Iliad" is a poem by Homer, describing the destruction of Ilium, or ancient Troy. "Quay" is always pronounced *ke*.

---

HELEN M.—"The Vale of Tempe" is a valley in European Turkey, between the two chief mountains of North-eastern Thessaly—Olympus and Ossa. It was noted in olden times for its natural beauty, which was celebrated and described by many ancient writers. So frequent, indeed, are their allusions to it, that the name is often used as a symbol of beautiful scenery, just as that of "Arcadia" is applied to a peaceful and prosperous hamlet.

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Hot Springs, N. M., Oct., 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have subscribed to your magazine two years, and think it the best magazine published for children. I live on a ranche twenty-five miles from any place. I am very lonesome, there being no children here except myself. I do not know what I would do without the ST. NICHOLAS. There being no one here, I cannot get you any subscribers. My brother takes the SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, and likes it very much. Of all the stories I ever read, I like the "Eight Cousins" the best; it is instructive and pretty. This is the first letter I have written to a magazine, and hope to see it published. I am thirteen years old. There are a great many birds around here; there is nobody to disturb them, so I cannot be a Bird-defender.—From your ever true and faithful friend,

EMMA L. LYONS.

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Peoria, Ill., Nov. 28th.

DEAR EDITOR: I take ST. NICHOLAS and think it is splendid. I read them and then send them to my cousins, and they think they are just jolly. They are two boys. I am eleven years old, and live in Peoria. I have seen the sea-horses that Jack speaks of in the December number; my aunt had two presented to her. I have a little brother at home, about six years old. He is too young to read them, but he enjoys looking at the pictures, and sometimes I read to him. Good-bye.—Yours truly, EMMA GREGORY.

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ROBBY TERRELL.—Your accident with stilts was indeed unfortunate, but a snow-drift is not the best place in the world to practice this singular locomotion. You need not, at least, berate the stilts as you do, for they are often very valuable. It is true that an American boy uses them chiefly for amusement, but they may serve even him a good purpose in keeping him out of the mud—*provided* that he knows well how to manage them. But in portions of France, where the ground is low, marshy, and often abounding in treacherous little holes covered with sand, the people constantly use stilts to avoid the dangers and discomfort of walking upon such a soil. They are, of course, very expert with them, and can travel at a good speed—moving at a gait and in a way that make a stilt-walker of ordinary stature seem, at a distance, like a giant eight or ten feet high.

We don't urge you to persevere in practicing with stilts, but only wish you to remember that they *may* have an important use, and are not to be despised.

---

### MALEBRANCHE'S LEG OF MUTTON.

A SUBSCRIBER sends the Letter-Box the following anecdote, which she has lately translated from the French of the *Courier des Etats Unis:*

Malebranche was a French Jesuit, distinguished principally for his original philosophical ideas, which he demonstrated with great force and brilliancy. For a long time he was possessed of a singular idea. He imagined incessantly that he had an enormous leg of mutton on the extremity of his nose. If one said on meeting him, "How do you do, Malebranche?" he would reply: "Very well, monsieur, but this leg of mutton is becoming intolerable to me, on account of its weight and odor."

"How! Leg of mutton?"

"Yes, don't you see it hanging there?" responded he, showing his nose. If one laughed at him, or if one denied seeing it, Malebranche was angry with him ever after. An intimate friend, a man of intelligence, conceived the idea, when visiting him, of asking first the

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news of his leg of mutton. Malebranche embraced his friend with warmth, was full of gratitude, but immediately said, "I have hurt you, perhaps?"

"Certainly, your leg of mutton has wounded my eye; but I cannot comprehend why you have not endeavored to rid yourself, ere this, of this troublesome parasite. If you will permit me——." (Here his friend displays a razor.) "It is an operation without the least danger."

"My friend, my friend," cried Malebranche, "I owe you more than my life. Oh, if you can but relieve me!"

In the twinkling of an eye the friend made a light incision on the extremity of his nose, and drawing from his large sleeve a fine leg of mutton, he showed it victoriously to Malebranche.

"Ah! what do I see!" cried the other. "I breathe once more! I am saved! My head is heavy no more! I breathe freely! But! what is this? My leg of mutton was raw, this is cooked!"

"Faith, I can believe it, for you have been sitting before the fire nearly an hour."

From that time Malebranche was cured of his monomania.

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THE army of Bird-defenders is steadily increasing in numbers. We shall soon publish the names of all the recruits received since October 1st, 1875.

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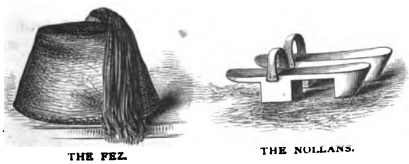
HERE is an account of how a little American girl, who lives in Erzroom, Turkey, spent a day. Most of her week-days are spent in this way. She does not go to school, but studies at home.

"At half-past eight she gathered together her books and placed them on the dining-table, hung a small outline map of North America on the wall, and then drew her chair up to the table and prepared her reading-lesson. She read three pages about Obstinate and Pliable. You may think she has a very funny reading-book. Perhaps you can find out the name of it. Then this lonesome little girl was told that her geography lesson for to-day she would find on the 127th page of the December ST. NICHOLAS, or "Sincas," as the baby calls it. Perhaps you have forgotten what there is pertaining to geography in that number which you read a year ago. It is the puzzle called "The Day in the Grove." Not being very skillful either in geography or botany, the little girl hit upon the "green tree" for the first answer. She was laughed at so much (which perhaps was n't very fair since there are almost no trees here), that she soon began to pluck up her wits, and in the end had found out all but two of her map questions. Then writing was in order, and she set to work on a letter to her friend Freddie. This gives her also an exercise in spelling. Then she took up her arithmetic. The government of her school is not absolute, and we sometimes set the ordinary arithmetics aside—courteously, of course. This day the little girl counted all the words in an article of ten pages written by her father. When she finished a page she wrote down the number of words. Afterward she added the several numbers and set down the result. In this way she was learning the first rule in arithmetic, besides aiding her father. Then she played on the cabinet organ some of Richardson's exercises. When this was over she put on her 'nollans' (wooden shoes



THE FEZ. THE NOLLANS.

with leather straps) over her buttoned boots, and went on the roof to play. Our roofs are all flat, and, at this season of the year, muddy. It is not necessary for her to adopt the native style of overshoes, but this little girl affects Oriental fashions. Probably if you were to come to see her she would persuade you to wear the 'nollans,' and also to leave your hat in the house and put on a red 'fez' with a long black tassel, or tie your head up in a green or yellow or scarlet handkerchief."

J. P.

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Washington, D. C., at home, Oct. 9th, 1875.

TO MY FRIEND AND COMPANION, ST. NICHOLAS: I have for some time been wanting to write to you, but could not find an opportunity to gratify my desire; but this bright, beautiful morning I am determined to write. I have read the "Eight Cousins," and am delighted with it, and would like very much to follow Rose in her daily joys and trials, and also watch Miss Phebe's progress as she mounts the ladder step by step, gaining knowledge with each, until at last she stands at the top, a true, noble, and intellectual woman.

As to "The Young Surveyor,"—or "Jack Hazard," for to me it is the same story, although the hero be quite a different person from the little canal driver, with a piece of bread and 'lasses in one hand and his whip in the other,—I cannot realize that it is really finished, and find myself looking forward for the next number, to follow him in his adventures.

I will now close. Congratulating you on your success,—may you ever prosper,—I remain your true friend, "GENEVRA."

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WE regret to say that, by an oversight, the original of the beautiful frontispiece to our January number was attributed, in the table of contents, to Tintoretto, instead of to his master, Titian. This fresco of St. Christopher is on the roof of a stair-way in the Doge's palace in Venice, and is not commonly seen by strangers. It is one of the very few frescoes left by Titian. Indeed, some writers claim that it is the only one; other and better authorities say that of the many frescoes in the Scuola of Padua, three are by Titian himself, while the rest are by his pupils.

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CHARLEY B—— says he has an uncle who delights to test his knowledge now and then, and who has lately thrown him into a state of troublesome curiosity by a vague allusion to some remarkable structure called "The Tower of the Thundering Winds." His uncle tells him that such a tower actually exists, but wishes him to find out all about it for himself; and Charley, though he has thus far failed, yet does not like to give up, and secretly appeals to ST. NICHOLAS. Unfortunately for him, the Saint approves of his uncle's method of instruction, and can only compromise matters a little by putting the problem to its scores of other young heads, and asking Charley's equals in years to come to his aid.

If *they* fail, Charley, ST. NICHOLAS will solve the mystery, and, at the risk of offending your uncle, will even now say to you—don't look too near home. Take a bird's-eye view of the Globe, if you can, and you may be able to see this noted tower.

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ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you how to preserve autumn leaves. Mother took a paraffine candle; any other wont do. Then she melted some of the candle, and dipped the leaves in it, then in cold water. It is not much to do it.—Yours truly, MARY DEWEY.

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1 University Place, New York City, Nov. 4th, 1875.

DEAR EDITOR OF OUR ST. NICHOLAS: Your "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" has given us some information on matters and things which have been great help to the young folks, and caused us to think much of the little magazine.

Now will you be so kind as to give us some information we very much desire concerning a nice song. It is a song which our mother sings so nicely, but she knows only two verses of it, and we feel we would give 'most anything to get the remaining two or three verses. She says she has known it for more than twelve years. We inquired at two or three music-stores, but cannot find it.

The name of the song is "The White Pilgrim," and the first line runs thus: "I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay." We do not know the author of the words or music; but if you can just only give us the words (mother knows the music to which they are set), you will confer a great favor.—Yours anxiously, FRED.

Who can inform Fred?

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MANY CORRESPONDENTS.—The following communication from Mrs. Fannie Roper Feudge will, we trust, satisfactorily cover numerous recent inquiries in regard to postage-stamps:

Among the stamps no longer in use, it is difficult to say which is the rarest. That of the Rocky Mountain Pony Express, Wells, Fargo & Co., was, at one time, considered the rarest of all; but the great demand for it by collectors brought a supply into the English market, so that, at a later day, specimens could be purchased in London at a very small advance on the face value. Some very rare postage-stamps belonging to Denmark, but without date, were sold in London about ten years ago, for twelve and fifteen shillings each, though the time of their issue could not be ascertained. It is just possible that they were not more genuine than one circulated by a wag, with the rumor that Iceland had issued a stamp of her own, in lieu of the Danish. The device of the new stamp was a bear and the word *vulnare*. An enthusiastic collector shortly after noticed a stamp of this sort on a pomatum pot, and on inquiry found that the bear stamp, instead of belonging to Iceland, was the copyright of a barber!

In regard to *size*, stamps vary but little. Of the few "overgrown" ones, as they have been called, the 600 reis of Brazil, and the 6*d*. and 1*s*. of New South Wales (the first issued), bear off the palm; and the smallest known is the quarter schilling, of Mecklenburg Schwerin.

For *beauty*, the stamp of Nova Scotia has been called the "queen of stamps;" while of the English stamp, which invariably bears the head of Queen Victoria, some one has said: "Never, in so small a space, has the engraver's art created anything more perfect; and it is

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only to be regretted that this little masterpiece of art must ever be outraged by the canceling mark." Italy had a variety of stamps, some of them very artistic, but they have mostly been replaced by an embossed head of Victor Emmanuel, and very few of the former can now be obtained. The rudest and most coarsely executed stamps are those of Moldavia and Moldo Wallachia, which are struck off on any kind of paper by a hand stamp.

In point of *value*, the largest is that of the Rocky Mountain Pony Express, of four dollars; and the least, the centime (one-fourth of a cent), of France and Belgium. The next smallest in value of *foreign* stamps, are the half-penny stamps of Ceylon and Malta. Those in use at Singapore and the other Straits settlements under British rule, are somewhat below the usual size in this country, though scarcely smaller than the English (dome) stamp. The Straits stamp, as indeed are all the British Colonial stamps, are manufactured in London. Stamps have rarely been printed in more than one color. Those, however, that were first issued for British India were of two colors, red and blue intermingled. So, also, are the South Australian register stamps, and those used in some of the Swiss Cantons.

Polish stamps were printed in three colors, and the Russian stamp also shows three. France has a stamp divided into two portions by perforation, which allows the lower half to be torn off in canceling, leaving the letter to reach its destination with only the upper half adhering.

India is indebted to the late Earl of Dalhousie for the establishment of a cheap and uniform rate of postage in that wide-spread country. Formerly postage to most places in the interior was so very expensive as almost to preclude correspondence by mail—it being cheaper, ordinarily, to send a native courier with the dispatch. Now a letter may be conveyed from Peshawer, on the borders of Afghanistan, to the southernmost village of Cape Comorin, fifteen hundred miles in a straight line, for a half *anna*, less than two cents of our money. Other distances, between all points of this great peninsula, are of proportionately cheap rates; and, as in England, the revenue of the postal department has been increased an hundred fold since the system of cheap postage has been adopted. Since 1858, when the rule of the East India Company ceased to exist, a new postage-stamp, more nearly resembling that of England, has been adopted for India.

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WE have received from the composer, F. Boott, the following music: "I 'm Weary with Rowing," "Waiting for You, Jock," "Here 's a Health to King Charles," "Wishing," "Dormi, Jesu!" "The Sailor's Wife," and "Lady Moon." The latter is from "Our Young Folks' Little Songs," which is a series of very pretty and very easy songs for children.

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THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONG. Selected and arranged with notes by Francis Turner Palgrave. New York: Macmillan & Co.—We heartily commend this book to our boys and girls as one of the choicest collections of English poetry we have yet seen. Nothing has been admitted which is not true and fine, and many of the poems are made doubly inviting by Mr. Palgrave's explanatory notes. That despairing cry, "Where *shall* I find a good piece to speak in school?" will be stilled when once this dainty volume becomes part of a home.

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THE INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE-STAMP ALBUM, by J. Walter Scott (J. W. Scott & Co., N. Y.), is a large and handsome book, containing spaces for the insertion of all the varieties of postage-stamps that have been issued in various parts of the world, with a great deal of useful information about the stamps, rulers, flags, arms, &c., of the different nations. Our young stamp-collectors will find this a valuable album.

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# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 22, 23, 12, 7, 31, 10, 30 is a dissenter. My 6, 1, 24, 26, 14 is reason. My 2, 3, 13, 21 is a channel. My 18, 17, 19, 20 is to lay in order. My 11, 5, 29 is a grain. My 15, 25, 4, 14 is a relation. My 9, 27, 16, 28, 8, 1, 5 is part of every house. My whole is a short sermon. A. S.

### BEHEADED RHYMES.

THE silent monk, with gloomy ——
Stood muffled in his heavy ——
As solemn as the wisest ——
That ever sat on nest.

The while the gallant knight, St. ——
Arose and left his lonely ——
"I 'll go," said he, "and take the ——
Upon yon mountain's crest."

But as he climbed, he felt a ——
"If I should stay upon this ——
I 'm sure," said he, "I should be ——
To go back will be best."

'T was then the gloomy monk did ——
"Be satisfied with what 's in ——
Remember this, my hearers ——
And put it to the test." A. M.

### PYRAMID.

LEFT incline is a kind of writing censuring vice and folly. Centrals, winding like the thread of a screw. Right incline, horses for state or war.

1. A consonant. 2. Appropriate. 3. Worn out. 4. An ungrateful wretch. 5. Turned to one side. 6. The state of being uniform in all parts. HYPERION.

### EASY HIDDEN CITIES.

1. I HAVE a new portfolio. 2. See that ox fording the stream. 3. Get up, I say. 4. Glad, O very glad am I! 5. It is in the attic or kitchen. 6. Rain and wind; sorry prospect for the farmers. 7. If you do not hasten to supper, the cakes will be cold. 8. He is either playing with the cat or on top of the shed. 9. Mr. Hilmott awakened to find his house in flames. S. K.

### WORD-SQUARE.

THE cry of a wolf. A monster. A small bird. A fast. M.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

A CELEBRATED poet's name.

FINALS.

Contemporary of the same.

CROSS-WORDS.

Ye little folks, all hide your gold;
Here comes a robber fierce and bold.
A traitor follows in his wake;
'Gainst him who can precaution take?
From earth to heaven your eyes now raise;
A constellation claims your gaze.
A water-fowl next calls to you:
"What is my name?—come, tell it true."
"And what is mine?" from o'er the sea
A country calls. What can it be?
A lovely flow'ret wants to know
If you can tell her how to grow.
A vengeful tyrant waits to hear
His name and nation, plain and clear.
A gallant ship now shouts, "Ahoy!
Come board me, ev'ry girl and boy"

JENNY DARE.

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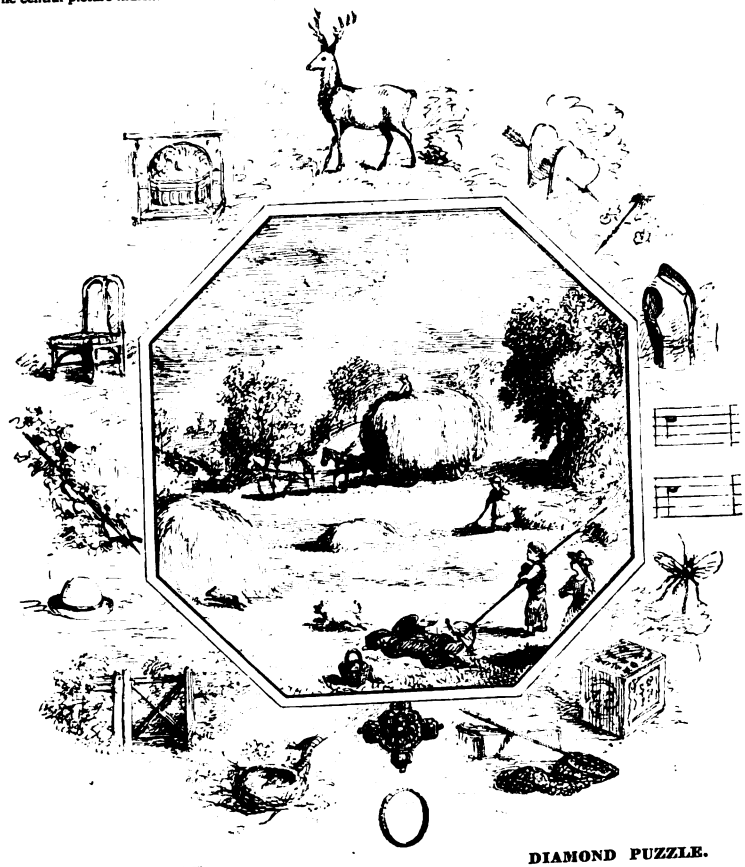
## PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture indicates the whole word, from the letters of which the names of the other pictures may be formed.)



## CHARADE.

My first is a circle quite full of emotion;
My second, a famous town close by the ocean
My third is my first with a small annexation;
My whole is a beautiful, bright constellation.

ANON.

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

My first indicates generosity. My second is used by astronomers. My third is a bright saying. My fourth, another word for immediately. My fifth is a coming together. My sixth, holders of a military rank. My seventh denotes pleasing or praiseworthy. My eighth was the scene of a world-renowned battle. My ninth is heretical. My whole, read diagonally, reveals the name of a department in St. Nicholas.

E. D.

## WORD-SQUARE.

1. A tempest. 2. A number. 3. A kind of window. 4. An ancient English officer of justice. 5. A confused scuffle.

HYPERION.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. Guided. 3. Pointed stakes or pieces of wood. 4. Concise in style. 5. Another name for the quince. 6. Indicated. 7. Desirable situations for building purposes. 8. A fish. 9. A consonant.

HYPERION.

## CLASSICAL CHARADE.

I am a word of four syllables, of which my first and second united denote opposition; my third and fourth, a famous island that gives name to a beautiful marble; and my whole is the name of another island, noted for its wonderful grotto, eighty yards high and one hundred broad, containing a superb marble pyramid and a variety of figures of a lustrous and transparent whiteness.

F. R. F.

## DECAPITATIONS.

Whole, I am to contract; behead twice, I am a place of amusement; behead again, and get something used by authors.

L. P.

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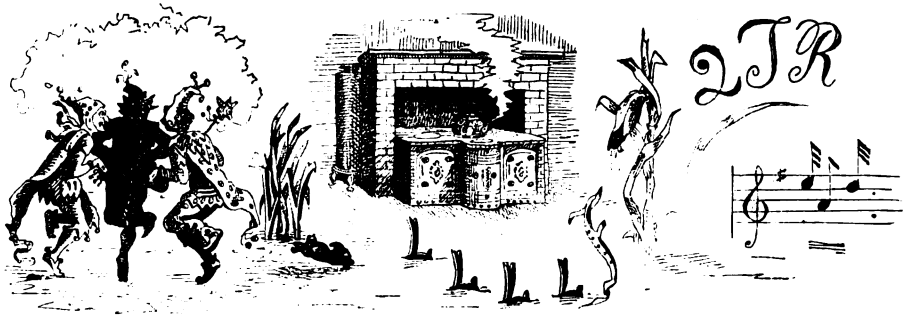
## REBUS.




## ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-four letters. My 14, 15, 19, 20 is to incline. My 17, 7, 22, 9 is a vessel. My 1, 19, 5 is a domestic animal. My 11, 2, 4, 12 is shape. My 3, 16 is a personal pronoun. My 13, 21, 19 is a girl's name. My 24, 8, 18 is to strike. My 23, 10, 8, 14 is to make dirty. My 5, 10, 3, 4 is a journey. My whole is the name of a celebrated poem. FUN SEE.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in Frank, but not in Joe;
My second is in deer, but not in doe;
My third is in infant, but not in child;
My fourth is in gentle, but not in mild;
My fifth is in cat, but not in dog;
My sixth is in hole, but not in bog;
My whole is a country in Europe. A. M.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

A MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Mount Parnassus.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Prate, rate, ate. Flout, lout, out.

ELLIPSES.—1. Speculation, peculation. 2. Galley, alley. 3. Grope, rope. 4. Goat, oat. 5. Strap, trap. 6. Sink, ink.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Canary.

C—orsica
A—lexander the Great
N—imrod, the founder of Nineveh
A—thens
R—amoth, where Ahab died, Joram was wounded, [and Jehu anointed.
Y—okohama.

SQUARE-WORD.—

D O D G E
O P E R A
D E T E R
G R E A T
E A R T H

EXCEPTIONS.—1. Maple, male. 2. Popular, poplar, polar. 3. Timber, Tiber. 4. Chaplet, chalet. 5. Revel, reel. 6. Canto, Cato. 7. Marline, marine. 8. Capulin, caplin. 9. Caramel, Carmel, camel. 10. Canyon, canon.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

S—T A B—S
B—A L E—S
A—B E T—S

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

M
T I M
T A L O N
M I L L I O N
M O I S T
N O T
N

METAGRAM.—Whack, hack, Jack, lack, pack, rack, Mack, tack, sack, back, Zack, quack, knack.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.—

S W A N
W A R E
A R M S
N E S T

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Insufferable—suffer in Elba. 2. A grander—arranged. 3. My one—money. 4. Particular—I curl a part. 5. Covenant—a convent. 6. Diversion—is so driven. 7. Directions—discretion. 8. Tolerated—told a tree. 9. Trident—red tint. 10. Imparted—dime trap.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—

T R A—C—E R S
S H—A—R E
S—P—Y
T
T—A—N
S P—I—N E
S P I—N—N E R

ENIGMA.—Merry Christmas to all.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

A—L—E
S—T A B—S
S—L A T E R—S
A—B E T—S
E—R—A

CHARADE.—Babylon.

CHRISTMAS-TREE PUZZLE.—1. Umbrella (umber—Ella). 2. Parasol. 3. Ring (it has no end). 4. Bracelets (cut—lets). 5. Note-paper. 6. Chain and seals. 7. Watch. 8. Ear-rings. 9. Doll (four-sixths of a dollar). 10. Cane. 11. Telescope (Tell—S—cope). 12. Gloves (Gee and loves). 13. Robinson Crusoe. 14. Student's-lamp (stew—dents—palm). 15. Scott's works. 16. Slippers. 17. Scent-bag (cent). 18. Handkerchief (hand—cur—chief). 19. Neckties. 20. Traveling-bag. 21. Diamond necklace. 22. Picture (Pict—ewer). 23. Whip (hip and double you). 24. Tools (two, or *too* l, s). 25. Collars (cholers) and cuffs. 26. Mother Goose. 27. Counterpane. 28. Mantilla (tiller). 29. Mosquito-net. 30. Drum (d and rum). 31. Sash. 32. Dictionary (Dick—shun airy). 33. Spectacles. 34. Shawl (hus*h*—awl). 35. Rifle. 36. Candy (c—and—y). 37. Breast-pin. 38. Pencil-case. 39. Piano. 40. Diary. 41. Locket (lock it). 42. Sunshade. 43. Cravat (craving). 44. Violin. 45. Tortoiseshell comb. 46. Ivory hair-brush. 47. Nosegay. 48. Block. 49. Boot-jack. 50. Lace barb. (There was a mistake in No. 14 of this puzzle. It should have read: "—and a part of the hand, transposed.")

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to December 18, from G. A. Wells, Kittie Roe, Willie Dibblee, "Gussie," Willie McKibbin, Clement March, "Polly," Arthur D. Smith, Alfred T. Barnes, "Little Sealskin Cap" and "Gugeorguge," Lottie E. Little and Nellie B. Manchester, Minnie Markham, Katie L. Offiett, Frankie E., Mary C. Foster, John P. Tucker, "N'importe," Mabel C. Chester, D. C. Robertson, Stella Archer, Alfred Mestre, Florence Osgood, William C. Delanoy, Sophie C. Johnson, Willie E. Furber, "A Bird-defender," "Georgie," Harry C. Wiles, Susie De Forest Day, Tommy W. Fry, Evelyn S., Frank French, John R. Eldridge, Marcia Lamphire, May Holmes, Millie Wilson Stockwell, Nessie E. Stevens, Willie A. Lewis, C. W. Hornor, Jr., C. F. Pernnell, W. L. Young, Clive Ferris Wheffen, Lucy A. P., L. D. Schäffer, Norman Barbour, Mamie A. Johnson, Harry Forde, and Carrie L. Hastings.

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THE BOY RUBENS AND HIS MASTER.

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## RUBENS.

BY EMMA BURT.

LONG, long ago, toward the close of the sixteenth century, a boy sat all alone, in an alcove of a queer old studio in the beautiful Art-city of Antwerp.

The ill-tempered master had dismissed his pupils and had gone away. The boy still loitered, restless and distraught. What had troubled this tranquil young spirit? He said dreamily to himself:

"Perhaps, after all, I am mistaken. If I possessed power would this wonderfully able master misuse me every lesson? *Could* he fling the brushes and palette, and stools at my head? It may be I mistake, and that I *should* have adopted the profession of law, or even should have continued as the Countess de Lalaing's page. With her all was lovely and stately and magnificent; here all is ugly, uncouth, and unkind—except ——

"Except, indeed! Nay, nay, Peter Paul Rubens, you *know* that nothing besides is so dear to you as beautiful, beloved art; and, right or wrong, we will push ahead and see what will come of it!"

Having finished this little speech to himself, the lad roused from his reverie and laid away the moist, unhappy sketch on which his master had been giving him instruction. He then found him a fresh canvas, and retreating to this lonely corner, placed it upon a chair and seated himself before it upon an old wooden box.

He sat for a time quite thoughtful. All the morning's trouble passed out of his mind. In its place flitted a glorious train of visions—thoughts of gods and goddesses, gnomes and satyrs, forests and beasts, splendid courts with princely men and women, lofty cathedrals, and innumerable saints. At last he thought of Mary, the mother of Christ. He lifted his downcast eyes and eagerly seized a pencil, and sketched a strong outline of a woman's head. "Ah! that is a little like my thought," he said.

He then boldly mixed his colors and laid them on the canvas. Stroke upon stroke he painted, ardently, yet with care. He forgot he was wearied with the morning's task, forgot he had not dined, even forgot that he had been disturbed and doubting. Very happy was he in this close and anxious task of creating a picture out of a beautiful thought.

So absorbed he was that the door opened and he never heard, and the master entered and gazed silently over his shoulder, and he did not know it.

The master was a true painter by nature; but intemperance had dulled his powers, and made him irritable and brutal toward his pupils. Yet enough of the artist remained to cause him to now lift his hands in surprise and wonder at the bold and powerful sketch this boy had dared to execute in his absence; and he involuntarily cried out:

"The boy's ardor, and courage, and industry will make him great!"

Long ago both master and pupil passed away. The master is remembered only from his great pupil. The pupil is known, the world over, as one of its remarkable men and masters.

In the "Pilot-race" of the December ST. NICHOLAS, you will find Rubens sailing along beside Shakespeare. He was born in that same glorious age when there were giants among men. Men with minds so strong, unfettered and wide, that they took in all human nature, and mythology and fairydom besides. Those were royal times in the history of mind!

Rubens was born in the year 1577, just thirteen



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years after the birth of Shakespeare, and he has been called "The Shakespeare of Art;" but this is hardly true, for there has never been a Shakespeare in art. Shakespeare was too universal. Rubens comes the nearest to him, doubtless.

Rubens' life was one long brilliant stream of prosperity and happiness. It was as if a host of fairies had conspired to see how much they could do for a mortal. Ruin was all about him; but he rose above it, superb in his greatness and success. It was a troublous time of cruel civil war in his own country, and disturbance abroad. His parents fled for safety from Antwerp to Cologne, and thence to the village of Siegen, just out of Cologne, where, on the 29th of June, Rubens was born. This was the festival day of St. Peter and St. Paul, so they named the boy Peter Paul Rubens. Shortly after his birth they returned to Cologne, and dwelt in the modest house on the Sternen Gasse, with its low-roofed rooms and its small garden of pot-herbs. On the front of this house there is an inscription, calling it the birthplace of Rubens, and the place where Marie de Medicis died. But Rubens was *not* born in this house; he spent his childhood there.

On his father's side his remote ancestor was a tanner by trade; but his father was a doctor of laws, a magistrate, a frequenter of courts, and a friend of kings. His mother was of noble lineage. The parents had great hopes for this fifth child, Peter Paul. They would make him a doctor of laws, and he should be even more distinguished than his father. They placed him at the College of the Jesuits in Cologne. Here he showed that eager relish and facility for learning that went with him through life. Soon there came a change. The father died; the country became more tranquil; the mother removed to Antwerp, for its better advantages for the education of her children. This was in his tenth year. At the age of thirteen, he had made such progress in Latin, and several modern languages, and in knowledge of common law, that his mother placed him as page to the Countess de Lalaing, thinking this might prove a stepping-stone to distinction in his profession. For in those days the patronage of the great was highly regarded.

His good sense, docility, and natural grace made conformity to the ceremony of this princely house an easy task for Rubens. But he soon wearied of this empty leisure and splendor. His spirit was too noble, and his mind too active, for him to wait in content upon the favors of the great. Besides, he had become inflamed with a love for the fine arts, and his secret wish was to be a painter.

So one day he laid all his discontent, his hopes, and his desires before his good mother. He told her all his reasons, and begged her to permit him to choose his life.

His mother was a woman of high ability. Tenderly sagacious and vigilant was she over her children's interest. Now she was disappointed in her child's wishes. She felt that the life of an artist was unworthy of his birth, station, and superior education.

But she listened to his plea, and consented to his wish. With characteristic promptness, she took him from the palace of the Countess, and placed him for instruction with one Van Haegt, a painter, and a friend of the family. This man had little ability; so Rubens was soon after placed in charge of Adam Van Oort, an historical painter of some note in that day. With this intemperate and violent man, Rubens spent four years in close, if not happy, study.

At length the mild and courteous youth could no longer bear this violence of manner, and he was forced to leave Van Oort.

He now placed himself under the instruction of Otto Venius, painter to the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands.

This was a happy change. The way to his cherished ambition was no longer a thorny one—it was now an enchanting pathway.

Venius was a high-bred, generous, and learned man; a painter of some reputation, a courtier, and an excessive lover of art and letters. He saw his pupil's genius, and became at once his companion and friend.

Rubens was soon elected a member of the old established painters' club, called the "Guild of St. Luke," and in various ways was recognized as the equal of his master and of his guild.

At the end of four years, this excellent master told him frankly he could teach him no more, and advised his going to Italy in order to study the older masters.

Eight years had this youth been toiling to learn the "technicalities" of art, and to acquire unerring perception of form and color, and mastery of touch. A long apprenticeship, do you think? Not too long.

Let me tell you what it did for him. All life was glorious to him. His imagination was teeming with the things that knowledge had brought him. History, mythology, Christian religion, and the strong life about him, peopled his mind with countless pictures. He was filled with the fire of hope and daring. Now he had reached his strong, young manhood—the age of twenty-three years. His master had pronounced him no longer an apprentice, but a master also. He was thoroughly equipped with a well-learned profession, and was now ready to put forth his energies and work.

And this was the way he chose: He dared be

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true to his own thoughts, without fear of school or critic. What he could gather from others was well; but his *work* and his *way* must be his own.

His subjects were dramatic. His force of thought, and skilled mastery of hand, enabled him with rapid stroke upon stroke, in a marvelously short time, to lay upon the canvas one glorious, glowing, living scene. So living were his pictures that the great Guido Reni (whose thorn-crowned Christ you have everywhere seen), when he first saw Rubens' work, cried out: "Does this master mix blood with his colors?" This is Rubens. This is the master who became the founder of a new school in art.

Then in the year 1600, the good Venius presented Rubens to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella.

These patrons of the fine arts were delighted with the young painter. There was a charm about him always, as a boy and as a man, that drew to him friends wherever he went. He had a certain elegance and fitness of behavior, ready wit, tact, wide culture, most engaging humor, and grace of expression. Withal he had manly independence, that commands respect always and everywhere.

He is said to have looked like this: "Tall; well-made; fine florid complexion; noble in his manners—both mild and proud; strong constitution; distinguished in his dress; and he generally wore a gold chain about his neck."

So, with the favor of the Archduke, Rubens went to Italy. Here he became the friend of the Duke of Mantua, who, too, was delighted with the young painter and his amazing work.

Observing Rubens' quick intelligence and noble presence, the Duke drew him from his study of Titian and other old painters, in whom he was absorbed, and sent him on a secret mission to the Court of Spain, with a present to King Philip III. of seven superb horses. Here again he won distinction. The King liked him much, and gave him orders for pictures, and loaded him with gifts and honors. His life in Spain would make a fairy-tale in itself. His triumphant return to Italy, and the honors there heaped upon him—the way princes and nobles vied with each other in gaining possession of the works of his hand at any price—would make another story in itself. So would his life in Paris, and in London, and again in Antwerp. But, dear girls and boys, that would be too many stories in one. I can give only glimpses as we go along.

Eight years had passed since he left the good Otto Venius. He was still young, he had been flattered beyond measure, yet was unspoiled. He had not lost sight of the one purpose of his life, for which he had left the palace of the Countess de Lalaing when a boy.

In the midst of all changes and excitements here and elsewhere, he continued the diligent study and practice of painting, and proudly upheld the honor of his profession.

Once, while in England, an eminent personage said to him: "The ambassador of his Catholic Majesty, I see, amuses himself by painting."

Rubens replied: "I amuse myself by playing ambassador sometimes."

These years had been full of profit and pleasure to him, yet he now looked longingly homeward.

He wrote to his mother: "How is it possible I have lived so long away from you! It is too long. Henceforth I will devote myself to your happiness. Antwerp shall be my future residence. I have acquired a taste for horticulture, and our little garden shall be enlarged and cultivated, and our home will be a paradise."

Word came of his mother's declining health. He hastened home, but alas! too late. Before he arrived she had died. He was so stricken with grief that, for four months, he withdrew from the world into the Abbey of St. Michael, where his mother was buried.

He now thought of returning to Italy. But the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, as the story goes, "bound him to them with a chain of gold." He yielded to their wishes on condition that he might be allowed to dwell apart from the gay Court at Brussels. To this they consented, and he accordingly built him a beautiful home in Antwerp. It included a splendid studio and a great museum, which contained gems, pictures, cameos, statues, and innumerable other rare antique objects. In after years the Duke of Buckingham induced Rubens to part with this collection for the sum of £10,000.

Connected with this fine home were gardens, conservatories, stables of valuable horses, and a collection of wild beasts. These wild creatures he always delighted to paint. Here, doubtless, he painted all the scenes in which they occur; but it is said that his famous picture of the Lion Hunt was from a real adventure of his in Africa.

Thus he could arrange everything to his taste and convenience,—he had become so extremely rich.

At this time Rubens married Isabella Brandt, a senator's daughter, and settled to a happy domestic life, and to a systematic plan of work. His method of life was this: To rise at four o'clock in the morning; to eat a simple breakfast; to ride on horseback, and at an early hour set himself diligently at work in his studio, where he painted all day.

He seldom made visits; but his friends were always welcome, and conversed with him while at work. It was his habit to have some person read

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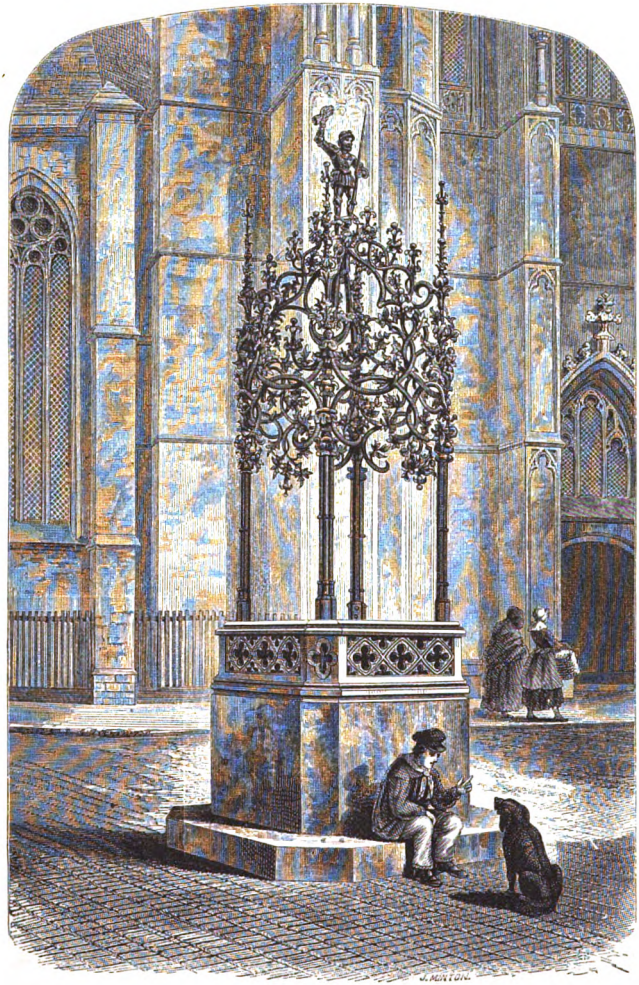
to him, while painting, from Livy, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, or other classic authors. This is one secret of his inexhaustible resources of mind. He was severely temperate in his habits—refusing to cloud his intellect, impair his perceptions, to weaken the power of his arm, or unsteady the firmness of his touch, by the use of strong drinks, or excess of any kind.

A powerful man he was—with the nerve, muscle, endurance of a Hercules. So firm was his arm that he had no need to use the "rest-stick" in painting. And he preferred to keep his strength.

Yet he was none the less a gay and genial man. At evening when he dined, the table was surrounded with eminent and gifted people, whose discussions one can fancy were like other table-talk across the Channel, where "rare Ben Jonson," Shakespeare, Garrick, and others said their brilliant say. Those were the days of mental giants.



QUENTIN MATSYS' WELL.

These years Rubens had become so madly the fashion that he could not fill the orders sent him. So he adopted this method: he made small distinct sketches in oil (which he seldom changed) and had his pupils transfer them to large canvas, and carry them forward to the last stages, when he took them in hand again, and bestowed the finishing master-touches.

For Marie de Medicis, the Queen of France, he executed twenty-four immense paintings for the Luxembourg Palace, which are now to be seen in the Louvre. I cannot give you the names even of the pictures he painted. They far exceeded a thousand during his life.

Indeed his pictures are to be found in nearly every great gallery in the world.

Munich has an almost countless number. Antwerp now possesses very many of his best works. In its Museum are twenty-three,—among them, the "Crucifixion of Christ between the two thieves" is wonderful, and the "Incredulity of St. Thomas" is most expressive. In the Church of St. Paul's is his "Scourging of Christ." In the churches of St. Jacques and of St. Augustine other of his works are to be seen.

There are few places in Europe so rich in magnificent churches, and in remarkable works of art,

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as is Antwerp. The great Cathedral of Nôtre Dame is especially interesting. The object of greatest interest within is the famous work of Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross." In front of the west door of this cathedral is Quentin Matsys' well, a remarkable work in iron, executed by Quentin Matsys, the celebrated Antwerp blacksmith, who, some say, through love of a painter's daughter, became himself a painter. Just opposite the cathedral, in the Place Verte, is a fine statue of Rubens.

But to return to the story:

A gentle and painstaking master was Rubens. He watched the least indication of genius, and strove to impart to others who were worthy all that he had learned at so great cost. Thus, at length, his school of pupils became a school of master painters of undying fame.

Such prosperity could not go unmolested. Malicious and envious artists tried to injure him. But his gay humor and gentle charity disarmed them, and the slanders fell to the ground.

To me, the most beautiful thing in his life was the way he found employment for his needy enemies; and the way he sought out and bestowed richly upon poor and suffering, but gifted artists, and set them in a way to help themselves.

Some person tried to sell to Rubens a share in the "philosopher's stone," which he claimed to have found. Rubens gayly pointed to his brushes, and said, "I have found the philosopher's stone." Truly, it could not have been placed in better hands—this mighty gift—for the gold that came from it blessed all about him.

He once visited a certain nobleman in prison, and found there a stranger in whom he became interested. He discovered the man to be one Brower, a painter, whose merit he had before observed. He at once procured his release and took him to his own home. The man, though well endowed by nature, had too dissolute tastes to be content in this elegant and refined home, so he escaped to his own element and soon after died.

Rubens' life was now exceedingly rich,—there was his beloved wife, whom he so often painted, and his two beautiful sons, and his princely home, and his countless friends and patrons.

Yet he was at this time sadly afflicted by the state of his country, and he carefully considered political affairs.

The Archduke Albert felt so great confidence in Rubens, that at his death he enjoined upon his wife, Isabella, to choose Rubens as her adviser, as he knew him to be an "upright, wise, clear-headed man."

She selected him, therefore, to be her ambassador to Holland. This difficult position he filled with such success, that upon his return she sent him to the Court of Spain upon another delicate political mission. Here his wide knowledge and diplomatic skill enabled him to accomplish that for which he was sent. The King held him in so high regard that he was made Secretary of the Privy Council.

STATUE OF RUBENS IN ANTWERP.

After long delay, in which great and many honors were paid him, he returned to Brussels. Here he was not long permitted to remain—his country still needed his service. He must go to England to negotiate peace between England and Spain. This mission also, after long delay, he accomplished with singular success.

King Charles I.,—that gentle, melancholy and doomed monarch, that passionate lover of the fine arts,—grew very fond of this artist-ambassador, and "delighted to honor" him.

His career had now reached its utmost splendor. He was lodged at Black Friars at the royal charge; he was given the work of painting the ceilings at Whitehall with scenes from the life of James I.; he had countless orders; he was given an annuity for life, and the King gave him besides, as a mark of favor, a hat-loop of diamonds worth ten thousand crowns.

And one day, in that same Whitehall, beneath his own paintings, he knelt before the King, who presented him with the royal sword, and, attaching the regal portrait to a rich gold chain, suspended it about his neck; and so the artist Rubens was knighted—Sir Peter Paul Rubens. Alas! the poor

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King was himself nearly bankrupt. Do you know that not long after this, the gentle-hearted King Charles laid his head down upon the block and was beheaded?

And yet Rubens' prosperity went on. And I will tell you another singular thing: Marie de Medicis, ex-Queen of France, the former friend and patron of Rubens, died in her 76th year a most pitiable death. Deserted and exiled, she died so sadly in the very little house, the childhood home of Rubens. Was it not curious?

But Rubens' prosperity went on to the very end. True, he was not without sorrow. During these years his wife died. This was a great grief.

After this delay in England, he gladly returned to his native land. He became Director of the School of Art. He married Helena Forman, and settled to his old life in Antwerp. Very soon, though, he was called again to public duty. This time it was an embassy to Holland, by which he succeeded in causing the States to enter into a treaty of peace with Spain.

Once more he was at home, ready to enjoy a well-earned repose. But now disease attacked him, and he could no longer work as he had done. Then death came to him, in his 63d year, 1640.

After this came the honors which he could never know. Such a procession of utmost splendor was perhaps never seen in the old Art-city of Antwerp. People of all nations, stations, and professions followed him to the tomb; and before his bier was carried a crown of gold—for was not this man a prince among painters?

Well might the city of Antwerp do honor to him by whom it had been so nobly enriched.

He was buried in the Collegiate Church of St. Jacques, an imposing edifice which contains many precious and rare works. To this day pilgrims of art visit this church that they may see the tomb of the great painter.

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# THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A MISADVENTURE.

THE next few days of the journey were toilsome and uncomfortable. The nights were hot, and the emigrants were greatly annoyed with mosquitoes, so much so that Hi gave notice that he should go crazy if they did not "let up" on him. Long rains had swollen the streams; the Platte overflowed its banks in some places, and the bottom lands opposite Fort Kearny were deluged. The boys had depended on crossing the river for the sake of visiting the fort, which was on the south side, but they were prevented by the high water. They had no special errand at the fort, but as they had now been a month on the road, they thought it would be pleasant to go over and "see where folks lived," as Barney expressed it. He and Mont made the attempt but gave it up, after wading a long distance through the overflow without reaching deep water. This was a disappointment, and they pushed on with a slight feeling of loneliness. They all wanted to see what a frontier fort was like, though they knew that it was only a collection of substantial buildings—barracks and storehouses—surrounded by a stockade. There was something romantic and adventurous about a military post in the Indian country, which, to Arthur at least, was very attractive. The next fort on their route was Fort Laramie, and to this stage on their journey they now passed on, still keeping by the north bank of the Platte.

There was no occasion for loneliness, however, as the road was now all alive with teams. It was the custom for emigrant companies to combine in trains of several companies each. These "laid" by sometimes, for a day or two at a time, in order to rest, repair the wear and tear of teams, and get ready for a fresh start. On such occasions the camp was busy, though our young fellows enjoyed the rest when it came. It was tedious work marching all day, camping at night, packing up and beginning another march next day. They knew they must be three or four months crossing the continent, and a "lay-by" of two or three days was always welcome; and nobody thought such a stoppage was a serious delay. After a few weeks, everybody got over all feverish eagerness to be the first at the mines. Now and then some small party of horsemen, lightly equipped and traveling rap-

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idly, pushed by the body of emigrants, their faces eagerly set toward the land of gold, and scarcely taking time to sleep.

From such rapid travelers as these our boys ascertained who was behind, and they soon learned the names, origin and character of most of the companies between the Sierra Nevada and the Missouri. While they were camped for a day's rest—Sunday's rest—near Dry Creek, Bush came up with his little cow and cart. He had been traveling with a Wisconsin company, but had left them behind when near Fort Kearny and had pushed on by himself. Bush was full of news. He had passed several parties of whom our boys had heard; and he had been passed by several others, some of whom were ahead, and others of whom were again behind. In this way the intelligence on the trail went back and forth. Emigrants thus learned all about the fords, the grass, wood and water, and the condition of the road before them. Somehow, the gossip of the great moving population of the plains flowed to and fro, just as it does in a small village. Men sat around their camp-fires at night, or lounged in the sun of a leisure day, and retailed to each other all the information they picked up as they traveled. Every man was like a newspaper to the next man he met. There were no tidings from far countries, none from home, and only a very little from the land to which they were bound. The long column of emigration that stretched across the continent had its own world of news. It was all compressed in the space that lay between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada. Thousands of camp-fires sparkled at night along the winding trail that ran on and on across the heart of the continent. Thousands of wagons moved slowly on to the westward, an almost unbroken procession through an unknown land; by each fire was a community of wanderers; each wagon was a moving mansion carrying its own family with its worldly possessions, and laden with the beginnings of a new State beyond the mountains.

Just now, camped on a level greensward, with a bright June sun lighting up the landscape, our boy emigrants enjoyed their day of rest very much. They were grouped under the shelter of the tent, which was caught up at the sides to let in the air, for the weather was growing hot.

"'Pears to me," said Bush, "this tent is mighty fine, but it lets the sun in. It's too all-fired white inside."

"Bush likes to camp under his go-cart," laughed Hi. "But I allow a tent is uncommonly handy when it comes on to rain."

"As for the sun shining in through the cloth," said Mont, "I think I see a way to help that." So he caught up one or two of the blankets which were opened out on the grass to air, and flung them over the ridge-pole.

"You are a powerful knowin' creeter, Mont," said Bush, admiringly. "A feller 'd suppose you had been on the plains all your life. And you a counter-jumper at that."

Barney remonstrated that Mont was not a counter-jumper. "Besides," he added, "it don't follow that a young fellow don't know anything beyond his counter because he has spent some of his days behind one."

"Jess so, jess so," said Bush. "Mont is on hand here to prove that. There's fellers as takes to rough work, and plains tricks and doin's, as a cat does to cream. Then, ag'in, there's fellers as aint no more use around a team than a cow would be in a parlor."

Mont listened with some amusement to this conversation, as he lay on the ground looking up at the shaded roof of the tent. He explained: "You see, Bush, I like teaming, roughing it, and living out in the open air. Would you like to tend store, lay bricks, or work in a factory?"

"Nary time," rejoined Bush.

"I don't believe you would take to any such business, nor do well in it, if you were put to it. Do you?"

"No. If I was to be sot to work,—at regular work, you know,—why, I should go right straight down to where flour's fifteen dollars a bar'l, and no money to buy with at that. Oh, no! I'm gay and chipper at lumberin', gettin' out rock, teamin', or any of them light chores; but come to put me to work,—regular work,—I'm just miserable."

"Then there's Arty," put in Barney. "He's all for live animals. Just see that steer follow him round after sugar."

Tige had been loitering about the camp instead of keeping with the cattle that grazed near by, and Arty, having allowed him to smell of a little sugar which he carried in his hand, was enticing him about the camping-ground.

"Dreffle waste of sugar," commented Tom.

"Never you mind about the sugar," said Hiram, reprovingly. "That's the knowingest critter on the plains; and if Arty has a mind to give him a spoonful, now and then, it's all right. We've got enough to carry us through."

Hearing the debate, Arty approached the tent, holding out his hand toward the docile Tige, who still followed him, snuffing the coveted sugar.

"Take care! take care! don't come in here!" yelled Hi. But Arty kept on, laughing at Tige, who seemed also to be much amused. Arty stepped over the body of Barney, who lounged by the door, the steer immediately following him.

"He'll wallop your tent over," shouted Bush;

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but Tige, still stepping after his master as lightly as a full-grown steer could step, kept on with his nose close to the boy's open hand, and drawing long breaths as he smelled the sugar. Arty circled about the interior of the little tent, and over the prostrate forms of his comrades, who hugged the ground in terror lest the unwieldy beast should trample on them. They were too much surprised to move, and Tige marched after Arty, turning around inside the canvas house as gingerly as if he had always lived in one.

"Why, he is as graceful as a kitten, and he steps over you as if he were treading among egg-shells," said Arty, shaking with fun. "See how carefully he misses Hi's big feet. Why, Tige is almost as spry as you are, Hi."

"If Tige knocks down that pole, I 'll wallop you with it," said Hi, who did not relish the common camp joke about his large feet. But the wise little steer passed safely out by the front of the tent, having gone in at one side of the pole and out at the other, without doing any damage. He was rewarded with the sugar which he had pursued into the presence of so much danger, and he lay down at a distance, contemplating the group which he had just visited.

"I think you said something about a cow in a parlor, Bush," said Arty. "What do you think of a steer in a tent?"

"Well, youngster, between you and me and the post, I think the best place for me, as I said afore, is out of doors. It 's close, this living in a tent; and when it comes to makin' cattle to hum in one of 'em, I aint there."

Tige's friendship for his young master was put to the test the very next day. It was a bright Monday morning when they reached Dry Creek. But the creek was by no means dry. Its steep banks were slippery with moisture, and four or five feet of water flowed through its bed. A large number of teams had been passing over, and when our young emigrants came up, there were several companies laboriously making their way across, or waiting an opportunity to strike into the trail. Except at one place, a crossing was almost impossible. The wagons were "blocked up," as the water was deep enough in places to flow into the wagon-boxes. "Blocking up" was done by driving wide blocks of wood under the box or body of the wagon, said box being loosely fitted into the bed or frame-work. Thus raised on the blocks, the body of the wagon is kept in place by the uprights at the sides, and is set up high enough to be drawn over an ordinary stream without wetting its contents.

The descent into the creek was no steeper than the way out on the other side. It was hard enough to get down to the stream without damage. It would be still more difficult to get out. Those who were then crossing made a prodigious racket shouting to their animals, at each other, and generally relieving their excited feelings with noise as they worked through the difficulty.

"We shall have to double up, and there 's nobody to double up with us," said Barnard, ruefully.

The boys had resorted to the expedient of "doubling up," or uniting their team with that of some passing acquaintance, before this. The spirit of good-fellowship prevailed, and two or more parties would combine and pull each other's wagons through by putting on each the horses or the cattle of the whole, until the hardest place was safely passed. Here, however, all the other travelers were busy with their own affairs. There was nobody ready to "double up" with others.

"Howdy, youngsters?" said a languid, discouraged-looking man, coming around from behind a red-covered wagon. "Powerful bad crossing this yere."

"Yes," said Arthur, who immediately recognized him as the man who could not make his fire burn when they were camped near "Pape's." Just then the sallow woman put her head out of the wagon, and said: "Glad to see you. Me baby 's wuss."

"She takes yer for a doctor, Arty," whispered Hi, who remembered that Arthur had tended the sick baby while the mother was cooking supper.

"We 'uns is havin' a rough time, ye bet yer life, but I allow we 'll pull through. Want to double up, you 'uns?"

"Yes," replied Mont. "This is a pretty bad crossing; and as you have a strong team, we should be glad to join forces and go across together."

"Jine? Oh, yes, we 'll hitch up with ye. Things is cutting up rough, and my old woman, she allows we aint goin' through."

"Not going through?"

"Oh, you keep shut, will ye, ole man," said the woman from the wagon. "If you had a sick baby to nuss, you would n't be so peart."

"I aint so peart," said the husband, grimly. "But I allow we 'll double up, seein' it 's you. I war agoin' to wait for Si Beetles, but we 'll just snake your wagon over; then we 'll come back for mine."

The blocks were got out, and put under the wagon-bed, and the stranger's cattle were hitched on ahead of those of our boys. The wheels were chained together, front and rear, so that they could not revolve and hurry the wagon down the steep bank.

"Ye 'll have to wade for it, boys; you 'd better strip," advised Messer, for that was the stranger's name.

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"Oh, it's only a short distance," said Mont, measuring the width of the creek with his eye, and observing the depth to which the men then in the water were wading. "Roll up your trousers, boys, and we'll try it that way."

The party, except Hi, who sat in the fore part of the wagon and drove, stripped their legs bare by rolling up their trousers; and the chained wagon, drawn by four pair of cattle, pitched down the muddy bank, attended on either side by the young emigrants, and Bush and Messer. Slipping and sliding, they reached the bed of the stream in safety, unlocked the wheels and plunged boldly in, though the cattle were bewildered by the cries of the owners and the confusion of the crowd crossing the creek.

By dint of much urging and some punching from behind, the wagon was "snaked" up the opposite bank, and our boys drew breath a few minutes before taking hold of Messer's wagon.

"Laws-a-massy me!" cried the poor woman, as the team slid down the bank. "This is wuss than get-out. I'd sooner wade the branch myself." But, before she could utter any more complaints, the wagon was at the bottom of the slope and the chains taken from the wheels. The cattle went into the stream with some reluctance, and Hi, who was driving, yelled, "Haw, there, haw!" with great anxiety. But the beasts would not "haw." Little Tige held in now with sullen courage; the rest of the team persisted in pushing up stream. Arty and Barnard were on the "off" or upper side of the team, but they could not keep it from running wildly away from the opposite bank. The animals were panic-stricken and angry; turning short around, they were likely to overturn the wagon.

"EVERYBODY RUSHED TO THE WRECK."

Arty rushed out to the leading yoke and tried to head it off. Tige was in the second yoke, resolutely pulling back his mate, Molly. It was in vain. Bally, the ox just behind Tige, made a vicious lunge at Arty, who, in dodging to escape the horns of the creature, slipped and fell headlong into the water, then about up to his waist. Immediately he was struggling among the cattle, where he could not swim, and was in danger of being trampled by the excited beasts. Hi shouted with alarm, and, all clothed as he was, leaped out of the wagon. There was no need. Before any of the party could reach him, Arty had scrambled out and had laid hold of Tige's head, that sagacious

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brute having stood perfectly still and stooping as his young master floundered under his belly.

Dripping with muddy water, and breathless, Arty struggled to his feet just as Hi, similarly drenched, waded up to him. This all took place in an instant, and the cattle, left for a moment to themselves, sharply turned toward the bank down which they had come, still heading up the stream. The wagon toppled on the two "off" wheels, quivered, and went over with a tremendous splash.

Everybody rushed to the wreck and dragged out the woman and her sick baby. Both were wet through and through. The cattle now stood still. The water gurgled merrily through the overturned wagon, on which the owner looked silently for a moment, and then said:

"Just my ornery luck!"

"Luck, man!" said Mont, impatiently. "Why don't you bear a hand and right up your wagon before your stuff is all spoiled?"

"Thar's whar yer right, strannger," replied the poor fellow. "But this is the wust streak yit. It sorter stalls me."

Help came from the various companies on both sides of the creek, and Messer's wagon was soon set up on its wheels again, though nearly all of its load was well soaked. The woman and her baby were taken out on to dry land and comforted by some women who were with the wagons already on the further side of the creek. When the party finally struggled up and out of this unfortunate pit, they found that Messer's wife had been taken in and cared for at a wagon which, covered with striped ticking, stood apart from the others, with the cattle unyoked near by.

"Why, there's Nance!" said Johnny; and, as he spoke, that young woman descended from the wagon and approached.

"Ye're wet, young feller," she remarked to Arty.

"Yes," he responded, wringing out his trousers-legs as well as he could. "We were with the team that upset, and I was upset first."

"Jest like ye. Always in somebody's mess. I'd lend ye a gound, but have n't got but one."

"Thank you kindly. I don't think your gowns would fit me. But that yeast of yours did first-rate." Arthur thought lightly of his own troubles.

"I knowed it would. Have you kept your risin' right along?"

"O yes, we have saved leaven from day to day, and so we have 'riz bread,' as you call it, every time we bake."

"Glad of it. We'll have to divide with these Missouri folks. I reckon they've lost all their little fixin's; but then they use salt risin'. Them ornery critters from Pike always do."

The Missourians were in bad plight. Whatever was liable to damage by water was spoiled, and our party of emigrants felt obliged to stop and help the poor man unload his wagon, spread out his stuff to dry, and get himself together again for a fresh start. The sun shone brightly, and the weather was favorable to the unhappy emigrant, who sat around among his wet goods, bewailing his hard luck, while his chance acquaintances repaired damages and saved what they could of his effects.

His wife, loosely clad in a dress belonging to Nance's mother,—a large and jolly woman,—fished out from the crushed wagon-bows, where it had been suspended in a cotton bag, the wreck of an extraordinary bonnet. It was made of pink and yellow stuff, and had been a gorgeous affair. She regarded it sadly, and said: "It was the gayest bunnit I ever had."

Nance contemplated the parti-colored relic with some admiration, and said:

"Just you hang that there up in the sun alongside of that feller, and they'll both on 'em come out all right. Fact is," she said, condescending to

NANCE APPEARS

approve Arty, "he's all right, anyhow; and if that big chap had n't jumped out of the wagon and left the cattle to take care of themselves, the wagon would n't have gone over. So now!"

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"But Hi thought Arty was getting killed," remonstrated Johnny. "So he jumped out into the water, head over heels, when he saw Arty fall."

"Don't care for all that," retorted Nance, with severity. "Yer altogether too chipper. If yer Hi had n't upset that wagon, I might have seen this yere bunnet before it was washed."

"Never mind," said Arty. "Perhaps Mont will show you how to straighten out that bonnet, when he has finished mending Messer's wagon-bows. Mont knows almost everything."

"Who is that yere Mont, as you call him, anyhow?" asked Nance.

"He 's from Boston, is real smart, and just about knows everything, as I told you."

"Oho! and that 's why you are called 'The Boston Boys,' is it?"

"But they call us 'The Lee County Boys.' We came from Lee County, Illinois."

"Lee County, Illinoy!" repeated the girl, with a knowing air. Folks on the prairie calls you 'The Boston Boys.' So now!"

## CHAPTER X.

### AMONG THE BUFFALOES.

WHILE the wagon was yet heavily loaded, the boys spared the oxen, and so, seldom rode. At first, the member of the party who drove the team was permitted to sit in the wagon part of the time. But the roads were now very hard for the cattle, and so all hands walked. Old Jim's back was sore; he could not be saddled, and he was left to follow the team, which he did with great docility. The boys hardened the muscles of their legs, but they complained bitterly of sore feet. Much walking and poorly made boots had lamed them. The moccasins which they wore at times were more uncomfortable than the cow-hide boots they had brought from home.

"Confounded Indians!" complained Tom,—"they don't put no heels to their moccasins; they tire a feller's feet awful."

"Sprinkle some whisky in your boots; that 's all the use the stuff can be to us; and whisky is good to toughen your feet." This was Mont's advice.

"But why don't the Indians put heels on their moccasins? That 's what I 'd like to know."

"Why, Tom, it is n't natural. Those Sioux that we saw down at Buffalo Creek can out-run and out-jump any white man you ever knew. They could n't do it if they had been brought up with heels on their moccasins."

"But for all that, them moccasins are powerful weak in the sole," grumbled Hi. "'Pears to me, sometimes, as if my feet was all of a blister, after traveling all day in the dod-rotted things. Hang Indian shoe-makers, anyhow!"—and Hiram contemplated his chafed feet with great discontent.

"Then there 's old Bally," chimed in Arty. "He 's gone and got lame. He don't wear moccasins, though."

"But," said Mont, "we may be obliged to put moccasins on him—or, at least, on his sore foot."

"What for?"

"Well, we 've fixed his foot now two or three times, and he gets no better of his lameness. We might put a leather shoe, like a moccasin, filled with tar, on his foot. That 's good for the foot-rot, or whatever it is."

"Gosh!" said Hi. "How much that feller does know!"

"Well," laughed Mont, "I picked that up the other day. Those Adair County men said that if Bally did n't get better, tar would be healing; and they said to bind it on with a shoe made from an old boot-leg."

"Lucky I picked up those boot-legs you thought were of no use, Barney Crogan," said Arthur. "They 'll be just the things for Bally's moccasins."

The boys had put up with many discomforts. Sometimes they had no water for drinking or cooking except what they found in sloughs and swampy places by the track. Often even this poor supply was so mixed with dead grass and weeds that it was necessary to strain it before using it. Then, again, in the long stretch which they were now traveling between Fort Kearny and Fort Laramie, fuel was scarce. Not a tree nor shrub was in sight; buffalo chips were seldom to be found, and the only stuff from which a fire could be made was the dry grass and grease-weed found in sterile spots among the bluffs above the road. They were having hard times. Along the valley of the Platte heavy rainstorms are frequent in the summer-time; and, more than once, all hands were obliged to get up in the night and stand by the tent, in a pelting rain, to keep it from blowing away. One night, indeed, after bracing the tent all around outside with extra lines, they were forced to stand on bundles and boxes inside and hold up the ridge-pole, which bent in the force of the gale and threatened to snap in twain. And then the mosquitoes!

But here was a serious trouble. Bally was a surly animal, but he was a powerful fellow and the best traveler in the team. He had gone lame these four days, and was getting worse instead of better. The boys had passed many cattle, left behind on account of their lameness by those who had gone before. They did not like to think of turning out old Bally to die by the roadside. Matters were not so serious as that. But Mont had said, almost

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under his breath: "If we should have to leave Bally ——"

Serious remedies were now to be tried. The tar-bucket was taken out from under the wagon, and a shoe made from one of provident Arty's boot-

MRS. MESSER'S BONNET.

legs. With the assistance of Bush, Messer, and one or two neighbors at the camp, poor Bally was cast by suddenly pulling on ropes attached to one hind-foot and one fore-foot. The big beast fell over on his side with a thump that made Arty's heart jump. Then each person held that part of the animal to which he had previously been assigned. Nance, whose father was now with them for a time, looked on with profound interest.

The struggling animal subsided, after awhile, into an angry quiet, his eyes rolling wildly at Arty and Johnny, who sat on his head to keep him down.

"Set onto him heavy, boys," said Bush. "'S long 's he can't lift you, he can't lift his head; and 's long 's he can't lift his head, he 's got to lay still."

But he did not lie still. When the shoe, full of soft tar, was fairly on, but not tied, Bally wiggled his tail very animatedly, cuffed Bush on the side of his head with the lame foot, which he suddenly jerked out of the hands of the operators, and, with one mighty effort, threw up his head, angrily brandishing his horns the while. Arthur and Johnny flew into the air, one to the right and one to the left, as Bally's head swung in either direction. Struggling to his feet, the worried beast shuffled off a pew paces, his shoe half-sticking to his foot in slip-shod fashion; then he stopped and regarded the whole party with profound disfavor.

"Wal, I allow you are a nice creeter, you are!" said Hi, with disgust. "Don't know yer best friends, you don't, when they 're tryin' to cure ye up."

"Why, he 's as spry as a cat and as strong as an ox," cried Bush. "But them boys is spryer. See 'em go? Tore yer shirt, did n't it, Arty?"

"My belt saved me," said the boy, bravely, exhibiting a huge rent in his flannel shirt, and a long red streak on the white skin of his chest, where Bally's sharp horn had plunged under his belt and sharply along his "hide," as Bush called it. Johnny had turned a somersault, lighting on his shoulders, but without serious damage.

"Well, we 've got it all to do over again," was Mont's philosophic comment; and, under his leadership, Bally was once more thrown and held down until the shoe was firmly fixed on his foot. He walked off, with a limp, evidently very much puzzled with his first experiment in wearing leather shoes.

"Looks like a bear in moccasins," said Hi, grimly. "Leastways, he looks as I allow a bear would look in moccasins, or with one of 'em onto him. Next time you are sot on a steer's head, Arty, you git where he can't h'ist you higher 'n a kite when he tries to git up."

"I sat where I was told, Hi; but I did n't weigh enough. That 's what was the matter."

The lame ox did not keep his shoe on more than a day or two at a time, and the boys soon had the disagreeable task of replacing it quite often. It was a troublesome affair; but they were now obliged to face the more troublesome question of supplying his place, in case it became necessary to leave him behind. Bally's mate was like him—a large and powerful ox; Tige and Molly, the leaders, were lighter. With these three and their horse, Old Jim, they might go on; but the prospect was gloomy.

"Pity we can't hitch up some of these buffaloes that are running around loose," said Barnard, with a personal sense of the wastefulness of so many cattle going wild, while they needed only one draught animal. "Could we catch one of these critters and put him into the yoke, I wonder?"

"You catch one, and I will agree to yoke him," laughed Mont.

It was not surprising that Barney grumbled at the waste of animal power, and that a wild notion

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that some of it ought to be made useful crossed his mind. The country was now covered with vast herds of buffaloes, moving to the north. One day, Mont and Arty ascended a steep bluff, to the right of the road, while the wagon-train kept slowly on below them. As far as the eye could reach northward, the undulating country was literally black with the slow-moving herds. Here and there, on some conspicuous eminence, a solitary, shaggy old fellow stood relieved against the sky—a sentinel over the flowing streams of dark brown animals below. They moved in battalions, in single files, by platoons, and in disorderly masses, stretching out in vast dark patches and covering the green earth. Before them was grass and herbage; behind them was a trampled, earthy paste.

Occasionally, these migratory herds, coming to a stream, rushed in thirstily, each rank crowding hard upon another. When the foremost struck the water, galloping along with thundering tread, the fury of their charge sent the spray high in the air, like a fountain. In an instant, the crystal current was yellow and turbid with the disturbed soil; then a dense mass of black heads, with snorting muzzles, crowded the surface from bank to bank.

"See! see!" cried Arthur. "How those big fellows run on ahead, lie down and roll, and then jump up and dash on again. Why, they're spryer than old Bally was, the other day, when he pitched me sky-high."

"Yes, and if you watch, you will see that all the buffaloes on the side of that bluff drop in the same place, roll and skip on again, almost like a lot of cats."

"Why do they do that, Mont?"

"Well, you know that most hairy animals like to roll; I suppose it answers for a scratching-post. If you ever come to a tree in this part of the country, you will find it all worn smooth and tufted with loose hair, where the buffaloes have rubbed themselves against it."

"But, somehow, these chaps all seem to drop in the same place and then canter on again. I should think each buffalo would want a clean spot."

"O no! that place is worn to the soil now, and is a better one to rub the hide of the creature in than a grassy place would be. For years after this, if we were to come along here, we should find a big patch right there where the buffaloes are rolling as they trot along. The grass wont grow there again for a great while. That is what the plains men call a buffalo-wallow,—though a 'waller,' I believe, is the correct plains expression."

"I like you, Mont," said Arty, looking frankly into Morse's brown face, "because you know everything."

"O no, Arty, not everything. You are a partial friend. I'm only a greenhorn. But look at that! My! But is n't that a sight?"

As he spoke, a vast crowd of animals, moving from the eastward, came surging up over a swale in the undulating surface. There seemed to be hundreds of thousands. The ground disappeared from sight, and in its place, as if it had swallowed it, was a flood of dark animal life. There was no longer any individuality; it was a sea. It did n't gallop; it moved onward in one slow-flowing stream. There was no noise; but a confused murmur, like the rote of the distant sea before a storm, floated on the air. There was no confusion; in one mighty torrent the countless creatures drifted on, up the hills and down the horizon.

"Jingo!" exclaimed Arty. "I don't wonder Barney grumbles because there is so much cattle-power running to waste. Don't I wish we could hitch up four or five yoke of those old chaps! We'd go to California, just 'fluking,' as Bush would say."

"If I had my way about it, my boy, I'd have some of that good, nice, buffalo-beef that is running about loose here, cut up and sent to poor folks in Boston."

"Well, there are poor folks in other cities besides Boston, Monty, you know."

"To be sure; only I think of them first, because I know them. And wherever they are, some of those same poor folks don't get fresh meat very often. And here's millions and millions of pounds going to waste. It seems to me that there's a screw loose somewhere that this should be so."

Arthur regarded this wonderful cattle show with great soberness and with new interest.

"Why can't some rich man have these buffaloes killed and the fresh meat sent to the poor who starve in cities?"

"Perhaps a more sensible plan would be to bring the poor out here."

"Sure enough," responded the lad, "I never thought of that. But if next year's emigrants kill the buffaloes like they do now, there will be none left when the settlers come. Why, I counted twenty-seven dead ones on the cut-off, yesterday, when Johnny and I took that trail back of Ash Hollow."

"And even the animals that are cut into are not used much for food," added Mont. "We have all the buffalo meat we want; and while you were off, yesterday, I passed a place where some party had camped, and I saw where they had kindled a fire from an old, used-up wagon, and had heaped up two or three carcasses of buffaloes to burn. Great waste of fuel and meat too, I call that. But I greased my boots by the marrow frying out of the bones."

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Mont and Arty descended the bluff, and, reaching the rolling plain behind it, moved to the north and west, keeping the general course of the road, but leaving the bluff between it and them.

"We have nothing but our pistols to shoot with," said Mont, "and I would n't shoot one if I could. But we may as well see how near we can get to them."

They walked rapidly toward the moving mass of buffaloes. Here and there were grazing herds, but most of them seemed to be slowly traveling without stopping to eat. Mont advised that they should creep up a bushy ravine which led into a gap in the hills, and was blackened on its edges with buffaloes. Cautiously moving up this depression, they emerged at the further end and found themselves in a throng of animals, just out of gunshot range. Some were standing still, others were moving away, but all regarded the strangers with mild curiosity.

"Why, I thought I should be afraid," confessed Arthur.

"No," whispered Mont. "As long as they are not maddened by a long chase, or driven into a corner, they are as harmless as so many cows."

Passing out between the hills, the young fellows found themselves on a nearly level plain. Here, too, was a dense throng of buffaloes, stretching off to the undulating horizon. As the two explorers walked on, a wide lane seemed to open in the mighty herds before them. Insensibly, and without any hurry, the creatures drifted away to the right and left, browsing or staring, but continually moving. Looking back, they saw that the buffaloes had closed up their ranks on the trail which they had just pursued; while before, and on either hand, was a wall of animals.

"We are surrounded!" almost whispered Arthur, with some alarm.

"Never mind, my boy. We can walk out, just as the children of Israel did from the Red Sea. Only we have waves of buffaloes, instead of water, to close behind and open before and be a wall on each side. See!"

And, as they kept on, the mass before them melted away in some mysterious fashion, always at the same distance from them.

"See! We move in a vacant space that travels with us wherever we go, Arty."

"Yes," said the lad. "It seems just as if we were a candle in the dark. The open ground around us is the light we shed; the buffaloes are the darkness outside."

"A good figure of speech, that, my laddie. I must remember it. But we are getting out of the wilderness."

They had now come to a sharp rise of ground, broken by a rocky ledge, which turned the herds more to the northward. Ascending this, they were out of the buffaloes for the time, but beyond them were thousands more. Turning southward, they struck across the country for the wagon-track, quite well satisfied with their explorations.

Between two long divides, or ridges, they came upon a single wagon, canvas-covered, in which were two little children. Two boys—one about seven and the other eleven years old—were playing near by, and four oxen were grazing by a spring.

In reply to Mont's surprised question as to how they came off the trail, and why they were here

MONT

alone, they said that their father and uncle had come up after buffaloes, and were out with their guns. Their mother was over on the bluff—pointing to a little rocky mass which rose like an island in the middle of the valley. She had gone to hunt for "sarvice-berries." They were left to mind the cattle and the children.

"Pretty careless business, I should say," murmured Mont. "Well, youngsters," he added, "keep by the wagon; if your cattle stray off, they may get carried away by the buffaloes. Mind that!"

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They went on down the valley, looking behind them at the helpless little family alone in the wilderness.

"A man ought to be licked for leaving his young ones here in such a lonely place," said Mont.

Suddenly, over the southern wall of the valley, like a thunder-cloud, rose a vast and fleeing herd of buffaloes. They were not only running, they were rushing like a mighty flood.

"A stampede! a stampede!" cried Mont; and, flying back to the unconscious group of children, followed by Arthur, he said: "Run for your lives, youngsters! Make for the bluff!"

Seizing one of the little ones, and bidding Arthur take the other, he started the boys ahead for the island-bluff, which was some way down the valley. There was not a moment to lose. Behind them, like a rising tide, flowed the buffaloes in surges. A confused murmur filled the air; the ground resounded with the hurried beat of countless hoofs, and the earth seemed to be disappearing in the advancing torrent. Close behind the flying fugitives the angry, panic-stricken herd tumbled and tossed. Its labored breathing sighed like a breeze, and the warmth of its pulsations seemed to stifle the air.

"To the left! to the left!" screamed Arthur, seeing the bewildered boys, who fled like deer, making directly for the steepest part of the bluff. Thus warned, the lads bounded up the little island, grasping the underbrush as they climbed. Hard behind them came Arty, pale, his features drawn and rigid, and bearing in his arms a little girl. Mont brought up the rear with a stout boy on his shoulder, and breathless with excitement and the laborious run.

Up the steep side they scrambled, falling and recovering themselves, but up at last. Secure on a bare rock, they saw a heaving tide of wild creatures pour tumultuously over the edge and fill the valley. It leaped from ledge to ledge, tumbled and broke, rallied again and swept on, black and silent save for the rumbling thunder of many hoofs and the panting breath of the innumerable multitude. On it rolled over every obstacle. The wagon disappeared in a twinkling, its white cover going down in the black tide like a sinking ship at sea. Past the island-like bluff, where a little group stood spell-bound, the herd swept, the rushing tide separating at the rocky point, against which it beat and parted to the right and left. Looking down, they saw the stream flow by, on and up the valley. It was gone, and the green turf was brown where it had been. The spring was choked, and the wagon was trampled in a flat ruin.

Fascinated by the sight, Mont and Arthur never took their eyes from it until it was over. Then returning to their young charges, they saw a tall, gaunt woman, with a horror-stricken face, gathering the whole group in her arms. It was the mother.

"I don't know who you be, young men, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart," she said. "Yes, I thank you from the bottom of my heart—and, oh! I thank God, too!" And she burst into tears.

Arthur, at loss what else to say, remarked: "Your wagon is all smashed."

"I don't care—don't care," said the woman, hysterically rocking herself to and fro where she sat with her children clasped to her bosom. "So's the young ones are safe, the rest may go to wrack."

As she spoke, a couple of horsemen, carrying rifles, came madly galloping down the valley, far in the wake of the flying herd. They paused, thunderstruck, at the fragments of their wagon trampled in the torn soil. Then, seeing the group on the rock, they hastened on, dismounted, and climbed the little eminence.

"Great powers above, Jemimy! we stampeded the buffaloes!" said the elder of the pair of hunters.

Arty expected to hear her say that she was thankful so long as they were all alive.

"Yes, and a nice mess you've made of it." This was all her comment.

"Whar's the cattle, Zeph?" asked the father of this flock.

"Gone off with the buffaloes, I reckon, dad," was the response of his son Zephaniah.

The man looked up and down the valley with a bewildered air. His wagon had been mashed and crushed into the ground. His cattle were swept out into space by the resistless flood, and were nowhere in sight. He found words at last:

"Well, this is perfeckly rediclus."

*(To be continued.)*

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# THE RARE OLD KING AND HIS DAUGHTERS THREE.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

A RARE old king and daughters three,
Beside their castle by the sea,
Were eating peaches from a tree
That grew in the castle garden.

There came a gleaming, golden sail,
Through azure mists like a lady's veil,
And silver trumpets blew "All hail
The king and his lovely daughters!"

The eldest princess blushing rose,
And lifting high her pretty nose
Above all earthly joys and woes,
She raised her eyes to heaven,

And smiling, told them what she saw,
Named lovely visions softly o'er.
Entranced, half-kneeling to adore,
The prince stood list'ning near her.

A gallant prince from far away,
In scarlet plume and brave array,—
But, traveling by night and day,
His shoes were scarcely dainty,—

A-wooing came. This monarch grand
He kissed each lady's snowy hand,
And courteous made one fair demand—
A bud from the castle garden.

Alas! alas! with head so high,
She scarce could see him standing by;
Her chin well nigh put out his eye,
And she tripped and fell before him.

The second princess, tall and fair,
With downcast eyes and modest air,
Stole gently toward the garden where
The roses were a-blooming.

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She saw such toads and newts and flies,
She walked with tears and groans and sighs.
Her shining hair and drooping eyes,
The prince was pleased to approve them.

But when this princess nearer came,
She saw no plume like scarlet flame;
She shuddered when he spoke her name.
"Your shoes!" she cried, a-swooning.

The youngest sister, smiling free,
Along the path tripped merrily.
Her eyes were sparkling like the sea,
As it glittered far before them.

And sang she then a roundelay:
"Your posies gather on the way;
An' if you do not, there they lay,
And you 'll wander on without them!"

She frankly smiled into his eyes;
She met his words with fair replies.
"I find this princess fair and wise,"
He said, and fell a-wooing.

Within his castle grand and old,
On fairy blue, in fairy gold,
A dainty maxim there is told,
Above his lady's chamber:
"Who wishes for the moon alone,
To many tumbles she is prone;
Who walks abroad with lowered eyes,
She sees but toads and newts and flies;
Who looks not low, nor yet too high,
May pluck the flowers and see the sky."

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# THE FESTIVAL OF TAPERS.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

THE other evening at Vespers, attracted by a burst of music from the swinging curtain of the door-way, I entered a little church much frequented by the common people. An unexpected and exceedingly pretty sight rewarded me.

It was All Souls' Day. Here in Italy almost every day is set apart for some festival, or belongs to some saint or another, and I suppose that when leap-year brings round the extra day, there is a saint ready to claim the 29th of February. Whatever the day was to the elders, the evening was devoted to the children. The first thing I noticed was that the quaint old church was lighted up with innumerable wax tapers,—an unusual sight, for the darkness of a Catholic church in the evening is usually relieved only by a candle here and there, and by a blazing pyramid of them on the high altar. The use of gas is held to be a vulgar thing all over Europe, and specially unfit for a church or an aristocratic palace.

Then I saw that each taper belonged to a little boy or girl, and that groups of children were scattered all about the church. There was a group by every side altar and chapel, all the benches were occupied by knots of them, and there were so many circles of them seated on the pavement that I could with difficulty make my way among them. There were hundreds of children in the church, all dressed in their holiday apparel, and all intent upon the illumination, which seemed to be a private affair to each one of them.

And not much effect had their tapers upon the darkness of the vast vaults above them. The tapers were little spiral coils of wax, which the children unrolled as fast as they burned, and when they were tired of holding them, they rested them on the ground and watched the burning. I stood some time by a group of a dozen seated in a corner of the church. They had massed all the tapers in the center and formed a ring about the spectacle, sitting with their legs straight out before them and their toes turned up. The light shone full in their happy faces, and made the group, enveloped otherwise in darkness, like one of Correggio's pictures of children or angels. Correggio was a famous Italian artist of the sixteenth century, who painted



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cherubs like children who were just going to heaven, and children like cherubs who had just come out of it. But, then, he had the Italian children for models, and they get the knack of being lovely very young. An Italian child finds it as easy to be pretty as an American child does to be good.

One could not but be struck with the patience these little people exhibited in their occupation, and the enjoyment they got out of it. There was no noise; all conversed in subdued whispers, and behaved in the most gentle manner to each other, especially to the smallest, and there were many of them so small that they could only toddle about by the most judicious exercise of their equilibrium. I do not say this by way of reproof to any other kind of children.

These little groups, as I have said, were scattered all about the church; and they made with their tapers little spots of light, which looked in the distance very much like Correggio's picture which is at Dresden,—the Holy Family at night, and the light from the Divine Child blazing in the faces of all the attendants. Some of the children were infants in the nurse's arms, but no one was too small to have a taper, and to run the risk of burning its fingers. There is nothing that a baby likes more than a lighted candle, and the church has understood this longing in human nature, and found means to gratify it by this festival of tapers.

The groups do not all remain long in place, you may imagine; there is a good deal of shifting about, and I see little stragglers wandering over the church, like fairies lighted by fire-flies. Occasionally they form a little procession and march from one altar to another, their lights twinkling as they go.

But all this time there is music pouring out of the organ-loft at the end of the church, and flooding all its spaces with its volume. In front of the organ is a choir of boys, led by a round-faced and jolly monk, who rolls about as he sings, and lets the deep bass noise rumble about a long time in his stomach before he pours it out of his mouth. I can see the faces of all of them quite well, for each singer has a candle to light his music-book.

And next to the monk stands THE BOY—the handsomest boy in the whole world probably at this moment. I can see now his great, liquid, dark eyes, and his exquisite face, and the way he tossed back his long, waving hair when he struck into his part. He resembled the portraits of Raphael,

THE CHILDREN WITH THEIR TAPERS.

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when that artist was a boy; only I think he looked better than Raphael, and without trying, for he seemed to be a spontaneous sort of boy. And how that boy did sing! He was the soprano of the choir, and he had a voice of heavenly sweetness. When he opened his mouth and tossed back his head, he filled the church with exquisite melody.

He sang like a lark, or like an angel. As we never heard an angel sing, that comparison is not worth much. I have seen pictures of angels singing —there is one by Jan and Hubert Van Eyck in the Gallery at Berlin—and they open their mouths like this boy, but I can't say as much for their singing. The lark, which you very likely never heard either —for larks are as scarce in America as angels—is a bird that springs up from the meadow and begins to sing as he rises in a spiral flight, and the higher he mounts the sweeter he sings, until you think the notes are dropping out of heaven itself, and you hear him when he is gone from sight, and you think you hear him long after all sound has ceased.

And yet this boy sang better than a lark, because he had more notes and a greater compass, and more volume, although he shook out his voice in the same gleesome abundance.

I am sorry that I cannot add that this ravishingly beautiful boy was a good boy. He was probably one of the most mischievous boys that was ever in an organ-loft. All the time that he was singing the Vespers, he was skylarking like an imp. While he was pouring out the most divine melody he would take the opportunity of kicking the shins of the boy next to him, and while he was waiting for his part he would kick out behind at any one who was incautious enough to approach him. There never was such a vicious boy; he kept the whole loft in a ferment. When the monk rumbled his bass in his stomach, the boy cut up monkey-shines that set every other boy into a laugh, or he stirred up a row that set them all at fisticuffs.

And yet this boy was a great favorite. The jolly monk loved him best of all, and bore with his wildest pranks. When he was wanted to sing his part and was skylarking in the rear, the fat monk took him by the ear and brought him forward, and when he gave the boy's ear a twist, the boy opened his lovely mouth and poured forth such a flood of melody as you never heard. And he did n't mind his notes; he seemed to know his notes by heart, and could sing and look off, like a nightingale on a bough. He knew his power, that boy, and he stepped forward to his stand when he pleased, certain that he would be forgiven as soon as he began to sing. And such spirit and life as he threw into the performance, rollicking through the Vespers with a perfect abandon of carriage, as if he could sing himself out of his skin if he liked.

While the little angels down below were pattering about with their wax tapers, keeping the holy fire burning, suddenly the organ stopped, the monk shut his book with a bang, the boys blew out the candles, and I heard them all tumbling down stairs in a gale of noise and laughter. And the Beautiful Boy I saw no more.

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## HOW DROLL!

By M. E.

FOURTEEN little *thin* bugs, caught out in a shower,
Scrambled quick as lightning into the nearest flower.
"Dew and honey!" said they all. "Dear me! this is sweet!
Looks as though it really might be good enough to eat."
They smelled it, they tasted it,—"Yes, indeed! it's nice!"
Leaflet after leaflet vanished in a trice.

By the time the sun came, to chase away the shower,
There were all the fourteen bugs, but who could find the flower?
Into it the creatures went; now *it* was in *them*—
Fourteen little *fat* bugs, sitting on a stem!

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# WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

WINDSOR CASTLE is the chief State residence of the Sovereigns of England. This is a fact, to begin with, which the American boys and girls—for whom I have been asked to write something about Windsor—know as well as I do. So here is a little bit of standing-ground on which we can meet, and, as it were, introduce ourselves to each other. You on the other side of the big Atlantic have probably never seen anything like this great old medieval castle turned into a palace, and I hope that I, who live under its shadow, may be able to find something to tell you about it not quite so well known as the broad fact with which we have begun. I see this great, beautiful building every day of my life, in the sunshine and in the mists—sometimes standing up proudly over all the summer foliage like a majestic guardian of the peaceful country; sometimes rising gray against the clouds like a dream-castle. I could show you the very window in the Round Tower where the last ray of the sunset lingers longest, and where I think the enchanted princess must surely be sleeping, waiting for her true knight. And when we glide down the river of a summer's evening, you should see how all the towers rise above us, and the pinnacles of St. George's Chapel, and the long line of palace-front, and the rugged strength of the Norman donjon! King Edward Plantagenet built one portion—nay, two Edward Plantagenets had a hand in it, and two Henry Tudors, and Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Anne, and Queen Victoria, not to speak of the Charleses and the Georges. It is as beautiful as the dream of a poet—the noblest royal dwelling-place in Europe; and besides this, it is a long and splendid history done into stone.

Now, this is a thing I should like you to notice in passing, for it is full of interest. The modern houses which are being built nowadays, are built once for all and are done with. But in the old ages an architectural foundation was like a seed, taking root and growing, in soil fruitful or sterile, as the case might be. To go over a castle, a cathedral, a palace, or even a homely little parish church, in England or France or Germany, is often like making a visionary journey through several centuries. Every new prince or bishop, and even every homely squire or rude medieval baron, made it his pride and delight to add something new—some durable token that he too, and his generation, had lived there—to the building he loved. If you study the noble art of Architecture, you will soon learn by what changes of form and developments of ornament you can distinguish the handiwork of one century from another; and when you have learned this, you will understand the pleasure of being able to see at a glance where the Norman began his heavy, solid work, and how the next heir threw up a loftier arch and poised a nobler roof upon his hereditary home, and how his grandsons worked the stone into loveliest fret-work of decoration, and all the ages contributed something, till Gothic beauty and variety gave way to Greek

WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

or Italian straight lines and modern comfort. This is one of the great charms of Windsor Castle, as of every other similar building. The Round Tower, which you will see in the picture like the crown of the whole edifice, is in reality its very heart and beginning—the "keep" or "donjon," for strength and defense, which was the first necessity of primitive times. No one can exactly tell how many old kings, from holy Edward the Confessor, planned, and how many ancient workmen labored at, the lower stories of those massive walls; but the final builder was Edward III., who built them as they stand (though not quite so lofty) six hundred years ago. St. George's Chapel, to the left of the Keep,

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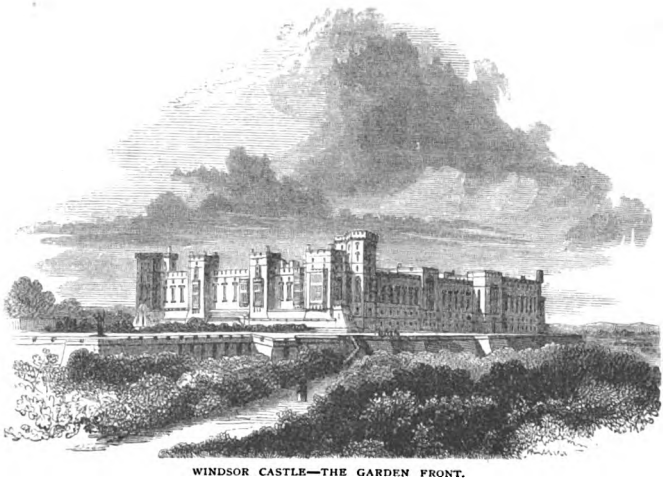
was built on that Edward's foundation by Edward IV. and his successor, Henry VII., Henry of Richmond, the first Tudor king. I have not space enough to tell you who built the other towers one by one, the cloisters, and the great square of the Queen's palace on the other side of the Keep. One gate-way is called that of Henry VIII., another of George IV.; neither of these, alas! being very delightful specimens of the *genus* monarch. The old Curfew tower, round and vast and solid, which rises up like a rock out of the hill-side, with the picturesque street of Windsor winding round its base, is perhaps the oldest of all. Hundreds of our flimsy modern houses will disappear, and generations perish, before one corner of that stone-work crumbles. It is as strong and perfect now as the day it was made. The town that clusters about it with red roofs, clinging picturesquely to the skirts of the gray Castle, is as lively now, if not so quaint, as when Sir John Falstaff played naughty pranks there, which Shakespeare betrayed to the world; and as the Queen drives in at the peaceful gates, which now there is no occasion to shut in defense of her, the flag of England goes up upon the Round Tower, fluttering its rich quarterings over the old Keep which Edward Plantagenet built. This flag (you will see it in the picture) makes a beautiful termination and crown to the combination of woods and water—the winding Thames, the leafy slopes, the gray noble walls, pinnacles, battlements, and towers which make up Windsor Castle. It is the sign by which we always know when the Queen is there.



WINDSOR CASTLE—THE GARDEN FRONT.

Now the first story I will tell you of Windsor is one which goes back to the first royal builder, whose work is still remaining, and upon whose plans and foundation the whole after edifice has risen. This was King Edward III., who was a great king and soldier, of whom you must have read in your histories, and who fought great battles and made great conquests in France. Do you remember how the burghers of Calais came out to him with halters round their necks, and how his good Queen Philippa interceded for them and saved their lives? But I have not room enough to tell you anything about King Edward except what is associated with Windsor. Would you like to know who his architect was for those great works he made for us? It was a certain priest called William of Wykeham, of whom some of you must have heard, who was afterward bishop, and founded the great public school at Winchester, and the college called New College at Oxford, now a very old college, but beautiful in architecture, like all he did. This will show you what a great life a priest might have, as well as a king, in those old times—greater still in useful work than in honors and fame. "Wykeham made me," he carved on the door of the great Keep when he had finished it, which Edward was not altogether pleased with, thinking the credit was his rather than his architect's; and the boys at Winchester and the students at "New" still call themselves Wykehamists, and keep their founder's day with affectionate pride in him. This, I think, is true fame.

It must have been a curious scene on the green hill of Windesore ("Wyndleshora" in the Saxon; "winding shore" the antiquaries suppose it means) when architect Wykeham was going about with his plans and his compasses; very likely teased and worried, as architects often are, by the King's perpetual visits, and very generally in want of money, which is an evil shared alike by architects and kings. While King Edward disturbed him by tournaments and revelings, Wykeham built the banqueting hall, and the lodging, such as it was, for the Queen and her ladies, and King Edward's princely but simple chambers, as well as the Round Tower. No doubt he was deeply tried by the war-

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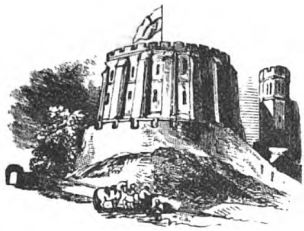
like gatherings which the King insisted upon holding continually in the half-inclosed grounds, filling the place with a splendid rabble of knights and squires, and stopping the works perpetually, however the architect might fume. Wykeham, no doubt, had already his great school in his head,



ROUND TOWER, AS BUILT BY EDWARD III.

and was planning it while he measured and calculated and tried to keep his workmen from the tilting-field, where there was so much to be seen and so many passages at arms going on. Probably some of the great-great-great- (add as many greats as you please) grandfathers of you young Americans were spurring in the lists, or looking on outside the barriers, very good subjects of King Edward, and altogether unconscious of the great continent hidden in the mists of the far West; and probably some of them thought with Wykeham that the tournaments were a nuisance, though they were a fine sight to see, stopping work and tempting workmen and apprentices, not to say wives and daughters, away from the workshop and the house. But all the same, they were a very fine sight. Knights out of foreign parts, even from countries at war with England, carrying the safe conducts which King Edward in his chivalrous hospitality had offered; and all that England possessed of gallant and splendid; and brave Scots from over the border, poorer but not less noble, came together in glittering crowds. And the Queen and her ladies sat in balconies, with their beautiful Old World dresses stiff with fine needle-work and precious stones, looking on. We never see a tournament nowadays, except in the theater. A great many years ago a Scotch nobleman made an attempt at one, which you may have heard of—the Eglinton Tournament, at which everybody laughed. But no one laughed at them in 1348. They were the finest spectacle and the most splendid meeting-ground of society which those ages knew—"as good as a play," or indeed better, as being all real, sometimes the fighting and all. And in the evening, after baths and grand toilettes, the armor and buff coats all put aside in favor of silken hose and velvet doublets, what stately balls there were in the new grand St. George's Hall! But if you think all this was mere splendor and amusement, and meant nothing more serious, you are mistaken. King Edward, like his architect, had a great project maturing in his mind through it all.

I have no doubt that you have all heard of the orders of knighthood, which were one of the most characteristic institutions of the middle ages. They have fallen out of use and out of fashion now, except in the limited class of great personages, who still receive the distinction of the Garter, or the Saint Esprit, or the Golden Fleece,—men who are not at all likely to set out through the world in search of adventure, like knights of romance. But even now orders are found to have their use, and a British officer is more deeply gratified by a K. C. B. than he would be by a much more tangible reward; while to Frenchmen, in the early days of the Legion of Honor, its cross was the most sublime recompense that imagination could conceive. If even now these signs of honor are so much prized, you may imagine what they were in the days when the symbol meant much more, and when the order was a true brotherhood in arms, bound by a vow which still had real meaning. And a very noble meaning it was at bottom, though seldom, perhaps, carried out as it ought to have been. Probably a great many of you have heard of King Arthur and his Round Table, one of the oldest and finest fables of Christendom, which Mr. Tennyson has lately revived and made more real to us than ever in his Idyls of the King. No nobler moral purpose than that which held this imaginary brotherhood together could be conceived. Their object was to succor the weak, to redress wrong, to punish oppressors, and to defend the injured; and in search of adventure in this sense of the word they were supposed to be continually riding about the world, seeking not whom to devour, but whom to deliver. This, which we have got to consider only as a beautiful vision of poetry, was devoutly believed in during the fourteenth century, and it seemed to King Edward very terrible that in the country of Arthur, the very home of the Round Table, there should be no brotherhood of knights whose badge and society should be sought by the greatest of the sons of men. Other orders, less visionary than that of Arthur, were already existing, religious orders chiefly, with great possessions and wielding immense power, like that of the Knights Templars. King Edward was a wise politician and a great soldier, and no doubt he thought of this order in no romantic point of view as we do, but as a solid support to his throne and advantage to his kingdom. His mind was full of it when he gathered all that fine company about him for the tournaments, which he did not merely for pleasure or

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show, but because this promised to be a real advantage and source of strength to his country and throne. It is one peculiarity of the very hard and difficult trade of king, that sometimes its most serious undertakings are carried through under the semblance of pleasure-making and festivities. You may read in the papers to-day how the grim old Emperor of Germany pays visits to other monarchs, and goes to balls, though he is not far from eighty years old. You don't suppose that is for pleasure, do you? or that it is the dancing he is thinking of when he stands by and talks to other kings or prime ministers? In the old days this was still more the case than now. Great banquets, and tournaments, and dances were part of the State business, and King Edward, while he planned out the idea of his Order, and dreamed of the important work it might do for England, knew very well that all his anxious thinkings were not enough to set it bravely going and make it popular, but that he must wait and look out for some happy accident, some chance adventure, that would charm the people, some scene or story which would please their imaginations, and make his elaborate plan look like a fine sudden impulse. You know by your own experience, though you are only boys and girls, that a thing which begins with a story always seems more real than that which is founded on mere dry facts. The people are always more or less of the same mind; and in those distant days, you know, there was very little of what we call education. A great number of the splendid gentlemen who fought in the tournaments could not read, neither could those lovely ladies in the galleries, though some of them were renowned all over Europe; so that something that the minstrels could make songs about, something that could be put into a story, was much more striking and attractive to them than all the State projects and serious patriotic undertakings in the world.

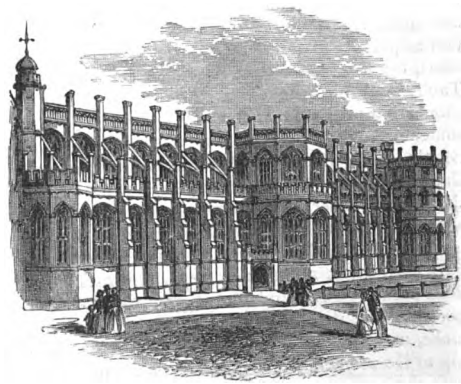
Now King Edward knew this, being a wise man; and instead of taking all these people into his great new hall and making long speeches to them at which they would have yawned, and probably fallen asleep in the midst, he said nothing about his great idea, but prepared all his plans in his mind and waited till something should happen to give him a picturesque beginning. And now I will tell you how this happy occasion came. Some of you, I have no doubt, have heard the story before.

You must not think that King Edward was old, or stiff, or too serious to enjoy everything that was going on, because he had a great many serious things in his mind. On the contrary, he tilted with the best, and danced when the tilting was over, being still in the full force of manhood. There is an account of his appearance at one of the tournaments, with a white swan on his shield, and his coat worked over with a motto which sounds somewhat profane to our ears, though there was no such intention in it. We should think it also written in the style of a braggart, did any man adopt it now; but that was not the opinion of the time. Some of you, perhaps, could put it into Gothic letters, in which it looks best:

> Hay! hay! the White Swan;
> By God's soul I am thy man.

This was a universal challenge to the field, and I don't doubt King Edward got and gave some hard knocks. And perhaps it might be on the evening of this very day when the King had been galloping about the lists, defying all his guests to the friendly but rough encounter, which was all for love, and not in anger, that the occasion he had been looking for arose.

The great banqueting hall of Windsor Castle is still called St. George's Hall, but no doubt it looks very different now from King Edward's hall, which occupied the same position and bore the same name. Many ancient halls, however, still exist in England, so that we can tell how it must have looked. The walls loftier and nobler than any ball-room nowadays, but sterner in decoration as well as much more really beautiful; great stately windows with decorated tracery and painted glass, which shone



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

like jewels; tapestries of wonderful workmanship, upon which many patient women had worked out their lives; no gaudy mirrors, or commonplace glitter of gilding, but plenty of color everywhere, in mural paintings, in pennon and banner and heraldic shield, and in the dresses, above all, which were marvelous combinations of splendid stuffs and priceless embroideries; and the whole lit up

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by candles stuck in brass sconces and circles suspended from the roof, the flames waving about a little, no doubt, for the winds got in freely under the lofty vault, and through the great doors. At one end would be the gallery for the musicians, with delicate railings and canopy worked in stone, and the floors were all strewn with fresh green rushes, the luxury of carpets not having yet reached England. Let us hope, however, that there were no rushes where the dancing was, but only about the dais where their Majesties sat and received all their noble guests. But you may be sure King Edward did not sit there long. He was among the dancers as he had been among the knights, ready to say "I am thy man" to whosoever was fairest and sweetest of the three hundred beautiful ladies who were in Queen Philippa's train. There were no waltzes in those days, nor light dresses of tulle or tarletan to be torn in the scuffle, but stately measures, beautifully danced to much less rapid music than ours, in which the ladies and gentlemen had room to show themselves, and were obliged to keep perfect time, and move with courtly grace as ladies and gentlemen ought. In most of these dances one pair "trod their measure" at a time, while the others looked on, no doubt making their criticisms. And when it came to the King's turn to perform with his beautiful partner, you may imagine how all the courtiers crowded to look on.

When—but at this one holds one's breath—as they went through their dance with stately bows and curtsies, she probably very proud of her position as partner to the King, he courteous and gracious, but thinking all the time of Arthur's Round Table, and his own order of knighthood, what should happen but that the lady's garter got loose somehow, and dropped, in the midst of all the fine people, at the King's feet! Here was a business! Cannot you imagine the shock, the stir, the pause, the general titter, people staring over each other's shoulders, pointing and whispering, while the unmannerly laughed aloud? There is no harm in a garter, which is a very necessary little article indeed; but one can understand how these unkind people made it look like harm, by their mocking looks, and how the poor lady, abashed and blushing at the moment of her triumph, stood overcome with shame, surrounded by all those fine courtiers tittering at her. When King Edward perceived it, he gave them, however, a practical proof that he was by far the finest gentleman there. He stooped and lifted up the poor little blue band from the floor. "Shame be to him who thinks evil!" he cried, with the honest indignation of a manly soul. This he said as Edward Plantagenet, a knight and gentleman, bound to shield and succor every lady who wanted his help, in small things or great. But then as he stood in the center of the group, holding the little ribbon, and shaming the mockers, there came to him that happy instinct of kings which so often does more for them than the weightiest counsel. Here was the very accident he wanted, and he seized upon it with royal readiness. "Sirs," he said, "you who laugh at this garter: there is such honor destined for it that whosoever wears it shall think himself happy." And from that day the Order of the Garter was as good as established, being named and settled in the public imagination and in King Edward's mind.

Now many people have laughed at this story, and many have supposed it to bear a less innocent meaning, for in our day, as in King Edward's day, a great number of persons everywhere are ready to think evil. But *Honi soit qui mal y pense;* the shame be to him, everywhere and always, who puts an evil interpretation upon an innocent accident. "Ill-doers are ill-dreaders," one of our Scotch proverbs says; and I think Edward III. gave the world and his courtiers such a lesson that day as became a gentleman and a king,—for of these two, gentleman is the higher title, and in all English speech we write it first, as in duty bound.

Thus the greatest order of chivalry in England, and one of the most famous in Christendom, got its name, a fit name in so far as it embodies that highest grace of courtesy which, like every other noble sentiment, is in the very breath of Christianity, part of the fragrance that ought always to surround the purest of religions. There was no more laughing after that, you may suppose, at the garter, which the noblest there was proud to buckle round his knee, with that pungent motto embroidered on it in the old Norman French, which was the court language in those days—"Honi soit qui mal y pense." For centuries afterward I should not like to have been the man who thought evil of that badge of honor, or dared to whisper a word against it. He would have had short shrift in those fighting days.

There was more than this, however, to do before the order was fairly founded. First of all there was a chapel wanted in which they might worship God, who, according to tradition, is the founder of all chivalry—and hold their high festivals on St. George's day, and give solemn investiture to each newly chosen knight. And the chapel required a staff of priests and choristers, with lodgings for each learned canon, and school and living for each singing boy. And that poor men might not be left out, while greater men came to honor, the King instituted another Order of Poor Knights, in order to furnish an asylum for old soldiers who had not made their fortunes by their swords. Accordingly the Chapel of St. George's was founded, which now stands perfect, in a later architectural style

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than that of Edward III.'s reign,—the richer, if not so graceful, "perpendicular," which came to full maturity in the days of Henry VII., and which is the latest development of purely Gothic architecture in England. Behind are the cloisters and canons' houses; in front of it the curious bright little houses of the Poor Knights. Everything exists still as it was founded then. The canons are church dignitaries, however, nowadays, and the Poor Knights retired officers; and the Chapel of the Order of the Garter is the state chapel of the royal family, where all great ceremonials, marriages, and christenings take place. The choir is fitted up with stalls of beautiful carved work for the knights, and over each stall hangs the banner and the sword of the owner. So it has been for nearly six centuries, and so it will be, according to all human probability, for centuries more.

And I wish I could take you into this lovely old chapel when the summer afternoon sunshine has got in—as it does by a trick of its own, through the corner of a big window in the side aisle, high over our heads—and lighted upon the banners hanging there, fluttering them with sudden touches of gold. The chorister boys in their white surplices down below, with fresh little faces that might be the faces of angels (though they are no better boys than the rest of us), stand up and sing the psalms and canticles,

INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

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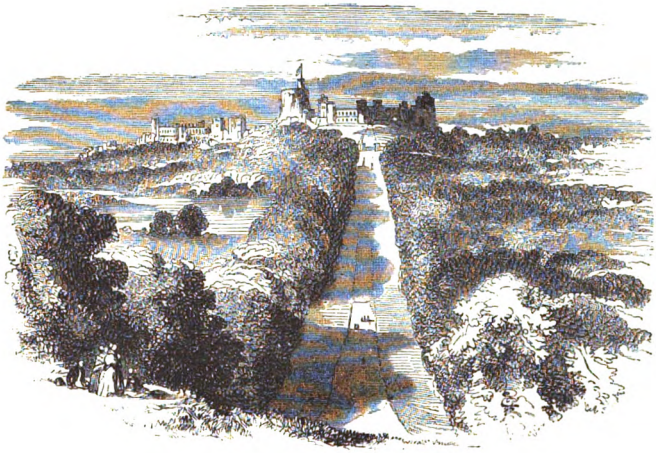
to glorious music of Handel and Mozart, as if their whole hearts were in it; and when the service is just over, the officiating clergyman reads a prayer peculiar to the place. "God bless our most gracious Sovereign the Queen, and all the Companions of the most noble Order of the Garter," is what he says daily, morning and evening, as his predecessors have said it for these last six hundred years. This is how our old England carries unconsciously, naturally as the air she breaths, the old into the new.

In the next chapter I will try to tell you how a young captive prince, out of his prison window, fell in love with a beautiful lady in her garden, and what became of this young pair and their race.



THE LONG WALK AT WINDSOR.

## THE CHOICE.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

I WOULD not be a leaf, oh no,
To wait for April winds to blow
Before I should have power to grow;
I would not be a leaf, to lose
The red and gold of autumn hues,
And drop when giddy winds should choose;
I would not be a brook that strays
Through pastures and sweet hidden ways,
And nowhere loiters or delays,—
A brook that hurries here and there,
Whether the day be dark or fair,
Till caught within the frost's white snare;
I would not be a bird that weaves
Her dainty nest beneath the eaves,
And has no peace for fear of thieves;
I would not be a bird to trill,
And teach my fledglings with a will,
And find one day the nest quite still;
I would not be a bee to roam,
Seeking the sweetness far from home
With which to fill my honey-comb;
Nor would I be a red rose, born
With many a hidden cruel thorn,
Where children's fingers might be torn.
But I would simply choose to be
A little child at mother's knee,
Of years that number one, two, three,—
O that is far the best for me!

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# THE PETERKINS DECIDE TO KEEP A COW.

By Lucretia P. Hale.

NOT that they were fond of drinking milk, nor that they drank very much. But for that reason Mr. Peterkin thought it would be well to have a cow, to encourage the family to drink more, as he felt it would be so healthy.

Mrs. Peterkin recalled the troubles of the last cold winter, and how near they came to starving, when they were shut up in a severe snow-storm, and the water-pipes burst, and the milk was frozen. If the cow-shed could open out of the wood-shed, such trouble might be prevented.

Tony Larkin was to come over and milk the cow every morning, and Agamemnon and Solomon John agreed to learn how to milk, in case Tony should be "snowed up" or have the whooping-cough in the course of the winter. The little boys thought they knew how already.

But if they were to have three or four pails full of milk every day, it was important to know where to keep it.

"One way will be," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to use a great deal every day. We will make butter."

"That will be admirable," thought Mr. Peterkin.

"And custards," suggested Solomon John.

"And syllabub," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And cocoanut cakes," exclaimed the little boys.

"We don't need the milk for cocoanut cakes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys thought they might have a cocoanut tree instead of a cow. You could have the milk from the cocoanuts, and it would be pleasant climbing the tree, and you would not have to feed it.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "we shall have to feed the cow."

"Where shall we pasture her?" asked Agamemnon.

"Up on the hills, up on the hills," exclaimed the little boys, "where there are a great many bars to take down, and huckleberry-bushes!"

Mr. Peterkin had been thinking of their own little lot behind the house.

"But I don't know," he said, "but the cow might eat off all the grass in one day, and there would not be any left for to-morrow, unless the grass grew fast enough every night."

Agamemnon said it would depend upon the season. In a rainy season the grass would come up very fast, in a drought it might not grow at all.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that is the worst of having a cow, there might be a drought."

Mr. Peterkin thought they might make some calculation from the quantity of grass in the lot.

Solomon John suggested that measurements might be made by seeing how much grass the Bromwicks' cow, opposite them, eat up in a day.

The little boys agreed to go over and spend the day on the Bromwicks' fence, and take an observation.

"The trouble would be," said Elizabeth Eliza, "that cows walk about so, and the Bromwicks' yard is very large. Now she would be eating in one place, and then she would walk to another. She would not be eating all the time, a part of the time she would be chewing."

The little boys thought they should like nothing better than to have some sticks, and keep the cow in one corner of the yard till the calculations were made.

But Elizabeth Eliza was afraid the Bromwicks would not like it.

"Of course, it would bring all the boys in the school about the place, and very likely they would make the cow angry."

Agamemnon recalled that Mr. Bromwick once wanted to hire Mr. Peterkin's lot for his cow.

Mr. Peterkin started up.

"That is true; and of course Mr. Bromwick must have known there was feed enough for one cow."

"And the reason you did n't let him have it," said Solomon John, "was that Elizabeth Eliza was afraid of cows."

"I did not like the idea," said Elizabeth Eliza, "of their cow's looking at me over the top of the fence, perhaps, when I should be planting the sweet-peas in the garden. I hope our cow would be a quiet one. I should not like her jumping over the fence into the flower-beds."

Mr. Peterkin declared that he should buy a cow of the quietest kind.

"I should think something might be done about covering her horns," said Mrs. Peterkin; "that seems the most dangerous part. Perhaps they might be padded with cotton."

Elizabeth Eliza said cows were built so large and clumsy, that if they came at you they could not help knocking you over.

The little boys would prefer having the pasture a great way off. Half the fun of having a cow would be going up on the hills after her.

Agamemnon thought the feed was not so good on the hills.

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"The cow would like it ever so much better," the little boys declared, "on account of the variety. If she did not like the rocks and the bushes, she could walk round and find the grassy places."

"I am not sure," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but it would be less dangerous to keep the cow in the lot behind the house, because she would not be coming and going, morning and night, in that jerky way the Larkins' cows come home. They don't mind which gate they rush in at. I should hate to have our cow dash into our front yard just as I was coming home of an afternoon."

"That is true," said Mr. Peterkin; "we can have the door of the cow-house open directly into the pasture, and save the coming and going."

The little boys were quite disappointed. The cow would miss the exercise, and they would lose a great pleasure.

Solomon John suggested that they might sit on the fence and watch the cow.

It was decided to keep the cow in their own pasture; and as they were to put on an end kitchen, it would be perfectly easy to build a dairy.

The cow proved a quiet one. She was a little excited when all the family stood round at the first milking, and watched her slowly walking into the shed.

Elizabeth Eliza had her scarlet sack dyed brown a fortnight before. It was the one she did her gardening in, and it might have infuriated the cow. And she kept out of the garden the first day or two.

Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza bought the best kind of milk-pans of every size.

But there was a little disappointment about the taste of the milk.

The little boys liked it and drank large mugs of it. Elizabeth Eliza said she never could learn to love milk warm from the cow, though she would like to do her best to patronize the cow.

Mrs. Peterkin was afraid Amanda did not understand about taking care of the milk; yet she had been down to overlook her, and she was sure the pans and the closet were all clean.

"Suppose we send a pitcher of cream over to the lady from Philadelphia to try," said Elizabeth Eliza; "it will be a pretty attention before she goes."

"It might be awkward if she did n't like it," said Solomon John. "Perhaps something is the matter with the grass."

"I gave the cow an apple to eat yesterday," said one of the little boys, remorsefully.

Elizabeth Eliza went over, and Mrs. Peterkin too, and explained all to the lady from Philadelphia, asking her to taste the milk.

The lady from Philadelphia tasted, and said the truth was that the milk was sour!

"I was afraid it was so," said Mrs. Peterkin; "but I did n't know what to expect from these new kinds of cows."

The lady from Philadelphia asked where the milk was kept.

"In the new dairy," answered Elizabeth Eliza.

"Is that in a cool place?" asked the lady from Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Eliza explained it was close by the new kitchen.

"Is it near the chimney?" inquired the lady from Philadelphia.

"It is directly back of the chimney and the new kitchen-range," replied Elizabeth Eliza. "I suppose it is too hot!"

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Peterkin, "that is it! Last winter the milk froze, and now we have gone to the other extreme! Where shall we put our dairy?"

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# THE FLOSCULE.

BY MARY TREAT.

ON the following page you see a curious animal which the microscope reveals. It is called a Floscule. There are several species of Floscule, but the one here represented is, perhaps, as odd and novel as any that we have seen. The creature lives in a transparent, glass-like house that, when magnified, looks very much like the candy-jars that we see in the confectioners' shops. The house is securely fastened to some leaf or stem that grows under water. It seems to be a good housekeeper; how it manages to keep its house so neat and clean, with the door always open, is a mystery. Perhaps there is a transparent door that we have not yet discovered, that prevents the particles of dirt from entering the house.

We frequently find as many as seven or eight

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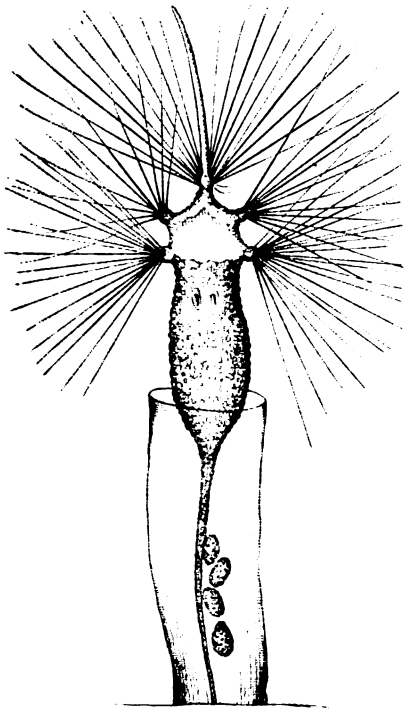
eggs in the Floscule's house, and there it moves about to suit its convenience; sometimes they are scattered about, at other times we find them in a nice little pile.

The Floscule does not always show off to good advantage; it settles down in a heap in the bottom



THE FLOSCULE, MAGNIFIED.

of its house, and then it does not look much like anything alive, but if we watch it awhile we will soon see it move. It has a voracious appetite, and has to depend upon its own exertions for a livelihood. When it wants its dinner it rises up and stands on a long foot-stalk; the foot is securely fastened to the bottom of the house, and the most tempting dinner will not induce it to leave its house; so we always find our Floscule at home. The foot-stalk is about as long as the house; so the whole body can be outside of the house, while the foot is firmly planted within.

The Floscule is a good deal like some people that I know; when it is within its house it is a very plain-looking body indeed, but as it rises to go out, it dons its holiday attire, and very fascinating and brilliant it looks. It reminds me of the story of Cinderella, when the fairy godmother waves the wand that transforms the plain Cinderella into the beautiful princess; so the Floscule when it comes to the door of its house waves a wand, and now its beauties begin to unfold. The wand is attached to the creature, and while it is waving it about, five lobes appear, from which radiate numerous gossamer-like filaments which glisten and shimmer in the light, making it a marvel of beauty. We wonder if all this beauty is simply for a trap to capture prey for the Floscule's dinner?

If we watch it awhile, I fear we shall be obliged to come to this conclusion. A tiny animal becomes entangled among the gossamer filaments, and now the wand is moved over it and forces it into the wide opening, where there is room for the little creature to swim about; but if it attempts to escape, the opening contracts, and this sudden movement forces the little victim into the jaws of the Floscule.

The Floscule is a very sensitive creature—quick to take alarm; a slight tap on the microscope, or on the table on which the microscope stands, will send it quickly into its house. It does not seem to be aware that it lives in a glass house, where all its movements can be plainly seen; but the house, no doubt, is a protection against marauding animals, or it would not drop down so quickly when alarmed.

The mother Floscule takes very good care of her eggs, but as soon as the tiny Floscules are hatched she sends them adrift. She will not have her house turned topsy-turvy by a lot of young ones—she is too good a housekeeper for that; so the poor little things go drifting about for a while, as if they did not know what to do. Part of them are pretty sure to fall a prey to some voracious animal, while the remainder become attached to some water-plant, where they soon grow to respectable-sized Floscules, and have houses of their own, and settle down to staid housekeepers, like their parents before them.

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# THE ANGELS' LADDER.

By Mrs. M. F. Butts.

"If there were a ladder, mother,
Between the earth and sky,
As in the days of the Bible,
I would bid you all good-bye,
And go through every country,
And search from town to town,
Till I had found the ladder,
With angels coming down.

"Then I would wait, quite softly,
Beside the lowest round,
Till the sweetest-looking angel
Had stepped upon the ground;
I would pull his dazzling garment,
And speak out very plain:
'Will you take me, please, to heaven,
When you go back again?'"

"Ah, darling," said the mother,
"You need not wander so
To find the golden ladder
Where angels come and go.
Wherever gentle kindness
Or pitying love abounds,
There is the wondrous ladder,
With angels on the rounds."

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# THE LITTLE HOUSES ON THE TELEGRAPH-POLES.

By William H. Rideing.

FASTENED to the telegraph-poles in New York City there are five hundred and forty-eight little houses, in each of which dwells an invisible spirit with greater powers than the fairy godmother who made a carriage for Cinderella out of pumpkins and horses out of mice. They are built of iron and painted green, and look for all the world like post-office boxes. Indeed, I have been told that honest country folks visiting the city sometimes almost wrench them to pieces with their umbrellas in trying to get their letters in.

Under the eaves of these little houses there is a bit of a glass window, behind which is a blind with some printing on it, and the printing says that a key to the door may be found at the baker's or the tailor's or the shoemaker's over the way. But the possessor is forbidden to loan it, unless there happens to be a fire in the neighborhood and the spirit is wanted to go on an errand. So, in order that we may have a peep within, we will enlist the services of a friend of mine who is a city fireman, and who carries a duplicate key in his pocket.

When the door is opened, we look into the front room; let us call it the parlor, and, like many other parlors, it is cold and bare. The only furniture is a little knob projecting from one of the walls. The back room, which the fireman opens with another key, is much more interesting, however; and it is here that the wonderful spirit is imprisoned in a curious-looking little machine, with brass cog-wheels, levers and springs, which is set in motion by that simple knob in front.

He is on duty all the year round. Pull the knob, and he will fly like a flash of lightning over the wire that enters the house from behind, telling the firemen throughout the city that they are wanted, and where. His name is Electricity, and his house is called a fire-alarm telegraph-box. So you will see that I am writing something more real than a fairy-story, although the facts I have to relate are about a kind of giants and dwarfs.

The Fire Department of New York City, which electricity controls, is the finest and most extensive in the world. Great big London and brilliant Paris have nothing to compare with it. It costs us a good deal of money to keep it going, but we are proud of it, and no one who has seen it at work can fail to admire it. The engines and horses are the best that can be obtained, and the men are skillful and brave. Perhaps you have stood in some street when an alarm of fire has been sent out from one of the boxes. A minute or two afterward a fireman has dashed around the corner, clearing the way for his engine, which has followed along behind at race-horse speed, with bells ringing and a trail of smoke pouring from the chimney,—the wheels a bright scarlet, and every bit of brass-work throwing back the sunshine in blinding rays. Then the hose carriage has come,—a drum on wheels, with hundreds of yards of leather tubing wrapped around it, and half a dozen men clinging to their seats for their lives, and slipping on their coats as they were whirled onward. It seemed like a cavalry charge in a battle, and has stirred your blood with excitement. The busiest man on the thronged street has paused to watch the heroes galloping to their work. The vehicles in the roadway, that were all wedged in together, have drawn aside and left a clear passage in the center.

So, within a few minutes of the time of the alarm, the gallant firemen have reached the burning building, and have scaled the walls and poured torrents of water on the flames, perhaps putting them out in less than half an hour, and perhaps fighting them for the greater part of a day.

The moment the knob in the little house is pulled, all the cog-wheels revolve with a noise like clock-work, and Electricity leaps out of the roof and along the wires with a warning to the engine-houses. Away he goes over the highest buildings in the city, up this street, down that street, now along a narrow cornice seventy feet high, then around a church steeple, stopping for the millionth part of a second on a fifth story, then down to the ground, never pausing until he alights at his destination with a crash like the sound of a bad boy tumbling through the roof of a glass house.

And when he arrives there? What then? Well, I will tell exactly what happens then; but before doing that, I must ask you to swallow a few nice, dry, important facts.

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You understand, of course, that no great business attends to itself, and in the Fire Department each man has a particular place and some particular duties assigned to him. The whole city, from the Battery Park at one end to Fordham at the other, is divided into districts, each of which has a certain number of alarm-boxes and station-houses in it. The station-houses are occupied by companies of firemen, and are built of brick, three stories high, with wide green gates in front. The first floor is level with the street, and contains the engine, in the rear of which are stalls for the horses. On the second story there is a sitting-room, nicely carpeted and papered, containing a small library and pictures of celebrated firemen on the walls. Above this are the dormitories, with long rows of narrow iron beds, and a wash-room. Altogether, these station-houses look very comfortable, and many boys will, perhaps, consider a fireman's a very desirable life.

Suppose that you and I drop into one quite by chance some afternoon or evening; it matters little what the hour is, for the firemen have no respite, and are on duty all day and all night.

As we enter the house from the street, we are at first impressed with the marvelous neatness of everything. The floors are scrubbed to a degree of whiteness that would do a tidy woman's heart good. The kalsomine on the walls is spotless, and a great big brass gong shines like a miniature sun. The engine, standing in the center, is as bright as though it had just come from the builder's hands. Its wheels are painted a flaming scarlet, and every bit of brass-work is a looking-glass. Yet it was at a fire only last night, and was drenched with water and clouded with smoke. The furnace is filled with fuel, and a brand of cotton soaked in kerosene lies near by, ready to be lighted the moment it is wanted. Perhaps you have not observed the pipe that comes up through the floor. But if you look at the little dial over the furnace, you will see that twenty-five pounds of pressure are registered, which amount of steam is constantly maintained in the boiler by means of this pipe, which is attached to another boiler in the cellar beneath; so that when the engine is called out, and her own fire is lighted, she is immediately ready for use.

GOING TO A FIRE.

In the stalls behind the front apartment three plump, well-groomed horses are securely haltered, with the pet name of each written in golden letters over his bed. Some of the firemen, who are mostly young, wiry, and muscular, are in the parlor overhead, reading or playing dominoes. Others are chatting in the rear yard.

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Although the station is on a noisy thoroughfare, it is as quiet as a church within, and an overfed kitten is coiled up in tranquil sleep on the door-mat. But a surprise is in store for us, and when it comes it shakes our nerves.

Crash! The roof seems to be falling in. Crash! crash! crash! again and again. The three horses come galloping out of the stable one after the other, and stop short in front of the engine and hose-carriage. The men leap about like bounding Arabs. There is a rattle of harness; the drivers spring to their seats, and the wide doors fly open. Ready!

And the captain of the station, who has been standing quietly in a corner with his watch in his hand, comes toward us, who are dumbfounded, and smilingly says to us: "Exactly thirteen seconds, gentlemen!" What on earth does he mean? Simply that, in order to show us what his men could do, he gave a false alarm, and that a little more than a quarter of a minute after Master Electricity had sounded the gong, every man was at his place, horses were harnessed, and all things were ready for a fight with the flames.

Whenever the knob in the little houses on the telegraph-poles is pulled, the same things occur in at least four engine-houses. The moment the hammer of the gong falls, which it does when touched by that marvelous fellow Electricity, it disengages the horses from their halters by a connecting iron rod, and they, trained to their duties, spring to their places with as much eagerness as the men. The same signal tells exactly where the fire is, and within ten minutes four engines are on the spot, sucking water from the mains and throwing it eighty or ninety feet high.

If the knob is pulled a second time, four more engines are called; and if again, four more; and by repeating the call, all the engines in the city may be brought to the ground.

Does n't all this recall the story of Jack the Giant-killer to your mind? Electricity is Jack, who, although such a bit of a fellow, has the power to command this great giant of the Fire Department.

# THE STORY OF JON OF ICELAND.

By Bayard Taylor.

## Chapter VII.

At the end of two weeks, Sigurd's wife received a letter from her brother, and it was better than she had dared to hope. Magnus wrote that his wife was dead, his son was a student in Copenhagen, and he was all alone in the big house at Rejkiavik. He was ready to give Jon a home, even to take herself and her husband, provided the latter could sell his farm to good advantage and find some employment which would add to his means. "He must neither live an idle life, nor depend on my help," Magnus said; and his sister felt that he was right, although he told the truth in rather a hard, unfriendly way.

She read the letter to Sigurd next morning, as he was lying very weak and quiet, but in his right mind. His eyes slowly brightened, and he murmured, at last, with difficulty:

"Sell the farm to Thorsten, for his eldest son, and go to Magnus. Jon will take my place."

Jon, who had entered the room in time to hear these words, sat down on the bed and held his father's hand in both his own. The latter smiled faintly, opened his lips to speak again, and then a sudden quivering passed over his face, and he lay strangely still. It was a long time before the widow and children could believe that he was dead. They said to each other, over and over again, amid their tears: "He was happy; the trouble for our sakes was taken away from his heart;"—and Jon thought to himself: "If I do my best, as I promised, he will be still happier in heaven."

When Sigurd's death was known, the neighbors came and helped them until the funeral was over, and the sad little household resumed, as far as possible, its former way of life. Thorsten, a rich farmer of Kyrkedal, whose son was to be married in the spring, came, a few weeks later, to make an offer for the farm. No doubt he hoped to get it at a low price; for money has a greater value in Iceland, where there is so little of it. But the widow said at once: "I shall make no bargain unless Jon agrees with me;" and then Jon spoke up, looking a great deal more like a full-grown, honest man, than he supposed:

"We only want the fair value of the farm, neigh-



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bor Thorsten. We want it because we need it, and everybody will say it is just and right that we should have it. If we cannot get that, I shall try to go on, and do my father's work. I am only a boy now, but I shall get bigger and stronger every year."

"Thy father could not have spoken better words," said Thorsten.

He made what he considered a fair offer, and it was very nearly as much as Jon and his mother had reckoned upon; the latter, however, insisted on waiting until she had consulted with her brother Magnus.

Not many days after that, Magnus himself arrived at the farm. He was a tall man, with dark hair, large gray eyes, a thin, hard mouth, and an important, commanding air. It was a little hard for Jon to say "uncle" to this man, whom he had never seen, and of whom he had heard so little. Magnus, although stern, was not unfriendly, and when he had heard of all that had been said and done, he nodded his head and said:

"Very prudent; very well, so far!"

It was, perhaps, as well that the final settlement of affairs was left to Uncle Magnus, for he not only obtained an honest price for the farm, but sold the ponies, cows, and sheep to much better advantage than the family could have done. He had them driven to Kyrkedal, and sent messengers to Skalholt and Myrdal, and even to Thingvalla, so that quite a number of farmers came together, and they had dinner in the church. Some of the women and children also came, to say "good-bye" to the family; but when the former whispered to Jon: "You 'll come back to us some day, as a pastor or a *skald*" (author), Magnus frowned and shook his head.

"The boy is in a fair way to make an honest, sensible man," he said. "Don't you spoil him with your nonsense!"

When they all set out together for Rejkiavik, Jon reproached himself for feeling so light-hearted, while his mother and Gudrid wept for miles of the way. He was going to see a real town, to enter school; to begin a new and wonderful life; and just beyond Kyrkedal there came the first strange sight. They rode over the grassy plain toward the Geysers, the white steam of which they had often seen in the distance; but now, as they drew near a gray cone, which rose at the foot of the hill on the west, a violent thumping began in the earth under their feet. "He is going to spout!" cried the guide, and he had hardly spoken when the basin in the top of the cone boiled over furiously, throwing huge volumes of steam into the air. Then there was a sudden, terrible jar, and a pillar of water, six feet in diameter, shot up to the height of nearly a hundred feet, sparkling like liquid gold in the low, pale sunshine. It rose again and again, until the subterranean force was exhausted; then the water fell back into the basin with a dull sound, and all was over.

They could think or talk of nothing else for a time, and when they once more looked about them the landscape had changed. All was new to the children, and only dimly remembered by their mother. The days were very short and dark, for winter was fast coming on; it was often difficult to make the distance from one farm-house to another, and they twice slept in the little churches, which are always hospitably opened for travelers, because there are no inns in Iceland. After leaving the valley, they had a bitterly cold and stormy journey over a high field of lava, where little piles of stones, a few yards apart, are erected to guide the traveler. Beyond this, they crossed the Raven's Cleft, a deep, narrow chasm, with a natural bridge in one place, where the rocks have fallen together from either side; then, at the bottom of the last slope of the lava-plains, they entered the Thingvalla Forest.

Jon was a little disappointed; still, he had never seen anything like it. There were willow and birch bushes, three or four feet high, growing here and there out of the cracks among the rocks. He could look over the tops of them from his pony, as he rode along, and the largest trunk was only big enough to make a club. But there is no other "forest" in Iceland; and the people must have something to represent a forest, or they would have no use for the word!

It was fast growing dark when they reached Thingvalla, and the great shattered walls of rock which inclose the valley appeared much loftier than by day. On the right, a glimmering water-fall plunged from the top of the cliff, and its roar filled the air. Magnus pointed out, on the left, the famous "Hill of the Law," where, for nearly nine hundred years, the people of Iceland had assembled together to discuss their political matters. Jon knew all about the spot, from the many historical legends and poems he had read, and there was scarcely another place in the whole world which he could have had greater interest in seeing. The next morning, when it was barely light enough to travel, they rode up a kind of rocky ladder, through a great fissure called the *Allmannagjá*, or "People's Chasm," and then pushed on more rapidly across the barren table-land. It was still forty miles to Rejkiavik,—a good two days' journey at that season,—and the snows, which already covered the mountains, were beginning to fall on the lower country.

On the afternoon of the second day, after they had crossed the Salmon River, Magnus said:

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"In an hour we shall see the town!"

But the first thing that came in sight was only a stone tower, or beacon, which the students had built upon a hill.

"Is that a town?" asked Gudrid; whereupon the others laughed heartily.

Jon discreetly kept silent, and waited until they had reached the foot of the beacon, when—all at once—Rejkiavik lay below them. Its two or three hundred houses stretched for half a mile over a belt of land between the sea and a large lake. There was the prison, built all of cut stone; the old wooden cathedral, with its square spire; the large, snow-white governor's house, and the long row of stores and warehouses, fronting the harbor—all visible at once! To a boy who had never before seen a comfortable dwelling, nor more than five houses near together, the little town was a grand, magnificent capital. Each house they passed was a new surprise to him; the doors, windows, chimneys and roofs were all so different, so large and fine. And there were more people in the streets than he had ever before seen together.

At last, Magnus stopped before one of the handsomest dwellings, and helped his sister down from her pony. The door opened, and an old servant came forth. Jon and Gudrid, hand in hand, followed them into a room which seemed to them larger and handsomer than the church at Kyrkedal, with still other rooms opening out of it, with wonderful chairs, and pictures, and carpets upon which they were afraid to walk. This was their new home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

EVEN before their arrival, Jon discovered that his Uncle Magnus was a man who said little, but took good notice of what others did. The way to gain his favor, therefore, was to accept and discharge the duties of the new life as they should arise. Having adopted the resolution to do this, it was surprising how soon these duties became familiar and easy. He entered the school, where he was by no means the lowest or least promising scholar, assisted his mother and Gudrid wherever it was possible, and was so careful a messenger that Magnus by degrees intrusted him with matters of some importance. The household, in a little while, became well-ordered and harmonious, and although it lacked the freedom and home-like feeling of the lonely farm on the Thiörvá, all were contented and happy.

Jon had a great deal to learn, but his eagerness helped him. His memory was naturally excellent, and he had been obliged to exercise it so constantly—having so few books, and those mostly his own written copies—that he was able to repeat, correctly, large portions of the native *sagas*, or poetical histories. He was so well advanced in Latin that the continuance of the study became simply a delight; he learned Danish, almost without an effort, from his uncle's commercial partner and the Danish clerk in the warehouse; and he took up the study of English with a zeal which was heightened by his memories of Mr. Lorne.

We cannot follow him, step by step, during this period, although many things in his life might instruct and encourage other earnest, struggling boys. It is enough to say that he was always patient and cheerful, always grateful for his opportunity of education, and never neglectful of his proper duties to his uncle, mother, and sister. Sometimes, it is true, he was called upon to give up hours of sport, days of recreation, desires which were right in themselves but could not be gratified,—and it might have gone harder with him to do so, if he had not constantly thought: "How would my father have acted in such a case?" And had he not promised to take the place of his father?

So three years passed away. Jon was eighteen, and had his full stature. He was strong and healthy, and almost handsome; and he had seen so much of the many strangers who every summer come to Rejkiavik,—French fishermen, Spanish and German sailors, English travelers, and Danish traders,—that all his old shyness had disappeared. He was able to look any man in the eyes, and ask or answer a question.

It was the beginning of summer, and the school had just closed. Jon had been assisting the Danish clerk in the warehouse; but toward noon, when they had an idle hour, a sailor announced that there was a new arrival in the harbor; so he walked down the beach of sharp lava-sand to the wooden jetty where strangers landed. A little distance off shore a yacht was moored; the English flag was flying at the stern, and a boat was already pulling toward the landing-place. Jon rubbed his eyes, to be sure that he saw clearly; but no! the figure remained the same; and now, as the stranger leaped ashore, he could no longer contain himself. He rushed across the beach, threw his arms around the man, and cried out: "Lorne! Lorne!"

The latter was too astonished to recognize him immediately.

"Don't you know me?" Jon asked; and then, half laughing, half crying, said in Latin: "To-day is better than yesterday."

"Why, can this be my little guide?" exclaimed Mr. Lorne. "But to be sure it is! There are no such wise eyes in so young a head anywhere else in the world."

Before night the traveler was installed in the

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guest-room in Uncle Magnus's house; and then they truly found that he had not forgotten them. After supper he opened a box, and out there came a silver watch for Jon; a necklace, that could not be told from real pearls, for Gudrid; and what a shawl for the mother! Even Uncle Magnus was touched, for he brought up a very old, dusty bottle of Portugal wine, which he had never been known to do before, except one day when the Governor came to see him.

"And now," said Mr. Lorne, when he was a little tired of being thanked so much, "I want something in return. I am going, by way of the Broad Fiord, to the northern shore of Iceland, and back through the desert; and I shall not feel safe unless Jon goes with me."

"Oh!" cried Jon.

"I am not afraid this time," said Gudrid.

Magnus looked at his sister, and then nodded. "Take the boy!" he said. "He can get back before school begins again; and we are as ready to trust him with you, as you are to trust yourself with him."

What a journey that was! They had plenty of ponies, and a tent, and provisions in tin cans. Sometimes it rained or snowed, and they were wet and chilly enough at the end of the day, but then the sun shone again, and the black mountains became purple and violet, and their snows and ice-fields sparkled in the blue of the air. They saw many a wild and desolate landscape, but also many a soft green plain and hay-meadow along the inlets of the northern shore; and in the little town of Akureyri Jon at last found a tree—the only tree in Iceland! It is a mountain-ash, about twenty feet high, and the people are so proud of it that every autumn they wrap the trunk and boughs, and even the smallest twigs, in woolen cloth, lest the severity of the winter should kill it.

They visited the *Myvatn* (Mosquito Lake) in the north-eastern part of the island, saw the volcanoes which last year occasioned such terrible devastation, and then crossed the great central desert to the valley of the Thiörvá. So it happened that Jon saw Gudridsdale again, but under pleasanter aspects than before, for it was a calm, sunny day when they reached the edge of the table-land and descended into the lovely green valley. It gave him a feeling of pain to find strangers in his father's house, and perhaps Mr. Lorne suspected this, for he did not stop at the farm, but pushed on to Kyrkedal, where the good old pastor entertained them both as welcome guests. At the end of six weeks they were back in Rejkiavik, hale and ruddy after their rough journey, and closer friends than ever.

A HALT ON THE JOURNEY.

Each brought back his own gain—Mr. Lorne was able to speak Icelandic tolerably well, and Jon was

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quite proficient in English. The former had made the trip to Iceland especially to collect old historical legends and acquire new information concerning them. To his great surprise, he found Jon so familiar with the subject, that, during the journey, he conceived the idea of taking him to Scotland for a year, as an assistant in his studies; but he said nothing of this until after their return. Then, first, he proposed the plan to Magnus and Jon's mother, and prudently gave them time to consider it. It was hard for both to consent, but the advantages were too evident to be rejected. To Jon, when he heard it, it seemed simply impossible; yet the preparations went on,—his mother and Gudrid wept as they helped, Uncle Magnus looked grave,—and at last the morning came when he had to say farewell.

The yacht had favorable winds at first. They ran along the southern shore to Ingolf's Head, saw the high, inaccessible summits of the Skaptar Jökull fade behind them, and then Iceland dropped below the sea. A misty gale began to blow from the south-west, forcing them to pass the Faroe Islands on the east, and afterward the Shetland Isles; but, after nearly coming in sight of Norway, the wind changed to the opposite quarter, and the yacht spread her sails directly for Leith. One night, when Jon awoke in his berth, he missed the usual sound of waves against the vessel's side and the cries of the sailors on deck—everything seemed strangely quiet; but he was too good a sleeper to puzzle his head about it, so merely turned over on his pillow. When he arose the quiet was still there. He dressed in haste and went on deck. The yacht lay at anchor in front of buildings larger than a hundred Rejkiaviks put together.

"This is Leith," said Mr. Lorne, coming up to him.

"Leith?" Jon exclaimed; "it seems like Rome or Jerusalem! Those must be the king's palaces."

"No, my boy," Mr. Lorne answered, "they are only warehouses."

"But what are those queer green hills behind the houses? They are so steep and round that I don't see how anybody could climb up."

"Hills?" exclaimed Mr. Lorne. "Oh, I see now! Why, Jon, those are trees."

Jon was silent. He dared not doubt his friend's word, but he could not yet wholly believe it. When they had landed, and he saw the great trunks, the spreading boughs, and the millions of green leaves, such a feeling of awe and admiration came over him that he began to tremble. A wind was blowing, and the long, flexible boughs of the elms swayed up and down.

"Oh, Mr. Lorne!" he cried. "See! they are praying! Let us wait awhile; they are saying something—I hear their voices. Is it English?—can you understand it?"

Mr. Lorne took him by the hand, and said: "It is praise, not prayer. They speak the same language all over the world, but no one can understand all they say."

There is one rough little cart in Rejkiavik, and that is the only vehicle in Iceland. What, then, must have been Jon's feelings when he saw hundreds of elegant carriages dashing to and fro, and great wagons drawn by giant horses? When they got into a cab, it seemed to him like sitting on a moving throne. He had read and heard of all these things, and thought he had a clear idea of what they were; but he was not prepared for the reality. He was so excited, as they drove up the long street to Edinburgh, that Mr. Lorne, sitting beside him, could feel the beating of his heart. The new wonders never ceased: there was an apple-tree, with fruit; rose-bushes in bloom; whole beds of geraniums in the little gardens; windows filled with fruit, or brilliant silks, or silver-ware; towers that seemed to touch the clouds, and endless multitudes of people! As they reached the hotel, all he could say, in a faltering voice, was: "Poor old Iceland!"

The next day they took the train for Lanark, in the neighborhood of which Mr. Lorne had an estate. When Jon saw the bare, heather-covered mountains, and the swift brooks that came leaping down their glens, he laughed and said:

"Oh, you have a little of Iceland even here! If there were trees along the Thiörvá, it would look like yonder valley."

"I have some moorland of my own," Mr. Lorne remarked; "and if you ever get to be homesick, I'll send you out upon it, to recover."

But when Jon reached the house, and was so cordially welcomed by Mrs. Lorne, and saw the park and gardens where he hoped to become familiar with trees and flowers, he thought there would be as much likelihood of being homesick in heaven as in such a place.

Everything he saw tempted him to visit and examine it. During the first few days he could scarcely sit still in the library and take part in Mr. Lorne's studies. But his strong sense of duty, his long habits of patience and self-denial, soon made the task easy, and even enabled him to take a few more hours daily for his own improvement. His delight in all strange and beautiful natural objects was greatly prolonged by this course. He enjoyed everything far more than if he had rapidly exhausted its novelty. Mr. Lorne saw this quality of Jon's nature with great satisfaction, and was very ready to give advice and information which he knew would be earnestly heeded.

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It was a very happy year; but I do not believe that it was the happiest of Jon's life. Having learned to overcome the restlessness and impatience which are natural to boyhood, he laid the basis for greater content in life as a man. When he returned to Rejkiavik, in his twentieth year, with a hundred pounds in his pocket and a rich store of knowledge in his head, all other tasks seemed easy. It was a great triumph for his mother, and especially for Gudrid, now a bright, blooming maiden of sixteen. Uncle Magnus brought up another dusty bottle to welcome him, although there were only six more left; and all the neighbors came around in the evening. Even the Governor stopped and shook hands, the next day, when Jon met him in the street. His mother, who was with him, said, after the Governor had passed: "I hope thy father sees thee now." The same thought was in Jon's heart.

And now, as he is no longer a boy, we must say good-bye to him. We have no fears for his future life; he will always be brave, and manly, and truthful. But, if some of my readers are still curious to know more of him, I may add that he is a very successful teacher in the school at Rejkiavik; that he hopes to visit Mr. Lorne, in Scotland, next summer; and I should not be in the least surprised if he were to join good old Dr. Hjaltalin, and come to our Centennial.

THE END.

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# SNOW-SHOES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

PERHAPS not many boys who read this magazine ever see enough snow to make it worth while to have a pair of snow-shoes; but I would like to tell all the boys, and girls too, something about them, and then I will describe a very simple method of making a pair which will answer every purpose.

AN INDIAN TRAPPER ON SNOW-SHOES.

You all know that the Canadian winters are very severe, and that the ground is covered with snow for almost half of the year. The roads are covered up and all the paths in the woods are hidden, and the trappers only know their way by marks on the trees. Now, if they should try to walk with only boots upon their feet, they would sink into the snow, for the same reason that the runners of a sled would sink. But if the area or surface of the runners or of the boots can be increased, the sled or the man may avoid sinking. We have seen, in the February ST. NICHOLAS, how a sled can be made which overcomes this difficulty, and which is called a toboggan. Now that we have satisfactorily settled the question of riding upon the snow, we will turn to another and more important one, and ask: "How can a man walk on the snow?" The remedy is found by using snow-shoes, which are very light, and which give such a large surface that one who uses them cannot sink down into the snow even if he tries to do so.

In Quebec one may see a great variety of snow-shoes. Many trappers used to go there with their furs. In the summer, when they were not hunting, they would make snow-shoes, which the white people used. The white people still use these shoes, and it is considered a very fashionable thing to go on a "snow-shoe tramp," as it is called. There are clubs of gentlemen in Canada, formed for this purpose; and when distinguished strangers

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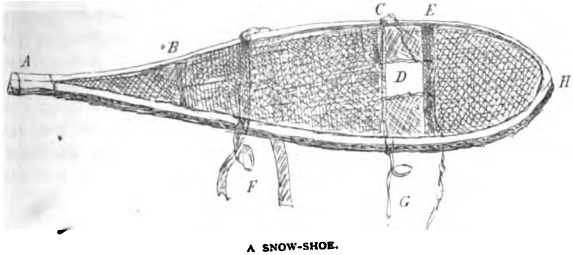
go over there, they are often invited, not much to their satisfaction, to tramp over the snow with the Canadians, who have been used to such things all their lives. The custom originated with the Indians, as I have said. On the preceding page is a picture of a trapper who has on his snow-shoes. He is out on a solitary hunt, and is looking for some animal whose fur he wants far more than he wants his flesh.



A SNOW-SHOE.

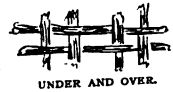
Some of the boys who read this live in the northern part of the United States, and they have all the snow they want, and perhaps they have the snow-shoes too. But I know that there are a great many boys who live where there is enough snow in the year to pay them for having snow-shoes, and many of these have never seen such articles, and so I will tell how they can be made.

HOPELESS CONFUSION.

You first need to take a long strip of oak or ash, about one inch broad and one-third or one-half of an inch thick. The length should be about six feet, but for a large boy it would be well to have the length eight feet. Your first move will be to bend this long strip in the shape of the shoe, as shown in the cut below. This can easily be done by steaming the strip at the middle point, H. It would be well to insert the braces at B and E, before fastening the two ends at A. The ends of the braces should fit into the long strip, and should be fastened with nails.

Now comes the hardest part of the work,—to weave a strong, light covering which will fill up the whole of the frame-work. You can use either small strips of sheep-skin, or you can cut a small hide into lengths no larger round than a shoe-string. If you can find any rattan, you can split it and use the splinters just as the men do who make cane-seated chairs. In fact, that is just what you want; and the nearer you weave your work like the bottom of a chair the better it will be. I have drawn a picture of the way in which the seat of a chair is woven, and have called it "hopeless confusion," because I do not think you can copy it in your work. It would be easier for you to try the way which I have shown in the opposite cut, and weave your strips as closely together as possible. You must bore or burn holes all about your frame-work, for the purpose of receiving and fastening the ends of your thongs or splinters, as the case may be. Do not have all of these holes in line with the grain of the wood, or else you may split the frame-work.

At C you must have a very strong cord or thong, with two others at right angles to the brace E. The object is to leave a hole at D for the heel. A is the toe of the shoe, and it is fastened to your boot by leather straps or cords at F and G.


UNDER AND OVER.

You will find that it will be an easy matter to make two such shoes; and then, whenever a heavy snow comes, you can walk over it wherever you please. But you must be careful to behave yourselves while you are out on a tramp, because everybody can tell by the tracks just where you have been; and if anything wrong happens on your line of march, it may be charged to you.

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# THE SHARK.

BY L. E. R.

OH, blithe and merrily sang the shark,
As he sat on the house-top high,
A-cleaning his boots, and smoking cheroots,
With a single glass in his eye.

With Martin and Day he polished away,
And a smile on his face did glow,
While merry and bold the chorus he trolled
Of "Gobble-em-upsky ho!"

He sang so loud he astonished the crowd
Which gathered from far and near,
For they said, "Such a sound in the country round
We never, no never did hear."

He sang of the ships he'd eaten like chips,
In the palmy days of his youth;
And he added, "If you don't believe it is true,
Pray examine my wisdom tooth!"

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He sang of the whales who 'd have given their tails
For a glance of his raven eye;
And the swordfish too, who their weapons drew,
And vowed for his sake they 'd die.

He sang about wrecks, and hurricane decks,
And the mariner's perils and pains,
Till every man's blood up on end it stood,
And their hair ran cold in their veins.

But blithe as a lark the merry old shark
Sat on the sloping roof;
Though he said, "It is queer that no one draws near
To examine my wisdom tooth!"

He carolled away by night and by day,
Until he made every one ill;
And I 'll wager a crown that unless he 's come down
He is probably carolling still.

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# HELPING ALONG.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"Now she has got a moral fit, and is trying to be dreadful good. She always does so after being naughty," said a little friend of mine, glancing at a younger sister with the superior air of one who was never naughty.

The meek, repentant expression of the other child changed at once to a half-sullen, half-defiant look, and she turned away grieved and angered by the very voice that should have been full of kindly encouragement in the well-doing so hard to most of us.

We often witness little scenes like this, and very naturally wonder why children are sometimes so unsympathetic, why trying to be good should excite ridicule instead of respect, and why, when we all know by experience how hard it is to do right, we are not more ready with the helping hand, the hearty "Cheer up and try again," which is so sweet and comforting.

This is work that "we girls" are eminently fitted for by nature and by grace, if we choose to see and make the duty ours. The gift of sympathy is a very lovely one,—more lasting than beauty, more useful than many an accomplishment, more magical than any art a woman can possess, for it is the key that opens hearts, a passport to the hidden world of romance that lies behind our every-day life, the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Not the sentimental sympathy ready to gush into tears at the loss of a pet bird, and to exhale in sighs when the test of real trouble comes. But the power of reading in the faces of those about us something of the hopes, the doubts and needs that live in all of us; the skill to answer a wistful look with a cordial Can-I-help-you? glance, and put into the grasp of a hand the subtle warmth that telegraphs without a word the glad message, "Here 's a friend."

It must be genuine, simple and sincere, with no thought of reward, though wonderful returns are made from most unexpected sources, as in the dear old fairy tales the beggar whom the good girl feeds gives her a gift that smooths her way through life.

I think we cannot begin too early to cherish this winsome grace both in ourselves and others. Fathers and mothers, set a good example, which brothers and sisters should follow, glad and proud to stand loyally by one another through both defeats and victories.

I well remember how helpful was this sort of sympathy in my own tempestuous girlhood, when every day was a struggle with the trials that beset a strong-willed, hot-tempered child. A look, a word, a warning gesture; and often going to my little journal to record with tragic brevity, "A bad day," I found a line or two waiting for me full of the tender disappointment that goes deeper than reproach, the never-failing belief in the possibility of success, the sweet assurance that "Mother never forgets to ask God to help the little daughter trying to be good."

Next to mothers come sisters, and to them I earnestly recommend the subject, for I cherish a cheerful belief that the girls of the present are going to profit by the work of the girls of the past so well that the girls of the future will have a splendid start.

"Boys are so horrid nobody *can* be patient with them," says many a sister, driven to her wit's end by

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the manifold transgressions of the brothers, whom she too often regards as inflictions to be lamented over and got rid of as soon as possible. The boy's rude enjoyments, droll mishaps and soaring aspirations have no interest for the girl, busy with her gentle pleasures, little duties, and romantic dreams. So they grow apart, and years later, when the man has done something to be proud of, the woman wants to share the glory; or if he fails and troubles come, the sister, taught by her own experience, longs to comfort him; but now it is a hard task, for the hearts are shut, and it is almost impossible to establish in a day the affectionate confidence which should have grown with their growth, and too late they learn how much they might have been to one another if they had only begun in time.

Girls are quick to see and feel many things that escape other eyes, and how can they use this power better than in watching over the more adventurous and willful spirits of the boys? Bear and forbear, help them to shun temptation, be ready for the first sign of repentance, and try to make it easy for the proud or stubborn to say the hard words, "I am sorry." No matter how absurd or inconvenient a form the penitence may take, never laugh at it or put it by as of no value. A repulse just at the tender moment may lock up a confidence that never will come back. No matter how often the solemn resolutions are broken, believe that amendment is *always* possible, and be to those brothers what I heard a sister once called, with looks that were blessings, "Our Conscience."

As young people like stories better than sermons, and have great skill in finding the moral, if there is any, I will sugar-coat my little pill with an incident which illustrates this point exactly.

A certain scapegrace—Johnny by name—tormented his sister's kitten, and being discovered, excused his cruelty by saying coolly:

"Well, a cat 's got nine lives, and I don't see any harm in hanging her a little, 'cause if she does lose one she 's got eight more to fall back on."

The anguish of Sue over the injured darling was great, and a day of solitary confinement on bread and water did not seem too severe a punishment for the hard-hearted boy who could even think of harming a downy white kit like Puff.

But as night came on, Sue began to relent, for Pussy was so lively that partial suffocation really did seem to agree with her, and the vision of poor lonely Johnny, with his three slices of bread and three mugs of water, rose before her in the most pathetic manner.

Getting a free pardon from the higher powers, she went to bear the glad tidings, but peeped through the key-hole first to see how it was likely to be received. A somewhat limited view of the cell revealed the prisoner's head lying on his arm, and a candle in dangerous proximity to his curly pate.

"Poor Johnny!" breathed tender Sue, and, unlocking the door, she entered, beaming with peace and good-will.

But brief as had been her delay in getting the key to turn, an entire change had come over the captive, and no sign of "poor Johnny" could be discovered in the unrepentant-looking boy who sat with his boots on the table, hands in his pockets, and an expression of the utmost unconcern upon his youthful countenance.

"I thought you might like to know that Puff is quite comfortable again," began Sue, rather daunted by this sudden change.

"Course she is! can't kill a cat so easy as all that," with a contemptuous shrug.

"Would n't you like to come down now?"

"Don't care particularly about it."

"Please do care, Johnny, for I 'm lonely if you are n't. No one shall say a word about it, and we 'll all be glad to see you back."

Johnny put his feet down and moved uneasily in his chair, for Sue had smoothed the way to freedom so sweetly, his bottled up remorse began to work within him.

"Did *you* ask father?"

"Yes; I knew you would n't do it again, and must be very tired of staying here so long."

"Oh, I 've been busy, and had lots of fun making that."

Lifting the light, Johnny proudly displayed upon the wall the motto, "Do as you would be done by," made of what at first looked like a series of queer, black blots.

"That is a very good one for you to have," began Sue, then started back with an irrepressible "Ow!" for on going nearer to admire, she discovered that the blots were beetles of some sort.

"Oh, Johnny, how horrid! What are they? How could you do so to those poor things?"

"Cockroaches; and you need n't howl, for they were all as dead as Julius Cæsar before I put a pin into 'em."

Then, as if some explanation were necessary, and this a good opportunity to make the *amende honorable*, he added, soberly:

"You see, when I came up, I was so mad I planned to put all the bugs and things I 'd caught in my trap into your bed and pockets, and down your back, first chance I got. But I had to wait, and somehow my mad all went off, and then I thought I 'd have a motto, something like those you 've got. The one in your room has leaves and ferns around it, and I had n't a thing but these old chaps lying around. Don't you know, in that Dick-

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ens' book, one of the fellows makes a picture of dried skeets? I thought I 'd try the cockies, and it was great fun putting 'em up. Neat thing, is n't it?"

The utter absurdity of the golden rule being framed in starved cockroaches never struck Johnny, but it did Sue, and she was on the brink of a laugh, when a glance at the boy's face, as he surveyed his work with pensive satisfaction, made her smother her merriment, by a great effort, and try to answer gravely.

"I never saw anything so curious; and I do hope you will remember not to be cruel, for papa says really brave people never are, and I know you are n't a coward, for you never hit a boy smaller than yourself," gently moralized Sue.

"I 'd be a mean sneak if I did!" exclaimed Johnny with scorn.

"Then I should n't think you 'd hurt a poor little cat, who cannot fight one bit," added Sue, feeling that she had got him now.

No answer from Mr. John, who suddenly affected to be absorbed with a refractory roach, who would twirl round on his pin instead of pointing gracefully upward in the last letter of the word "You." But Sue saw a slight pucker round his mouth, and knew that it was all right, for that peculiar pucker was a sure sign that emotions of the tender sort were getting under weigh. So she put her hand on his arm, whispering, with a gentle pat:

"You need n't *say* you are sorry, for Puff and I forgive and forget. Wont you please come down, dear; I can't enjoy myself a bit if you don't."

"You go along, I 'll come in a minute," from Johnny in the gruff tone that Sue knew by experience was the last growl of the storm.

But she had barely time to get to the dark corner of the hall when there was a rush from the rear, a rough arm came round her neck, a kiss went off like a pistol shot, and a voice that was no longer gruff, said, all in one hearty, incoherent burst:

"I *am* sorry, I never will again, you 're a first-class girl, and I 'll keep the old cockies up there forever 'n' ever, to make me remember to be as good to cats and things as you are to me!"

Sue had many a laugh afterward to pay her for the one so wisely smothered at that critical moment, and Johnny's repentance, though it took a droll form, was sincere, for he laid the words of the cockroach motto to heart, and tried to be worthy the love and respect of a "first-class sister."

School-mates and bosom friends can do a great deal for one another in this direction, not by constant fault-finding, but by patiently trying to cure the faults in the kindest way. There are plenty of little reforms in manners and habits, as well as in thoughts and feeling, to be undertaken, and the best test of friendship is this mutual help and confidence.

I once heard about a set of girls who felt it their duty to tell one another their faults with entire frankness; in fact they quite exerted themselves to drag forth the hidden weaknesses of their young souls, all with the best intentions in life. Of course a general explosion soon followed, and the eternal friendships lasted about a week.

A wise observer interested in these attempts at "culture," as the girls called it, suggested that, instead of looking for faults, they should try to discover and strengthen the virtues in one another, remembering that only those without sin may throw stones at their neighbors.

The damsels tried the plan, and it is pleasant to know that it succeeded admirably, and many lasting friendships rose from the ruins of the Candor Club and the Palace of Truth.

Here is another little story in which some younger girls learned the same lesson in another way:

Two sisters were at school together, one a general favorite, the other almost universally disliked, owing to an unfortunate temper which was always giving and taking offense. Being as proud as passionate, the poor child felt keenly the prejudice against her, and tried to conquer it; but her efforts took such odd or inconvenient shapes that they were received with laughter, incredulity, or coldness.

Even her sister, annoyed by her freaks and wearied by her short-lived repentances, seemed to shut her out from the happy world in which the others lived amicably together, and little Jane, after hotly resenting this banishment, retired into herself to mourn over her own iniquities with all the helpless anguish of a sensitive, unhappy child.

No one guessed the little tragedy going on in Janey's heart, but left her to herself till accident betrayed how much she suffered and how severely she was punishing herself for the faults all condemned, yet no one helped her to cure.

A teacher, going her rounds one night to see if all was safe in the dove-cot, found Janey lying on the floor beside the bed in which her sister lay, snugly tucked up and fast asleep. Thinking that the restless child had fallen out, the teacher stooped to waken her, but saw that this chilly couch had been purposely chosen, for a corner of the bed-side carpet was folded over Janey's feet, and under her cheek lay a little handkerchief, still wet with secret tears.

Surprised and touched, the lady stood a moment, feeling that this was some self-inflicted penance of the odd child's, which must be stopped, yet might be turned to good account if rightly treated.

Lifting the little icicle, she carried her away to a

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warm room, and Janey waked up with an arm about her, a kind face bending over her, and a motherly voice saying, "Tell me all about it, dear."

Taken off her guard, Janey's reserve melted like mist before the sun, and the full heart involuntarily overflowed at the first gentle touch.

"No, I did n't fall out, I went on purpose when Fan was asleep," began Janey, unable to resist questions that were accompanied by caresses.

"But why?"

"I heard the big girls reading about some good folks who did such things to make them better. I 'm so bad nobody *can* love me, not even Fan, and so I tried this way, though I can't ever be a saint, I know."

"This is not the first time, then? and this is how you get such colds and chilblains?" exclaimed the teacher, wondering what revelation would come next.

"Oh, I want to have them, for if I ache and sneeze it makes me remember better than black marks or scoldings. Those good people had prickly belts and whips, and things that I can't have; but colds do very well, and chilblains are first-rate," answered the young martyr for conscience' sake, chafing the poor feet, which were nearly as red as the flannel nightgown she wore.

"But, Janey, dear, there is no need of punishing yourself like this. You will get sick, and that would grieve us all," began the teacher, touched to the heart by these innocent confessions.

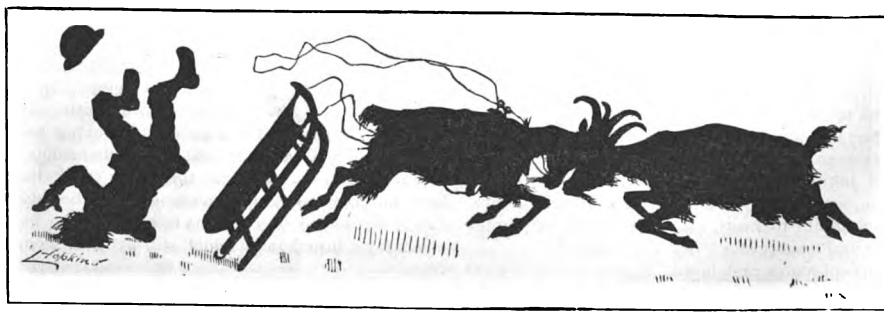
"No, I don't think anybody would care *much*. P'r'aps if I died the girls might cry a little, and be sorry they were n't kinder to me when I was alive. I 'd like them to know I tried to be pleasanter, though they did n't believe me when I said so. Do you think they would then?" asked the child, with a sob, as if her morbid imagination already pictured the pathetic scene and rather enjoyed it.

Feeling that something must be done at once, the teacher promised to speak to the girls, and assure them of Janey's sincerity in her efforts at reformation. But Janey stood in such dread of their ridicule she was terror-stricken at the idea, and would only consent to Fan's being told in strict secrecy; and after much comfortable counsel, was about to depart to bed in a happier frame of mind, when another sprite appeared.

It was Fanny, who had waked to find her sister gone, and, being rather conscience-pricked for her late neglect, had come to "kiss and make up."

Seizing the propitious moment, the teacher told the story of Janey's private penances so well, that long before the tale was done there were two red nightgowns cuddling on the rug, two faces cheek to cheek, two little sisters promising to love, and trust, and help one another truly, truly all their lives.

I hope they did, for in this troublous world of ours there is no braver, better work, for young or old, than that of patiently, kindly lending a hand and helping along.



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

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# THE FIGHTING FLEET.

By Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels.

"Will," said Lulu Ashley, as she was helping her brother "clear up" their play-room, "what can it be that rattles so in this box? I must look and see,"—and suiting the action to the word, she opened the box. "Oh, Will!" she exclaimed, "if here is n't our old game of guns!"

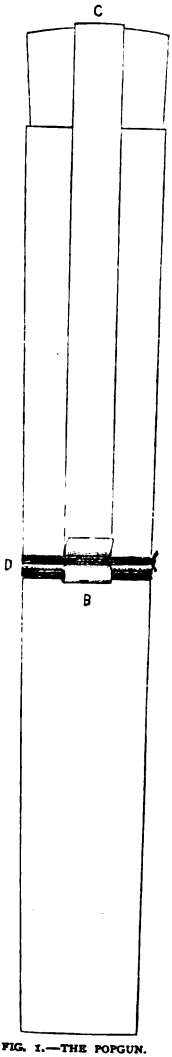


FIG. 1.—THE POPGUN.

"Well, what of that?" asked Will.

"Why, don't you remember what fun we had with them last fall?"

"Yes, of course; but our soldiers are all gone."

"Well, let 's make some forts and ships, and have a naval battle."

"I declare we might. That is n't a bad idea for a girl," said Will, condescendingly.

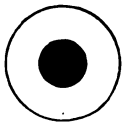
Lulu did not mind the slight. She helped Will shove the kindling-box and basket into the closet, and then they sat down on the sofa, little Alice looking on in admiration, and crowding her head between theirs while they examined the contents of the box. There were three little black popguns and an abundance of ammunition in the shape of dried peas.

"What fun we did have with those guns!" said Lulu, "and how nicely brother Herbert made them!"

"Pooh!" said Will, "they are easy enough to make."

"Yes," assented Lulu, "like the egg Columbus stood on end—easy enough if you once know how."

That our boys and girls may know how to make them, I will describe these guns that Lulu's older brother, Herbert, had made. He took strips of soft pine wood, five and a half inches long and about an inch thick, and bored them out with a number-five auger. These formed the bodies of the guns, and were painted black. The ramrods he made of red cedar. These were left nearly square at the top, a little place being hollowed out, as at A, Fig. 2; the rest was whittled down to about the size of a common pencil, and rubbed with sandpaper. The ramrods were then fitted into the guns. They slipped easily in and out. Next Herbert cut strips of India-rubber about six inches long, and put one on each gun, as at B, Fig. 1, carrying it along one side, over the top (where it fitted as at C, Fig. 1, into the hollow or groove) and down on the other side, securing it on both sides with a piece of string, as at D, Fig. 1.


END VIEW OF GUN.

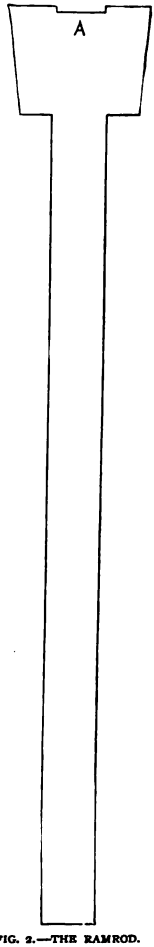


FIG. 2.—THE RAMROD.

The ramrod can be drawn out at the top, the shot put into the end of the gun, and the ramrod let go with a snap. The spring is very powerful and the gun very strong.

The children already had three of these, so they did not have to make any more; but Lulu's idea of forts and ships found favor with Will, and he began drawing some models. After several attempts, he decided upon the following plan, made on cardboard.

Fig. 4, on the next page, represents one side of the vessel; the other side is like it, but is reversed. The places marked X are the port-holes for the guns, and are to be cut out. The bows (A, Fig. 4) of both sides are pasted together, and little strips of paper should be pasted on, overlapping both sides, to help hold them in place. Then the deck (Fig. 9) must be pasted along the edges and set in, just above the port-holes. Fig. 5 represents the lower part of the

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stern. A piece of paper, of the same width and about an inch long, should be pasted upon the

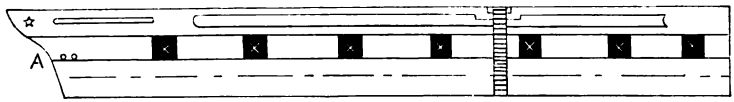


FIG. 4.—SIDE OF THE MAN-OF-WAR.

under side of each end (F and G), and should overlap about half an inch. The stern should then be bent to the right curve and fastened, by the overlapping strips, to the under side of the end of Fig. 4 at B. Care should be taken that the lines match. The upper part of the stern, represented by Fig. 6,

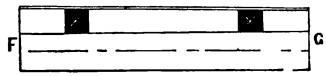


FIG. 5.—LOWER PART OF STERN.

is put on in the same way; being longer than the lower part, this projects beyond it in the curve.

The smoke-stack (Fig. 7) is made of soft pine, whittled in shape and painted black, and is glued to the deck at I, Fig. 9. Three little holes should be made in the deck at the places marked H, a little square of card-board should be pasted under them, and the holes continued through these squares. The holes may be made with a large-sized darning-needle or shawl-pin. The masts are then made, of soft pine, of the same size and shape as Fig. 8. The masts are each of two pieces (C and D), and are lashed together at E with black thread. The top of the mainmast must be longer than the two others. The rigging is illustrated by Fig. 10. The cross-bars (J and K) are made of pins, with their points inserted in the wood; L and M are threads which twist around the mast where the two parts join, and pass at N and O through needle-holes on the sides of the vessel, where they are neatly tied; these help to support the mast and keep it in place.

FIG. 7. SMOKE-STACK.

Fig. 11 represents a cannon; this is made of soft pine and painted black. The man-of-war in our illustration carries sixteen guns. These are of different length, owing to the shape of the vessel; at the bow they are short, and must be made gradually longer to "amidships," decreasing in length from there to the stern. They are passed through opposite port-holes, under the deck, so that each piece represents two guns, except the two at the stern. These may rest on the last side gun. All

FIG. 6.—UPPER PART OF STERN.

should project a little beyond the body of the vessel, and they all should be pasted to the edges of the port-holes to keep them in place. With a little flag rigged to the mizzen-mast—of any size, shape, or design approved by the young builder—the little man-of-war is complete; and if the card-board is strong and the paste or glue of good quality, it will turn out a trim and stout little ship, capable of standing under considerable fire.

FIG. 8. MAST.

Will made two of these, one for his cousin Fred, who was to visit them the next day, and one for himself. Lulu made the fort. She did very well, with some help from papa. Her model is given in Fig. 12. The places marked X are to be cut out. The back and the two sides are like this front (Fig. 12), except that they have no door. The portcullis, or iron door, is given in Fig. 13. This must be set into the door-way and pasted in place with a thin strip of paper put upon the under side, and set half upon the door and half upon the body of the building, to act like a hinge. When this is dry the door may be opened and shut. The front and sides are pasted together at the edges, and wooden cleats are set into the corners and glued there to assist in holding the posts firmly together. The back is put on in the same way. Care should be taken to fit the edges of the card-board neatly together.

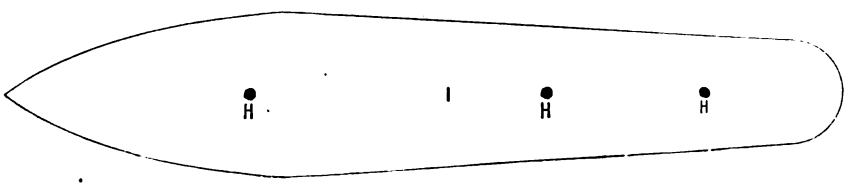


FIG. 9.—DECK.

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Lulu did not consider her fort finished until a bright little flag floated above it. Will drew the flags for both vessels and the fort, and Lulu cut them out and painted them.

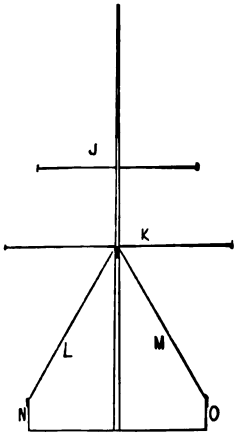

FIG. 10.—RIGGING.

Before bed-time they were all complete, and the tired children stood looking at their work with intense satisfaction.

"Let 's clear away all the scraps now, Will," said Lulu, as Will started for the door.

"Oh, no," said he; "wait till morning."

"No," said Lulu firmly; "I made a resolve this afternoon to keep this room tidy, and I 'm going to do it. Only think how much nicer it will be in the morning to find it in order; and it wont take us three minutes, Will."

"Oh, well!" said Will, yawning and stretching his arms; "hurry up then, for I am so sleepy."

Lulu whisked off the scraps and chips on the table, put away the glue, the pencils, scissors, ruler and knife, while Will brushed up the floor and emptied the dust-pan into the wood-box.

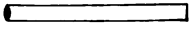
FIG. 11.—A CANNON.

"Now," said Lulu, triumphantly, "how much better that looks, and how much nicer it is!"

The next day their cousin Fred came to see them. The children had a holiday, and as the morning was bright and pleasant they played out of doors; but in the afternoon it rained hard, and then they came in and hurried up to the play-room.

The guns and shot were brought out; the boys each took a ship, and Lulu the fort, from which the first shot was fired. Lulu said the fort belonged to the United States, and the vessels were foreign men-of-war trying to run by. They quickly returned the fire from the fort, and then rattle, rattle, rattle went the shot; snap, snap went the guns, and peal after peal of merry laughter rang from the happy boys and girls. Little Alice looked on in delight, clapping her hands and scrambling after peas on the floor, all of which with great partiality she gave to Lulu, who in the end came off victorious, as she was constantly supplied with ammunition and that of the boys became exhausted.

FIG. 13. THE PORTCULLIS.

After the battle, it was found that the Powhatan, Will's vessel, had lost her flag, one mast and two guns. The Empire, Fred's ship, was more fortunate. The Powhatan was quickly repaired, however; and while Will was playing ship's carpenter, Fred proposed to make another fort and a fleet of vessels.

FIG. 14. THE FLAG.

Will hailed the idea with delight. Lulu was eager to begin at once, and said when they were done she would ask Bessie and Harry Newton to come and help in the battle.

So to work they went, and ships—big, little, and middle-sized—were turned out from under their skillful hands with a rapidity that would have astonished a government contractor. The fighting fleet was a great achievement in the eyes of the neighboring boys and girls. Two or three envious ones, however, told Lu she was a "Tomboy."

"I 'm not," said Lulu. "Mamma and papa like to have me play with my brother and cousins. Papa says good play is the best medicine for children, and keeps nonsense out of their heads."

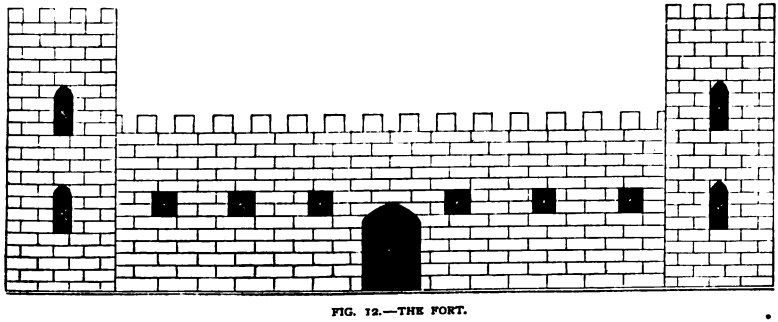
FIG. 12.—THE FORT.

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# THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE time of gifts has come again,
And, on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight.
The wayside travelers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;
And the dull blankness seems, perchance,
Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes through
The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,
Seem some sweet souls who veil their worth,
And offer to the careless glance
The clouding gray of circumstance.
They blossom best where hearth-fires burn,
To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace, that hide
Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee!
Man judges from a partial view,
None ever yet his brother knew;
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole,
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side!

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# HEROD.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

"Look-a yeah now. Let dat ar dog alone now! Dat ar a dang'ous dog, I tell you! He goes mad mos' every summer."

One always knew when Primus and King Herod were coming down street. The boys from the levees found no better fun than to tease them, while the old slave and the dog, who prided themselves on their aristocracy, both treated the "wharf-rats" with a fine scorn.

"Bring dat rubbish to de Sunday-school?" said Primus to the superintendent. "Fus' thing you know, sah, dey'll be tryin' to get into heaben! Dey've got jess dat much brass!"

Primus looked upon heaven as a retreat reserved for certain good "Virginya famblys," with their house-servants. For himself, he scorned colored churches, and was the most prominent member of the little Sunday-school, and King Herod the only dog allowed to cross its threshold. The old fellow sat just under the stained window, with the hound at his feet, in a class of little boys, spelling over his thumbed, dog-eared Bible. Besides his lesson, he had taken on himself to stir the fire and help carry round the books, and to keep a sharp eye on the boys outside. When service began, Herod took a nap in the vestibule, while Primus devoutly joined in the hymns and slept through the sermon. In short, we children looked upon him as so strong a pillar of the church that, when the Sunday-school had contributed enough money to choose a life member of the Missionary Society, Primus was at once elected. A few weeks after, a gorgeous parchment entitling him to this dignity, engrossed in German text, and with colored seals affixed, arrived, and was framed and hung up in his shanty; and I should like to have heard anybody question his right of way into "heaben" after that!

His little cabin stood on the sunny side of the hill just out of town; the walls were literally half windows, as Primus, who was a tolerable carpenter, had a habit of begging odd sashes out of torn-down houses, and of cutting a place for them in his own. His cot-bed was in front of a square window, the table beside a triangular one, and the dog's carpet under a round one from the old church.

Over the mantel-shelf hung the missionary parchment, and beneath stood a row of tomato-cans with the red labels turned out; in the little shed outside were heaps of wood, coal, a corner cupboard of provisions, and the barrels of vinegar which Primus called his "manufactory,"—to be sold only, however, to certain "famblys."

The children of these famblys were always making journeys up the hill to see "how comf'ble me and Herod keeps house togedder." If we were "bores," and "nuisances," and "little pitchers" elsewhere, in Primus's shanty we were guests worthy of high honor. The old man's eyes began to twinkle as he saw us coming up through the paw-paw bushes, and King Herod dashed wildly to and fro (if ever a dog laughed, he laughed then); the fire was piled up, johnny-cake put on the ashes, and delicious sausages set on to sizzle in the pan, while Primus was coaxed out of some of his hunting stories, in which Herod's father and uncles bore a thrilling part.

"Old Mars' Cha'les he kept none but de best blood of dogs; look at de muzzle now ob dis pup's, and de ears, fine as any lady's. Hi! you He-rod! you laughin' at dat? You 's nuffin' to compar' wid yer fader," winking aside to us, and whispering, "Mus' take he's spirit down. He's awful vain pup."

The pup was older than any of us, except Primus, who might have been born with Methuselah, for all we knew. His woolly hair was white, and hung about his neck; his leather-colored skin crinkled in countless wrinkles, and the half-worn clothes which we carried to him, as soon as he put them on, suddenly took on a look of immeasurable age. Primus, coming like a shadow down the sunny street, knock-kneed and gray, with his big demijohns of vinegar, one in each hand, always seemed to us children to have just walked out of that far-away time of his fairy stories, that "Once upon a time, when turkeys drank wine, and swallows built their nests in old men's beards."

Herod, Primus, and the demijohns made weekly rounds of the "famblys;" they had the freedom of every kitchen and pantry, and there was always a pie, or loaf, or plate of "turkey 'n' fixin's" set away for them to carry back to the corner cupboard. The old man, too, took the keenest interest in all the affairs of the house, from the new wash-tubs to "Miss Embly's furrin' lover from New York." He would trot down by daylight on a winter's morning to know if letters had come from Master Joe, who was ill at college; or protesting that he "could n't sleep all night for thinkin' of dat ar debble of a chimbly, an' had made out a way to make it draw," while Herod stood by as anxious as he. In



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fact, Primus talked to him so constantly of such things that the dog, I am confident to this day, understood all about them.

One of the stories Primus told us oftenest was of how he came to own Herod, who was a pure-blooded hound of the best English breed.

"Dis war de on'y mis'able pup ob his mother,—um weak, good-for-not'in' chap; an' Mars' Cha'les he say, 'Primus, drown dat un; he disparage de pack.' Howseveh, I takes um, an' feeds um, an' nusses um foh two or t'ree months; but 'twant no use. He war allus a-winkin', an' his legs a-shakin' under him. So, Mars' Cha'les he say, 'What foh you keep dat onfortnit creatshure? It's onhuman, forcin' sech a skelington to lib,' he say. But I say, 'He got de blood, sah. De blood ob his fader 's in de skelington.' Howseveh, he gets leaner an' leaner, and winks wus each day. 'He done gone clean blind,' I say. 'I mos' hab make up my mind to drown dat pup, sah.' Well, one day dah wus a hunt. Mars' Cha'les he start a buck up de Norf Mountain, an' I had de dogs; an', shore 's you lib, I tuk Herod in my pocket! 'Ef dah 's any life in him,' I say, 'it's got to come out now. Now or nebber!' So I puts him down whah you could see de buck a-tearin' down de gohge, de dogs af'er, pell mell! high-sky! Ef you 'll beleeb me, sah, dat blind pup he staggers up an' he gibs a yow-how, an' he goes off at a swingin' trot! Course he tumbles in de fus' ditch; but de blood hed kum out, sah! Af'er dat, dat pup see as well as any dog, an' he kum in fus' at de death of many a buck. But Mars' Cha'les he say, 'He 's your pup, Primus. It wor you dat find de blood in him!'"

HEROD JOINS THE HUNT.

The rheumatism laying siege to Primus one winter, he announced his intention of going off to find

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this same Master Charles, who, he told us, had "married a rich wife in Missoury. He hab n't seen me dese six year. But he 's 'sponsible fur my keep an' Herod's. Nebber had no free papers."

How the old man and the dog found their way to Missouri nobody ever knew. We were all afraid that "Mars' Cha'les" would have a cool welcome for the helpless pair.

Early one morning in spring we saw a faint smoke curling from the shanty, and there was a rush from the school-house up.

Primus and Herod came out to meet us, and there was a general jollification.

"Mars' Cha'les treated me like a brudder, but I could n't stan' his new wife or her niggers," he said. "It mout suit him to put up wid such an or'nary lot. But I hab n't no necessity to do it. So I jes' turned an' kum back."

The next winter the rheumatism came back also, and the road to town being almost impassable in deep snows, Primus had to give up his weekly journeys to his customers. Master Charles had supplied him with plenty of money, and he had no lack of provisions. Herod, too, came trotting into one kitchen or another, every day or two, with an empty basket tied about his neck, which was filled with some nice little mess for the old man; and there was not a "wharf-rat" in the town depraved enough to touch it on its way back.

One day in December, just before the river closed, a colored man, body-servant to a passenger on a steamboat, met Herod with his basket, coming at his usual loping pace down the street. The man saw the delicate muzzle, the fine ears, the noble build of the dog, and he knew the signs of "blood" as well as Primus. He showed him some lumps of sugar—which no hound can withstand—and in ten minutes had him on board the boat and going at full head of steam to Louisville. The next day the river closed.

Now it happened that in the basket Primus had placed a paper, on which was scrawled, "Vitels out," his usual warning when he wanted somebody to come up to buy a fresh supply of provisions for him. The paper, of course, was never received. There was a heavy fall of snow that night, which made our Saturday's journey to the cabin impossible, and, although day after day passed, and Herod did not appear in any of the houses which he frequented, he was not missed, each family supposing that Primus had sent him elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the old man, as night approached, watched from one or another of his many windows for the dog.

"He 's bin in a fight!" he muttered again and again. Nothing but a fight, he was sure, would tempt Herod to stay away from him so long. Night came on so dark with falling snow that he could not see ten feet down the hill; he dragged himself to the door, and whistled and called incessantly. He could see far off the dull glow of light where the town lay, and hear the church-clocks striking the hour; now and then the shrill whistle of a steamboat would cut the silence, or a calliope far down the river, with its coarse, ghostly music. He could hear everything but the joyous bark and the soft crunch of snow under the bounding feet.

The next day Primus found himself absolutely without fuel or provisions, except a bag of corn-meal. But the fear of hunger did not dismay him so much as the possible fate of the dog. He tried to work himself into a passion.

"He 's runnin' with some ob dem young pups in de woods af'er rabbits! Time he 'd sowed he's wild oats! I 'll gib him de debble when he comes back, he's tail between his legs!"

Then his conscience wrenched him, and he sat down and cried—the tears of old age, that has lost its one friend this side of the grave.

I don't want to bring tears to any little child's eyes, so we will pass over the days that followed while old Primus lay alone on the hill, as he thought, dying. The corn-meal lasted for nearly a week, and he burned such sticks and boards as he could drag in from under the snow. He had lost all anxiety to live. He was sure now the dog was dead, and talked of him constantly to himself.

"Him an' me was kimpanions many a year, an' I 'll not stay ahint him long. But I thort we 'd hev kep' togedder to the las'."

On Friday the last grain of meal was gone, and the old man's hunger was very great; on Saturday he was weaker and sinking fast. He remembered what day it was and thought some of the children might come up, deep as the snow was. But there was some birthday party going on that day, and Primus was forgotten. Sunday was Christmas, and there were little presents and dishes of dainties set aside in many houses to be sent up to him in the morning, while the old man lay literally slowly starving to death.

Just before nightfall the bay of a hound was heard outside of the house to which Herod had been sent ten days before—a weak, low sound, but we all knew it was Herod. When the door was opened there he stood, a very ghost of a dog. He wagged his tail feebly, and looked at us with eyes that told a dreadful story of hunger and abuse. Of course he was hurried in to the warm fire, and the whole household gathered about him. But he would not be quiet—running like a half-mad creature to the door and back. We then saw the cord about his neck and the broken handle of the basket.

"Primus is ill, and has sent him, and he has

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been in a fight on the way," we said, little thinking how long a fight it had been, and that it was with death itself.

The horse was soon harnessed to the buggy, a store of provisions put in, with the dog in front, as he seemed scarce able to drag his weight along. As we drove up the hill-side, we saw there was no smoke from the chimney nor light from the windows. All was still and dark and cold; and when we opened the door and groped about, we put our hands on the bed and felt something stiller and colder than all beside.

But Primus was not dead. As he said afterward, "Seemed as if I could n't go ober Jordan 'n' leave dat pup alive."

In a few minutes a roaring fire made the little shanty glow, and loving hands were busy chafing the old man back to life.

When he opened his eyes they wandered wildly about until they rested on the dog, who stood beside an untasted platter of meat, watching his master. Primus put out his hand to him.

"De Lohd be praised!" he said, the tears creeping down his face.

Months afterward we learned that the dog had been carried down the river as far as Cincinnati, and there escaped and made his way home on foot. How he did it through a country which he had never traveled before, across hills covered with snow and frozen rivers, was always a mystery to Primus and to us; he was desperately wounded in two places, and had evidently gone through hard fights. But the remembrance of his forgotten errand had been with him all the time, for as soon as he had reached the town he came straight to the house to which he had been sent.

"He was a skelington, shure nuff," Primus said, "but de blood was dar."

When I last saw Primus, he and King Herod actually seemed to have renewed their youth; they were both growing fat, and moved leisurely on their journey. But the apple vinegar was yet as choice in flavor, the delicious sausages yet sizzled in the pan, and a party of children sat about the fire and listened to the story of Herod's journey, while the light shone through the many windows of the little cabin, and made it glow like a beacon on the lonely hill.

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# THE WOOD-WITCH.

BY EMMA BURT.

IN Deutchland the people do not wish the cold to enter their dwellings. Not that they have aught against it, for they often go out and meet it in the most friendly manner, and enjoy their gardens even unto mid-winter.

But they do not wish the cold to come in. So, in the early winter, double windows are put into their homes. Between the window within and the one without is quite a little garden of space. This is nearly filled with mosses; evergreens often run also up at each side, with an artificial flower fastened here and there to make one think it is summer.

One day when these were to be adorned for winter, Emil and Gretchen, two small children, begged of the good Frau, their mother, to permit them to go out and gather the mosses for the windows. To this she readily consented. Then one put on his cap and the other her hood, and they went, hand in hand, up a lonely and crooked lane into the forest.

Winter had already come. Only a few leaves trembled in the wind on the naked boughs of the tall trees. Almost all of the little plants were ragged and forlorn, and the flowers on the ground were dead. Mats of brown leaves were beaten into the ground, just as the fall rains had left them.

These two very small folks felt most lonesome when they stepped into this great forest. The sky and the trees seemed so far above them, and the rough ground hurt their young feet, and there was nowhere a fire to make them warm.

By and by they forgot the cold and loneliness, for they found wonderful things hidden away. Long vines covered with red berries lay under the leaves; bits of fir and balsam abounded; and upon and about an old decaying log was *such* a bunch of moss as made them clap their hands and shout till the woods laughed too,—moss so deep and rich that they fairly lost their little cold red hands in it; and oh! so green and bright it was that they laughed over and over again to think how glad the good Frau would be, and what two wonderful children she would think them for having found so great treasure. So the deep mosses,

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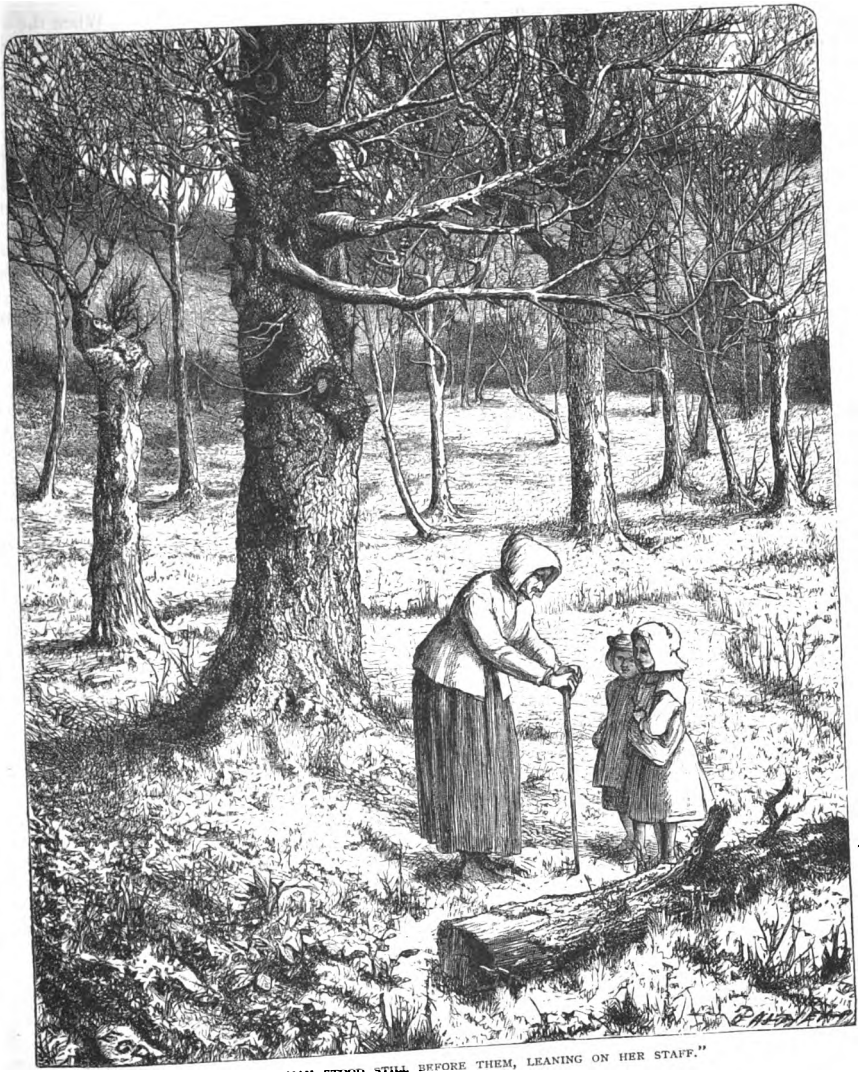

"THE OLD WOMAN STOOD STILL BEFORE THEM, LEANING ON HER STAFF."

softer than Persian wool, went into young Gretchen's apron along with the fir and balsam and berries. Besides, on the very same log, was a whole army of gray-coated lichens, with red caps on their heads —the funniest little soldiers you ever saw, and not an inch long were they.

These, too, were going into the apron after the mosses, close up against a happy heart, with a face up above it that had cheeks as round and red as apples, and eyes as bright as cups of water in the sun. Then right by were two other cheeks, and two other eyes as bright as they.

Just as the little lichen soldiers were going in by the moss, the children heard a breaking of twigs, as if some one were walking in the wood. They looked up and saw a dreary old crone coming right toward them.

The same chill crept over them from head to

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foot that they felt when first they came into the lonesome woods, and looked up at the tall, knotty old trees, so gaunt and bare, that were swaying in the wind.

"Dear Gretchen, are you afraid?"

"Just a little bit, Emil."

And Emil crept close to his sister, and she stood quite still, and trembled very hard.

"And will she kill us, Gretchen, with her stick?"

"They say good children never need to fear."

"And is she a witch, Gretchen?"

"Oh, Emil, I am very much afraid!"

"*What* will you say?"

"I will speak very gently."

"And if she lifts her stick?"

"*Then* I will say, 'You are a witch! We are God's kleine kindern, and you *dare* not touch us!'"

The dismal old crone drew nearer and nearer, and the little children grew meeker, and trembled more and more. They wished the earth would open and let them down out of sight; but the earth did no such thing. The old woman drew nearer and nearer, and then stood still before them, leaning upon her staff.

She looked just like the trees, gnarled and knotty, and without life. She opened her thin lips and spoke; and her voice moaned and whistled like the north wind.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Gathering greens for the winter."

"Why do you gather greens?"

"To make the windows like the summer."

"Then you are fond of summer?"

"Yes."

"And you hate the winter?"

"A little."

"And you think these trees hateful old things?" she asked.

The children shivered "Yes."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Perhaps you are a very old Frau!" answered Gretchen, for she dared not call her "witch."

"I am the spirit of the trees. When the winds wail you hear my voice. Do not hate me, young children! I am not a witch, as you thought, neither am I a very old Frau as you said. Listen! I am the spirit of the trees. Nothing is ever old. The winter is young as the summer. The heart of the oak is young as the greens in your apron. The heart of the winter trees holds sap to feed young leaves, and the ugly knot in the fire burns a great red coal to make you warm.

"Nothing is ever old. What you call age comes just before the bright to-morrow that never grows dark or cold, and where all deformity passes away. What seems, is not. At the heart of all, is good. Adieu! Fear me not."

And she lifted her staff and hobbled away, sighing softly as the south wind at the breaking of winter: "Nothing grows old! nothing grows old!"

Then the little children ran swiftly home. And when they entered the house, all the red apples had gone out of their cheeks; and their eyes were indeed like cups of water, for the tears spilled out of them down their cheeks. When the good Frau had taken them both into her arms and comforted them, they told her the whole story.

"Oh," said she, laughing heartily, "that was the harmless old body who lives in the small house away upon the mountain-top. She was a great lady once, but now she is poor, and has gone wrong *here*," she said, tapping her forehead with her finger. "Wrong *here!*" she repeated, saying just what all the world says of those who say things they cannot understand.

"Just a little crazy, dears, but quite harmless, and as good as she can be. Some day we will go and take her a seed-cake and a mug of beer. Poor old lady!"

Then the good Frau and the children fixed the mosses into the windows, and made them most beautiful to look upon. While all the time something sang in young Gretchen's heart: "Nothing is ever old!"

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# LATIFA.

By Sara Keables Hunt.

"I HAVE IT!" cried the girl, scrambling out of a half-excavated ruin, unnoticed by the group of Arabs who were searching eagerly for "antiques." The afternoon sunlight glared redly in her face as she turned from the vast heap of *débris* and hurried away, her little brown hand clasping tightly the small object she had found; and when at last she looked at her treasure, "Yes," she whispered, "this is what she wanted—the pure, beautiful maiden. 'Oh!' she said, 'if I could only have a *scarabeus* that I knew was genuine; but, alas! I cannot go down into these wonderful ruins!' Poor thing!" added the girl a moment after, "she is so white and frail—like a beautiful lily! How she has loved the flowers I have carried her! I will take this to her now; I can get home before sundown. When I tell her how I found it, how her blue eyes will shine! She will believe me. What can she want of it, this little dirty-looking beetle? Why do those foreigners rave so over the things we dig up out of the ground?"

Musing thus, her bare feet hurried over the sandy road toward Alexandria.

She was a dark-eyed Arab girl of about twelve years, though in appearance much older. Her hair, black and glossy, contrasting well with her richly tinted skin, hung in long braids, tied at the ends with a bright gilt cord; and her teeth gleamed white and even. There was a bright, intelligent look in her face; an utter absence of the languid expression which characterizes so many of the Arab women. Her name was Latifa, the signification of which in Arabic is "favored of fortune."

Soon she reached the busy square, and, hurrying up to the Hotel d'Europe, she passed in to the kitchen, where a boy sat peeling vegetables.

"Mahomet, brother," she whispered in Arabic, "can I see her?"

"Who?" said Mahomet, indifferently.

"The beautiful lady who is ill."

"O, Miss Lulu?" queried the boy.

"Yes, yes," replied Latifa, impatiently. "May I go up to her room? I have brought her something."

"What is it?" said Mahomet, with awakening interest. "Will she pay you?—will you get backsheesh?"

"No, no," she answered sharply; "it is nothing—nothing, only you know I like to go there; she gives me bright ribbons, and ——"

"Yes, yes," said Mahomet, yawning. "Well, go along, if you want to. Don't forget to knock."

Latifa hurried upstairs, along the wide passages, and reached the door of the stranger's room. Her breath came quickly, as she paused a moment before entering.

"I would not tell Mahomet; he would want me to sell it. Ah, beautiful lady! it is not your ribbons that I care for—no, no."

She had knocked. "Come in," said a sweet voice. Latifa entered. On a divan by the window a young girl of fifteen years reclined. She looked up eagerly.

"Ah, my little Arab friend!" she said, putting out her hand. "I am so glad to see you. Papa has gone out for half-an-hour. I begged him to go for a little walk. Nurse is all tired out, too, and is lying down. I had a bad night, coughing. We are going to Cairo to-morrow."

Latifa could not speak English very correctly, but she had picked up a great deal of the language in her intercourse with the many strangers and English residents in Alexandria, and understood it better than she could express herself.

"Me bring you something," she said, holding out the treasure she had found; "you wanted one like dis. I look, look, look down in de ground, and I found it—all sand, all dirt; it is *antico*, it is real—you believe me?"

The sick girl looked up into the dark eyes that flashed so eagerly before her. She took the *scarabeus* in her thin, transparent hand, exclaiming:

"O Latifa! thank you; and you got it for me,—you dug it out of the ruin for *me*, a stranger! Why did you, Latifa?"

"Because me love you, lady," said the girl. "You are like the great sun shining; when me far from you, the dark cometh. Ah! how me tell you?—me know not your language too better. You keep the *antico*, lady; it is real—me no lie to you."

"I believe you, Latifa," the young girl replied. Then, clasping the hand of the Arab girl, she said, inspired by a sudden thought: "Latifa, could you go with me to-morrow, and up the Nile? I like you. Can you go? Is there any one to hinder you? Have you a mother?"

Latifa's eyes flashed with pleasure. "O yes, me want to go. Me take care of you, fan you—oh, so much!" gesticulating vehemently. "Me ask my mother now. She will say: '*Tyebe, ya bint, rah!*' ('Good, my child, go!')."

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"Tell her," said the invalid, "I will pay you well."

The girl was gone, and Lulu Hastings sank back weak and trembling.

"How any little excitement fatigues me!" she murmured. "What will papa say to this arrangement of mine; the idea came upon me so suddenly, but I think he too will say '*Tyebe, ya bint*,' and poor Miss Warner will have less care. How kind of the girl to bring me this valuable specimen," turning the strangely-colored beetle over and over. "This must be the seal of Thothmes III. on this under side. How proud I shall be to take it home and tell my friends that an Arab girl dug it out of an old ruin for me—if I live to go home! Ah! if this Nile trip could but make me better, for papa's sake!"

Lulu Hastings was the only daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, a widower. Her physicians had ordered a winter in Egypt and a trip up the Nile; so here they had arrived one bright December day—the father and daughter, and her good nurse, Miss Warner.

They were glad to hear of Lulu's adventure that evening, when she told it to them, half-doubtingly, and admired the *scarabeus* to her heart's content; Mr. Hastings even commending his daughter for asking the girl to accompany them.

"I had thought of the matter myself, and wished we could find a native girl to go with you. She will relieve Miss Warner of much care, I hope," he said, smiling pleasantly, and sitting down to read some American papers which had come by mail.

Long before sunrise, Latifa was wending her way to town, with her wardrobe for the journey tied up in a huge towel, and her face shining with happiness. Lulu was told she was there when she awoke, and the day began very happily.

They reached Cairo in the evening, and two days later went on board their floating home, with the American flag waving over their heads. The *dahabeih* was well fitted up, and glided along like a bird over the waves. It was a great delight to Lulu to sit upon the deck, under the awnings, in her easy camp-chair, and feel the mild dry air blowing her hair from her forehead, while she watched the sailors and listened to their incessant jabber, or monotonous sing-song, "*Allah, Allah, ya Mohammed, ya Mohammed!*" while they worked at the sails and rigging.

"Just hear them, papa," she said one morning, as Mr Hastings was taking his accustomed walk on the deck, smoking a cigar and intently thinking. "I do believe," she added, "that sailors all over the world sing while they work. Don't you know, on the 'Scotia,' how they used to sing, 'Whisky for the journey?'"

Mr. Hastings smiled. "Yes," said he, "something about 'Whisky killed my brother John.'"

"Then," laughed Lulu, "how they all joined with such a zeal, 'Whisky for the journey.' Papa, I am enjoying this trip so much!"

Mr. Hastings paused, leaning over her chair a moment with a gentle caress.

"And you look much better. We shall take you back home as strong and robust as Latifa."

"Here she comes now," said Lulu, as the Arab girl came up from the cabin, bringing her a light shawl. "Now, Latifa, come and tell me all about these things I see."

So, day after day, the Arab girl, curling herself up at Lulu's feet,—a pretty Oriental picture,—would explain, as well as she was able, the different objects they passed, learning steadily more and more of the language she desired to know.

"Now, Latifa, is n't this delicious? How sweet the clover smells from the banks! But how calm it is growing! The wind has all died away; and see! we are going ashore. What are they doing?"

"Tracking," said Latifa.

"What 's that?" queried Lulu.

"You see those eight men going ashore? They pull the boat along by that rope fastened to it."

"It must be hard work," said Lulu, as they now glided on to the monotonous singing of the eight men on the shore.

"Arabs no care," briefly uttered Latifa, shrugging her shoulders.

"There is a native craft, laden with merchandise," exclaimed Lulu, "and they are tracking, too. How heavy that must be; and they 've only six men at work, too! O Latifa! and just look at those other boats. Why, they are nothing but palm branches made into a frame-work, and filled with chopped straw! Oh, how high and how cleverly it is piled up! What is done with it?"

"Eaten," said Latifa.

"Eaten!" exclaimed Lulu. "Who eats it?"

"Not the Khedive," said Latifa, laughing. "O no, not he!—camels, donkeys, horses, etc.; it is like your—your ——"

"O yes, I see," said Lulu; "like our hay."

Sometimes Latifa would sing Arab songs, accompanying them by the "tum, tum" of the *daraboukeh*, a kind of drum made of a skin stretched over the wide mouth of an earthen vessel, and there was a pleasure in the novelty if not in the melody. There were two or three English gentlemen who had joined their party, and sometimes, when the wind was quiet and the boat tracking, they would go on shore, joining them two or three hours later, loaded with game and specimens of different birds.

But of the whole day, Lulu loved best the two

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hours just before dark, when they all sat together on the deck, watching the busy scenes on the banks, and the glorious skies as the setting sun went down behind the red rocks of the Libyan Desert.

In the numerous villages, half-hidden in palm-trees, which they occasionally passed, they could see men and boys hoeing, working with their bare, closely shaved heads entirely unprotected from the sun.

"It is astonishing," said one of the English travelers, "how these people endure the sun's rays."

"LULU'S EYES WERE FIXED ON THE WESTERN HORIZON."

"Yes," replied Mr. Hastings. "I believe Herodotus says 'the Egyptian skulls are so strong that you may smite them with a stone, and you will scarcely break them in,' and gives as a reason, 'because from early childhood they have the head shaved, and so by the action of the sun the skull becomes thick and hard.' They are a singular race. I have never seen but one who was n't crazy for your money."

"And that one?" said the Englishman.

"Is that girl over there," replied Mr. Hastings, looking at his daughter's companion.

Their eyes turned to the two girls, who formed a lovely picture in the red sunset light. Lulu's eyes were fixed on the western horizon, her face flushed with a solemn admiration; her long waving hair gleaming like gold, and falling a glittering mass all around her; the hands clasped, and her slight figure bent forward, as if to stay the fleeting glory of that dying sun. Latifa crouched in her favorite attitude at her feet, her face upturned, not to the sunset sky, but to the rapt countenance of Lulu. The white Swiss muslin veil which she usually wore thrown over her head, partly concealing her features, had fallen back, revealing the blue turban and handsome face, the parted lips and glistening teeth. Her long braids hung heavy upon her bright dress of Oriental pattern, while her hands lay idly in her lap upon the forgotten *darabouka*.

The sun went down in a sudden burst of radiance, and a chill crept through the air. Lulu arose silently, and went below.

"Earth is beautiful!" she whispered, kneeling in her little room, overpowered with the memory of that heavenly vision she had just beheld.

The Nile party were returning at last, Lulu's strength very much increased, and her general health rapidly improving. They were speeding

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toward Thebes one clear afternoon, all the party sitting upon the deck. Lulu and Latifa were leaning over the vessel's side, watching the ripples and talking idly.

"I can swim," said Latifa, looking out over the waters, as if she would like to jump into them that very moment.

"Can you, really?" questioned Lulu in reply, gazing admiringly at the strong figure of the girl beside her.

"Yes; my brother Mahomet, he taught me long ago. We lived near the sea, and every day would go off into the waters. Mahomet say he no swim so good as me."

"Tell me more about yourself, Latifa," said Lulu, dreamily; "tell me of your past life."

"My father was a jewel merchant of Cairo," the girl began. "He married my mother when she only thirteen—so little. But they live happy a few years; then my mother—oh! her temper is bad—my mother quarrel, quarrel all de times; my father no say nothing. I remembers so much. He say to my mother, 'Oh, Zaida, no scold all de times; I weary, weary!' One day, my mother say, 'Me take you children to my mother's, for stay a little—make little visit.' Then she packed our clothes, and we go away while our father was in another city for two days. We went on a boat—oh, so long it seem! Mahomet, he sleep in my lap. Mother look all de time so angry. We go to Alexandria, to an old house, where my grandmother she live there. We never go back; I never see my father again. Once I listen when my mother talk to my grandma; she say he gone in a far country, no one know where. And I see her look at a box, count jewels and gold—then I see how she support us, though sometimes she no give us much. Ah! me wish my father come back. If he come, I would not care if he be poor. I love him. I work for him—make him happy. I try be good always,—good as I know how,—so that, some day, if he come back, please God, he find me his good little daughter."

"You will meet again, I do believe," said Lulu, with sudden energy. "Oh, I hope you will!"

"Lulu, darling," called out Mr. Hastings, "don't lean over there so—you will fall!"

The caution came too late. There was a wild cry, a sudden plunge, and a gleam of a pale, horrified face went down beneath the waters.

In a second all was confusion. A boat was lowered—moaning and wailing among the crew, who stood helplessly doing nothing. Mr. Hastings threw off his coat, and prepared to leap into the waters. Latifa's arms pushed him away.

"Back! back!" she shouted. "I can swim; I will save her!" and leaped into the river.

A solemn silence fell on all the group. They felt the only hope of safety was in that child. None of the gentlemen could swim.

Latifa had disappeared for a moment, but now arose and struck out boldly in the waters. Away in the distance an object has arisen. She is there—she has seized it—oh, thank God!

But can she bear it up?—the weight is heavy. The boat bounds toward them.

They can see the girl's teeth clinched, and the veins swelling in her forehead, with the almost superhuman efforts which she is making. Can she bear up? Yes, yes! The boat is there! she has reached it! they have lifted them in! and—a wild shout of joy rose from the *dahabeih*. Sailors and passengers alike join in the thanksgiving, while the father, seizing his darling in his arms, could only cry, "Thank God!"

Miss Warner was invaluable; the two girls were soon clothed in dry garments, and sitting with their wet locks spread out in the sunshine, both pale and solemn.

Lulu took the hand of her companion in hers, and said: "You have saved my life, Latifa!"

"It was the grandest sight I ever beheld," said one of the Englishmen to Mr. Hastings, "when that Arab child grasped the drowning girl and kept her above the waters."

"It was a brave act," he answered, with trembling voice. "I must do something for the child. If she would go home with us, I would take her and educate her, and treat her like my own."

But Latifa would not. They proposed the plan to her the last night of their journey on the Nile.

"You are good," she said, "and I should love to go—love to be near this dear young lady; but when the ocean should roll between my kindred and me, there would come a great homesickness into my heart. I should be alone in a strange country. I could never find my father. No, sir, I will remain as I am; but I shall always think about you."

On they sailed toward Cairo. It was nearly noon when they landed, with a little sadness as they bade good-bye to the *dahabeih* and its captain and crew, driving silently to the hotel where they had engaged rooms before leaving Cairo.

"You must stay with me, Latifa, until we leave Egypt," said Lulu, as they sat in their parlor at the hotel. "I cannot be separated yet from the little girl who saved my life. How I wish you would go home with me!"

"Sometimes," said Latifa, sadly, "I think I will go; then I hear my father calling me from the desert. I dream in the night he comes back. If he comes and Latifa be far off,—no, no! me wait for him."

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There was a knock at the door, and two gentlemen, dressed in rich Oriental costume, entered.

"My brother!" cried Latifa, rushing to the younger. "It is Mahomet,—or am I dreaming?"

"Not dreaming, oh my sister! And this,"—he led her to his companion,—"is *our father!*"

There was a low cry of joy, and the child sprang to the arms outstretched to receive her. Lulu's tears were beginning to flow, but she checked them as Latifa turned to introduce her father to her friend.

She might well be proud of him: he looked as Lulu had often imagined some of the old Bible heroes did in the ages gone by; and his eyes beamed so kindly upon her, as Latifa rapidly talked to him in Arabic, that Lulu felt home would be best for the girl, after all.

"And now," said the Pacha, "will you go home with me? It is not far, Latifa; and to-morrow I will send the carriage for this young lady and her father to visit us, if they will come."

"Papa is coming now," said Lulu, as her father then entered, "and must speak for himself. I shall be very happy to see Latifa in her new home."

More explanations ensued, and, with hasty congratulations, and a promise to come to the Pacha's home the next day, they separated.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Hastings; "this is really like a tale in the Arabian Nights. Our little Latifa is well named: her father seems to be a man of intelligence as well as wealth."

"O papa!" cried Lulu; "how glad I am for her! I cannot wait for to-morrow to come—I am so anxious to hear all about it."

The morrow came at last, and during the morning the carriage of the Pacha whirled up to the door, drawn by two fine Arabian horses. Two *Syce* ran before, according to the custom of the country, waving their wands, and crying out in Arabic, "Clear the way!" There was something very exciting to Lulu in this adventure; and as she took a seat in the beautiful cushioned carriage, her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks were pink with pleasure.

On through the streets of Cairo they were rapidly whirled, until the horses paused in front of a magnificent building half hidden in a perfect grove of Eastern trees. Then they were driven slowly in along the winding carriage-road, under orange and fig trees, through clumps of lofty palms, until they came to the entrance. Latifa's father met them here with grave courtesy, conducting Mr. Hastings to a seat in the broad veranda, while two slave girls came to escort Lulu to Latifa's presence. Over the mosaic floors, up the winding stairs of glistening marble,—suddenly a door flew open, and Latifa sprang out, seizing Lulu's hand impulsively.

"I could not wait for you to enter," she exclaimed: "I hear your dear footstep on the stairs. Come, welcome to my home!"

The two girls entered,—Lulu admiring the pretty rooms, much to Latifa's satisfaction. There was a long suite of apartments, but the reception-room where they stood claimed the first attention. The richly inlaid floor was half covered by Persian carpets; divans of rare Turkish embroidery surrounded the room: it was not all Eastern, for there were a few paintings on the walls, and upon quaint brackets were bronze figures and alabaster ornaments, gathered from all parts of the world. Rich curtains hung at the latticed windows, and in the center of the apartment was a marble fountain,—the jets of water coming from the bills of golden birds, who fluttered in the branches of a miniature tree, heavy with foliage.

But Latifa was the crowning beauty of the scene, in her rich Oriental dress of green satin, fastened at the waist by a girdle of jewels. Her hair hung in heavy braids, flashing with diamonds; and her arms and hands were loaded with gems. They were becoming to the Arab girl, but on Lulu they would have looked out of place.

"Is it not like a dream?" said Latifa, when, having dismissed her attendants, she sat down on the divan beside Lulu.

"It is, indeed, and I am longing to know all about it."

"Well, one day, Mahomet was astonished by our father come suddenly to the hotel where he work—(Mahomet so pleased—say to me he no work now any more). My father tell how he been far away so unhappy ever since my mother take us away: he go here—he go there—get much riches, but oh, he long so to see his children! So he come back, put on plain costume, and seek my mother: he ask her to live with him again; but she say 'No,' she 'like her mother best.' Then she look at my father's plain dress, and laugh with scorn, and say, 'You poor—you want me give you money?' Then she say, 'Get out of my house!' So my father then find Mahomet, and my brother fall on his neck and kiss him, he so glad. Then my father take Mahomet to Cairo—buy this house, and wait for Latifa."

"He give me this," she added, "to present you," taking from her bosom a case elegantly set with diamonds. On pressing a hidden clasp, there sprang to view a portrait of Latifa, smiling and happy. Then, without waiting for thanks, she clapped her hands, the sound bringing a slave girl to her presence. A few Arabic words, and the

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girl vanished, returning soon with a full Eastern costume of scarlet satin, embroidered with gold. Everything was complete, even to the silver anklets, necklace glittering with gold coins, gemmed coronet, and embroidered slippers.

"This," said Latifa, "I want you to take home to America. When you have the pretty—what you call tableaux you told me of, then you can have Latifa there. You will tell your companions of me. Latifa will not be forgotten."

The day passed swiftly, the young girls spending part of it in the spacious grounds, plucking the fruits and gathering the brilliant flowers. There were many more days like it, and Miss Warner joined them in their visits, rejoicing with them in Latifa's good fortune.

But the day of departure came, and, with affectionate good-byes, our American friends left Egypt, and after traveling leisurely through Europe, crossed once more the broad Atlantic, and were welcomed gladly home.

Lulu wears upon her watch-chain the *scarabeus*, set in a circle of diamonds, while back and forth over the waters, carrying pleasant greetings from time to time, little gifts are exchanged between the young girls, that bring to Lulu memories of the Egyptian Bazaars, redolent with perfumes and sandal-wood; while to Latifa, in her luxurious but secluded home, the presents from over the sea tell stories of the outer world, which is gradually creeping into and merging itself with the Land of the Pharaohs.

# THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

It is probable that most boys and girls have heard of the mysterious "Man in the Iron Mask," who was shut up in a French prison, nearly two hundred years ago, and who was obliged, at all times,—night and day, sleeping and waking,—to wear an iron mask, which prevented any one from seeing his face. He was a political prisoner in the reign of Louis XIV., and he lived, masked, in the Bastille, the great prison of Paris, for five years. But as he was brought there from another prison, it is not known how long the poor man had been imprisoned or had worn his mask.

This mask, we are told, was not really of iron, but was made of black velvet, with steel springs. He was forbidden to remove it, on pain of death; and was not allowed to speak to any one but those who had him in charge. He was allowed no communication with the outside world, and even his soiled linen was destroyed, for fear that he might have written something on it that would enable some one to find out who he was. If he but stood by one of his heavily barred windows, his guards were fearful that he might in some way communicate with some one outside. He was carefully watched all the time. He died in 1703, and everything which had been used or worn by him was burned, so that no clue to his name or history should be discovered by secret marks on his clothes or other property.

No one knows who this poor man was. There have been all sorts of suppositions about him, and books have been written, trying to prove he was this man or that one. Some think he was an English duke; others, a son of the King, Louis XIV. Others, again, said he was Henry, son of Oliver Cromwell. Many Frenchmen believed him to be Fouquet, who had been the French minister of finance, and who was said to have died just about the time that the "Man in the Iron Mask" was first heard of.

It has been also supposed that he was Mattioli, an agent of the Duke of Mantua, who had been arrested for divulging some state secrets of France. But none of these suppositions, or any others, have been proved to be true, and the "Man in the Iron Mask" is as much a mystery now as he ever was. His secret was well kept, and it appears to have died with him and those who imprisoned and watched over him.

It is probable that, no matter who he was or what his abilities or position, he would never have been so well and so long known in his real character, as in his enforced position of the most mysterious prisoner of which history tells us.

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THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEIGHO! We ordinary flowers of the forest sha' n't stand much of a chance this year, now that the great National Century-plant is about to bloom. But never mind. Your Jack feels the stir of American greatness in all his roots and shoots, and he 'll glory in this grand Centennial flower with the best of you. Meanwhile, time speeds on—and so must we.

Forward, March!

### THE DEACON ATTACKS AN OLD SAYING.

I LIKE Deacon Green. He goes straight to the heart of things, and is not led off by moonshine. The other day, when a very positive and loud-voiced lady was talking with the little schoolmistress and himself about a certain troublesome child, the loud-voiced lady exclaimed:

"Pooh! good influence is n't what she needs. A bird that *can* sing and *wont* sing must be made to sing; that's my doctrine."

With these words the lady glared at the schoolmistress, who made no reply, and then with an air of conscious victory she turned to the Deacon, repeating:

"Yes, sir, that 's my doctrine."

"A capital doctrine," said the Deacon with a bow, "but there 's a flaw in your illustration, ma'am."

"But!" almost screamed the lady. "There 's no but about it. I tell you there 's no other way. A bird that can sing and wont sing must be *made* to sing. You 'll admit that, I hope? It is true as Solomon.

"Granted," said the Deacon, with a voice as soft as the swish of a water-lily, "most certainly, a bird that can sing and wont sing must be made to sing; but how are you going to do it?

"The fact is, my dear madam," continued the Deacon, "some of these old sayings sound very well, but there 's nothing in them. I 'd like to see the person who can take a bird that wont sing and make him sing. Now, your bird that can't sing and will sing, is easily dealt with. You can at least quiet him. But, for my part, I 'd rather undertake the management of all the brass bands in the country than to force music out of the tiniest canary when he chose to be silent."

### PERPETUAL MOTION.

MANY men have wasted a great deal of time fruitlessly trying to invent something that once set in motion should never stop. They might have saved themselves the trouble, for Nature is ahead of them in the matter. In all the universe there is nothing that is ever quite still. I hardly believed this at first. I supposed that I had often stood quite still myself. But no; though I was not thinking about it, I was all the time silently growing. The doctors say that every particle of a living human body is changed in the course of every seven years. The change is brought about very quietly and gradually. Now that can't very well happen without constant motion of some sort—can it? Even the big rocks that seem to lie motionless for hundreds of years are, in reality, slowly and silently increasing in size, or moving particle by particle toward decay.

Then I said to myself—at least some of the stars, those we call fixed stars, are motionless. But, no! again. They only seem to be so because they are so very far off. In reality they, too, are ceaselessly moving. Nothing big or little in all the wide universe can ever be quite still.

### ABOUT THE SOUND-BEARERS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Papa says you have set me to thinking, and I do believe you have, for when I read what you said in the January ST. NICHOLAS about the Sound-Bearers, I thought of something all by myself. It was this: If *semi* always means half, as our teacher has told us, why, of course, semi-breve must mean half a breve—but what is a breve?

Well, I looked in the dictionary for *breve*, and there it was. As I did n't take it away, all the other girls can find it there if they want to. But the breve is n't used in modern music. We start off with the semi-breve. When I told papa, he said it was n't the only thing that's done by halves nowadays. Then he asked if I could tell him what *minim* meant. I could n't exactly, but I remembered that minimum meant the least of anything, and so I said I guessed minim meant the littlest. Then he told me that in ancient times the minim was the shortest note in use. But in our days we go beyond that, anyhow, with crochets and quavers and the rest. Papa said the whole thing reminded him of Paddy's sheet, which was made longer by cutting off the top and sewing it to the bottom.

Your affectionate reader, ANNIE KEMP.

### PEAS AND PEPPER.

Syracuse, January 10, 1876.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Wishing to contribute, for once, to the source whence my children derive so much pleasure, I offer to your puzzle-lovers the following:

"A lady sent her husband this note: 'MY DEAR, WILL YOU HAVE PEAS FOR SUPPER THIS EVENING?' He replied: 'MY DEAR, I PREFER SUER.'"

What does his answer mean?—Respectfully yours, A.

Thanks to "A," who puts the answer in a P. S., Jack can tell you that the gentleman preferred "*supper without peas*" (pp). You can pass on the riddle for others to guess. Jack is not quite

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sure that it is new. He has heard the old story of the boarder who, on inspecting his landlady's castors, exclaimed: "Madam, I 'm sorry to say that your pepper is half peas!" The landlady was indignant, of course, and she probably denies it to this day; but you and I, my chicks, know that the boarder was right.

### ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

Is Jack growing sentimental? Not a bit of it. He never saw a romantic swan in his life; but this is what he wishes to say:

A bright girl stopped the pretty schoolmistress yesterday, right on the edge of the wood, with:

"Oh, I 'm *so* glad I met you, dear Miss ——. Wont you please tell me of a pretty piece to recite? Something fresh, you know, that other girls have n't spoken, and that is not intended for little children."

The schoolmistress thought a moment.

"Try Mrs. Browning's 'Romance of the Swan's Nest,'" said she; "it is not long, and it is very pretty—just the thing for you. Give it good action and expression, and I am sure you will make it a success."

The young girl fairly clapped her hands with delight.

"I 'll learn it—indeed I will—and I 'm so much obliged to you!"

"If Jack is listening," laughed the schoolmistress (and I hope he is) "he 'll tell his big ST. NICHOLAS girls just what we have said."

### CAREFUL HUSBANDRY.

SUCH queer things as the birds tell me! It's wonderful how much they know. For instance, it appears that in Japan crops are so carefully tended that every single wheat-stalk which by accident gets bent down, is supported and straightened. Every heavy head of rice, each boll of cotton, is tended and propped, if need be, till it is ready to be gathered. Labor must be cheap in Japan.

### CHINESE BEDS FOR LODGERS.

TALKING of Japan, makes me think of China; and now I 'll tell you of something I 've lately heard: In the north of China the hotels have no beds—or what we would call so. They have, running across the side of a room, a shelf built of brick, two feet high, and eight or ten feet wide. Under this is a fireplace, with flues extending all around the lower surface. It is covered with matting. Every one carries his own bedding, and travelers pack themselves away on this shelf, as many as can squeeze in. Of course it is exceedingly warm, but never lonely.

### "SUPPOSE."

ONE advantage of being a Jack-in-the-Pupit is, that you can hear the animals talking:

"Suppose," said a little lamb to a big calf that was feeding in the pasture beside her, "that I was an elephant."

"But you 're *not* an elephant," said the calf.

"But suppose I was," continued the lamb, "and had ivory tusks."

"But you have n't any tusks at all, let alone ivory tusks," said the calf.

"But suppose I had," insisted the lamb, "and a great long trunk."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the calf.

"And I went off with a menagerie, like that we saw going down the road yesterday," said the lamb, "and —"

"You could n't go with a menagerie. They would n't have you," interrupted the calf.

"I could, and they would, if I were an elephant," said the lamb.

"But *you 're not an elephant*," repeated the calf, kicking up his heels and jumping about in the most absurd manner.

"O dear!" said the lamb, "I sha' n't try to play with you any more. How can I, when you have n't the least bit of 'suppose' in you?"

The calf stood still and looked at her for a moment, with serious brown eyes, and then went off whimpering: "Very well, you need n't play with me if you don't want to—so, there now—and I 'll go and tell my mother you 're mad at me just because you 're not an elephant."

And away he ran, while the lamb went on cropping the young grass, and supposing to herself.

### HOW SOME SHIPS ARE SCRUBBED.

IT seems that in several places in the world there are volcanoes under the sea. Such volcanoes, of course, do not send up volumes of flame and smoke. Instead, they pour forth streams of sulphurous acid vapor that mingle with the sea-water. Some of these volcanoes are situated in bays where ships can safely ride at anchor.

As is well known, the bottoms of many ships are protected by a covering of copper. This copper, after a time, becomes corroded by the action of the sea-water; a sort of green mold forms, sea-mosses begin to grow, and even small sea animals, like the barnacles, build their shell-houses upon it. Of course, all these things roughen the ship's bottom, and as the vessel gathers more and more, it sails very much slower by reason of the great accumulation. Then, if she happen to be anywhere in the neighborhood of one of these submerged volcanoes, the captain sails her thither to be scoured.

This scouring process does not require hands or machinery of any sort. All that is necessary is that the ship should lie quietly at anchor where the sulphurous acid vapor, mingling with the sea-water, can gently wash her sides and bottom. In a few days, or weeks, as the case may be, not a weed, not a barnacle, not a bit of the dark green mold remains, and the ship can sail off again, her copper bottom as clean and as bright as when it was first put on.

I 've heard the boys speaking of this same thing. They read about it in a book called *Cosmos*, written by one Humboldt. Some of you may like to look into it.

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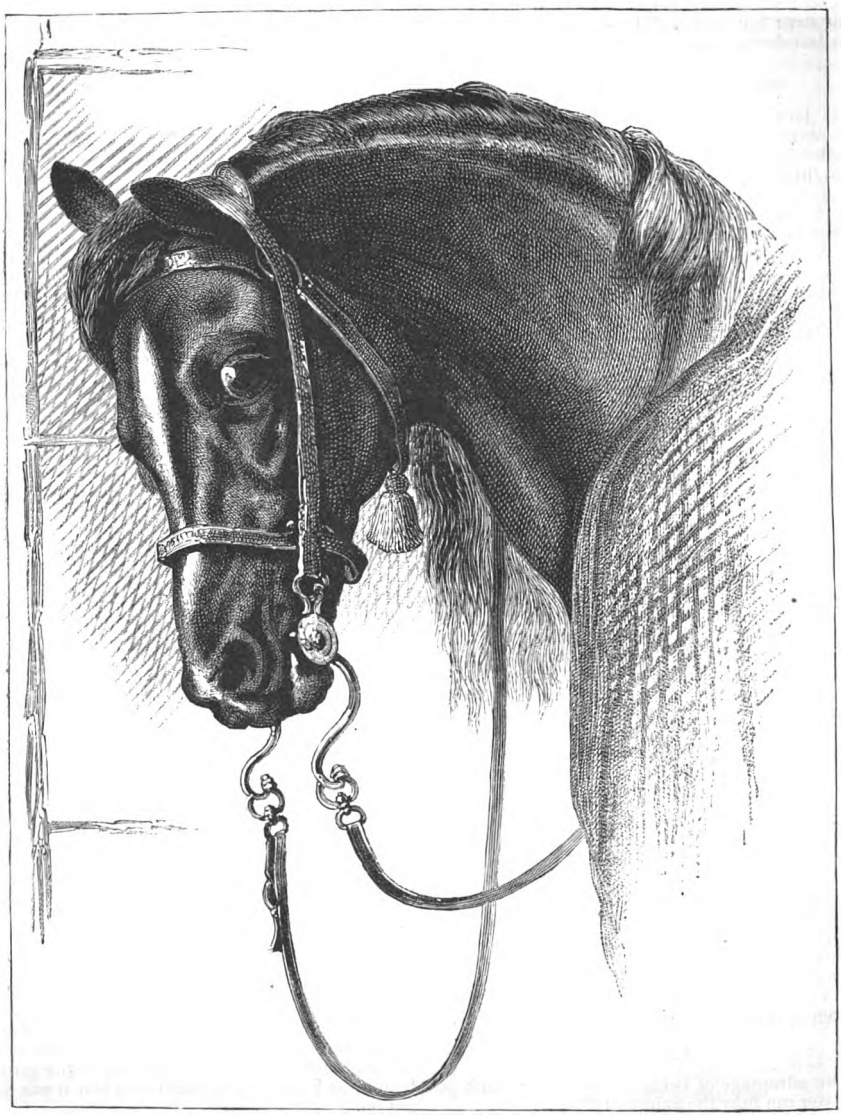
# THE BLACK HORSE "BOB."



BOB is all ready to take his master out riding. His bridle and saddle are on, and, as it is a cold day, Bob's blanket is thrown over him while

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he is waiting. Bob is a good horse, and likes to eat a bit of sugar if any one will give it to him. See how he is turning his head! Perhaps he thinks you have a piece of sugar for him. Bob's mistress often goes to his stable and pats him, and gives him a piece of candy or sugar. So Bob is always glad to see her, and he follows her about when he is out of doors eating grass. He hopes that she has some sugar for him. Bob thinks that sugar tastes very well with grass. Bob is a fine horse, because he is so handsome and strong, and can go so fast; but his master and mistress like him most of all because he is so gentle and so good.

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## THE MOUSE WHO LOST HER GREAT LONG TAIL.

About twenty-five years ago my mother told me this story: One morning, when a little gray mouse was running across the pantry floor, a great black-and-white cat pounced on her, and bit off her nice long tail. The little mouse felt dreadfully about it, and she said to the cat: "Old cat, will you please to give me back my great long tail?"

"Yes," said the cat, "I will give it to you if you will bring me a saucer of milk."

So the mouse ran down to the barn, where an old red cow was tied in the stall, and said: "Please, old cow, will you give me a saucer of milk for the cat, so she will give me back my great long tail?"

The cow said: "Yes, I will give you the milk if you will bring me a bunch of hay."

Then the mouse went to the farmer who was plowing in a field near by, and said to him: "Will you please to give me some hay for the cow, and then she will give me a saucer of milk for the cat, and the cat will give me back my great long tail?"

The farmer said: "Yes, I will give you the hay if you will promise me not to go in my corn-crib and eat my corn."

And as the little mouse said she would "never, never touch the corn," the farmer gave her a bunch of hay, which she gave to the cow; and the cow gave her a saucer of milk, which she gave to the cat; and the old cat gave her back her great long tail, which made the little mouse very happy. But, best of all, she kept her word, and did not touch the farmer's corn.



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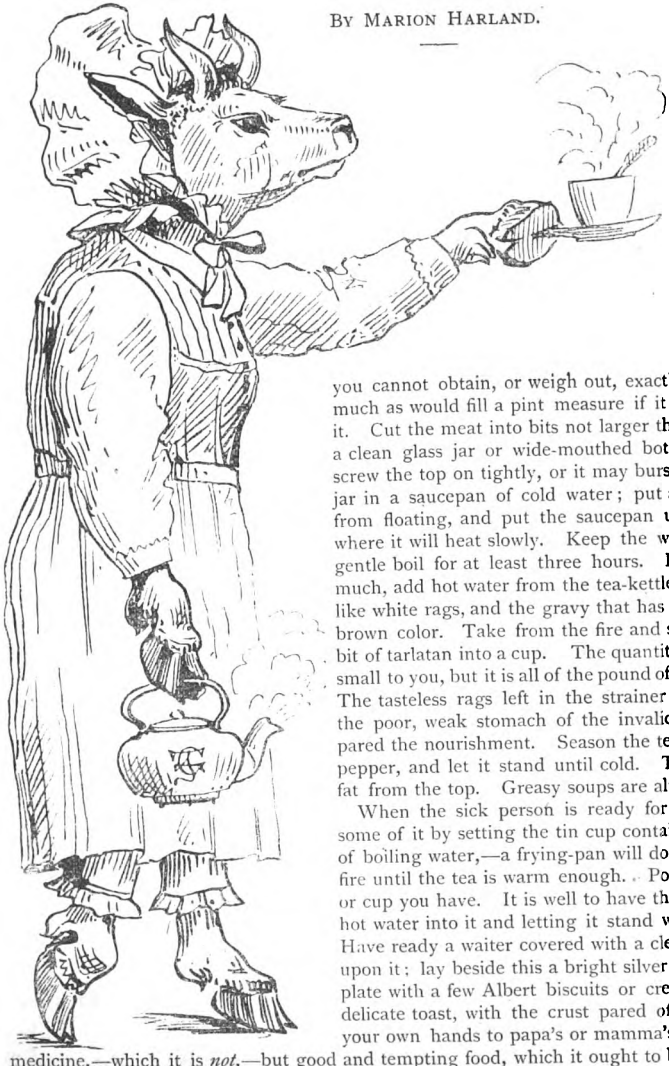
# LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS' PAGE.

By Marion Harland.



## *BEEF-TEA.*

Beef-tea is a very nourishing and safe form of food for invalids or delicate persons; and many a little girl might be glad to be able to make it for some friend or member of the family if she knew how. So here is our first recipé:

Take one pound of very lean beef; and if you cannot obtain, or weigh out, exactly a pound, take about as much as would fill a pint measure if it were pressed tightly into it. Cut the meat into bits not larger than raisins, and put it into a clean glass jar or wide-mouthed bottle. Cover it, but do not screw the top on tightly, or it may burst when heated. Set this jar in a saucepan of cold water; put a weight on top to keep it from floating, and put the saucepan upon the range or stove, where it will heat slowly. Keep the water in the saucepan at a gentle boil for at least three hours. If it should boil away very much, add hot water from the tea-kettle. The meat should look like white rags, and the gravy that has flowed from it be of a clear brown color. Take from the fire and strain through a sieve or a bit of tarlatan into a cup. The quantity of "tea" will seem very small to you, but it is all of the pound of meat that is worth saving. The tasteless rags left in the strainer would only tire and hurt the poor, weak stomach of the invalid for whom you have prepared the nourishment. Season the tea with a little salt and less pepper, and let it stand until cold. Then skim off every bit of fat from the top. Greasy soups are always unwholesome.

When the sick person is ready for his, or her beef-tea, heat some of it by setting the tin cup containing it in a shallow vessel of boiling water,—a frying-pan will do,—and leaving this on the fire until the tea is warm enough. Pour into the prettiest bowl or cup you have. It is well to have this heated also, by pouring hot water into it and letting it stand while your tea is warming. Have ready a waiter covered with a clean napkin; put the bowl upon it; lay beside this a bright silver spoon, and by this have a plate with a few Albert biscuits or cream crackers, or a slice of delicate toast, with the crust pared off; and take the tray with your own hands to papa's or mamma's bedside, not as if it were medicine,—which it is *not*,—but good and tempting food, which it ought to be.

I hope it will be long before mamma or papa needs this sort of nourishment, or baby has to be "built up" with it. But it is well to know how to get the pure essence of beef for them should they require it.

My little housekeepers may think this recipé rather a gloomy "first course." But we have thought it best to begin with something easy and useful. Next time we will have a talk about "frosting." And lest the prospect should chill the imagination, we whisper the possibility that a tempting cake may lie under the sweet whiteness of the *méringue*.

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# THE LETTER-BOX.

Marietta, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It gives me great pleasure to send you a copy of a song which I think would meet with great popularity among the Bird-defenders, and I am certain that it is very appropriate. It is called "Don't Kill the Birds." I first saw it in a music-book, and at once I thought of sending it to you for publication; and, considering all views to the negative, I made up my mind to send it. As it is, it is all in your hands; but I am confident that it would cause enough of enthusiasm among the "Defenders" to richly repay you for your trouble. In conclusion, I would say that I have obtained the permission of the publishers; also, that it is dedicated to the "Bird-defenders of America."—I remain, yours very respectfully,

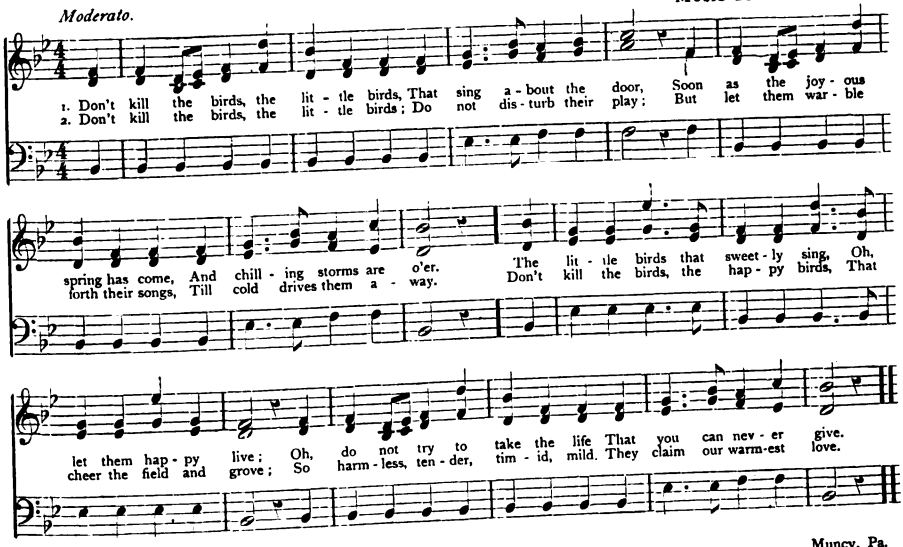
HORACE M. ENGLE.

We take pleasure in complying with Horace's request, and we believe with him that many young Bird-defenders will enjoy singing this pretty song.

## DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

*(Dedicated to the Bird Defenders.)*

MUSIC BY E. O. L.




Racine, Wis., Dec. 5th, 1875.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine more every year, and now I am reading "The Boy Emigrants." Mamma has been reading "The Old Curiosity Shop" to me, and it seems too bad when we think that Rose, in "The Eight Cousins," and little Nell were nearly the same age; but Rose had such a nice home and splendid times, while Nell had not any home, and had to wander around so much, and had hardly one pleasant day to cheer her life.

MAMIE DOUD.

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WE have received information that the demand for reading matter for the inmates of the hospitals and other public institutions is greater than The New York State Charities Aid Association is able to supply.

The many thousands who pass their days friendless and alone in these institutions, eagerly desire something to read, while in many a house are stowed away unused and forgotten books, old magazines, and illustrated papers, which would give pleasure and benefit to those to whom life is little else than destitution and suffering.

Will not our readers send what children's books, old magazines, and illustrated papers they can spare to the Rooms of the Association, No. 52 East 20th street?

---

C. J. R.—Your story proves to be a very dishonest piece of work. It is taken from a sketch by Nora Perry, published in *Our Young Folks* for May, 1866, and elsewhere. The fact that you have altered the title and changed the names of the characters, besides making other slight changes, shows how deliberately you have sinned in the matter. Never send anything to ST. NICHOLAS again.

Muncy, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer this question directly, as it is of great importance: "If twins are two, how many are a pair of twins?"

LULU JOHNSON.

What have our readers to say to this question? If a pair of twins are four, how many are a pair of scissors?

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J. W. AND OTHERS.—The publishers of ST. NICHOLAS probably will offer no other premiums for the coming year than those already advertised in their premium list for 1875.

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DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: During our stay last Summer in Southern Germany, we spent several weeks in the pretty town of Roth (pronounced *Rote*), not far from the ancient city of Nürnberg. This queer little stadt (town) and surroundings afforded us many sights so unlike those to which we were accustomed that I am tempted to write to you about them.

The old church which stands opposite the large square school-house has weathered the storms of many, many winters. We witnessed its nine hundredth anniversary. A feeling of awe stole over me whenever I entered the wide door-way and glanced around at the plain, high-backed pews; scanned the great, barren organ-loft, then deserted by the choir-boys, whose young, fresh voices often rise amidst the lofty arches of the blue vaulted roof. But my gaze always lingered on the old, time-worn pulpit, from which Martin Luther once preached, no doubt infusing much of his brave, unerring spirit into the anxious hearts of those weary, hard-working peasants. Often as I stood there the setting sun would, for a moment, illuminate that great reformer's picture, hanging beside the pulpit, which is a copy from the original of his friend, Lucas Cranach. One of the beautiful

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customs is the playing of a band, from the church tower, after the ringing of the evening bell. How inspiring sounded those grand chorals as the music was wafted over the town, the hills taking up and reiterating the echo. Then the nacht-wächter (watchman), who makes his round about the city, commences at ten o'clock, and from that hour until daybreak repeats, or rather sings, in rhyme, the passing hours.

"Hört Ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen—
Die Glocke hat zehu geschlagen;
Bewahrt das Feuer und auch das Licht,
Auf das der Stadt kein schaden geschicht,
Und lobet Gott den Herren."

TRANSLATION.

"Good sirs, give ear while I unfold—
The clock hath now the tenth hour toll'd;
Then quench each fire, and douse each light,
So that no harm the town affright,
And praise ye God the Lord."

We also witnessed the "Kirchwey," an annual celebration of the building of the church, generally beginning August 16th and continuing three or four days.

This is the one great excitement for Rothers and other villagers. The band is hired to play on the "green," and all day troops of poor little children are seen sporting on the grass, or merrily taking their "kreutzers" worth of ride in the "carousel." There are Punch and Judy shows, lottery booths, and the much frequented refreshment stall, where "braunschweich" sausages, Leb kuchen (life cake), and candy hearts and German babies are displayed before the admiring eyes of numerous white-haired lads and lassies. In the Markt Platz (market place) is, however, the liveliest scene. There are rows upon rows of booths, where everything from a wheelbarrow to a toy watch is sold. There the peasants, in holiday costume, flourish about, gossiping and munching "Johanna's Brod." The women are arrayed in home-spun dresses, gay shawls, and odd caps, consisting of a round frame-work adjusted on the back of the head, from which are suspended several yards of purple or black ribbon; the men, attired in tall beaver hats, short breeches, with knee buckles, and long frock-coats reaching to their heels, and ornamented in front with a double row of bright silver buttons.

Here we remained for some time, enjoying the novelty, wandering in and around each booth, invested in some of the famous Nürnberg toys, and then, though loth to leave such a picturesque, novel scene, we threaded our way through the labyrinth of booths and people, and soon were at our temporary home.

H. S. M.

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TO BIRD-DEFENDERS.—In order that there may be no mistake about it, we hereby lay the following letter of resignation before our army of Bird-defenders:

Peoria, Illinois, Dec. 18th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sorry that I put my name in the ST. NICHOLAS, and my brother is sorry the same; and besides, I may come across some wild fowl that I may want to kill; and I shall only wait two weeks from the time I wrote this letter; and I and my brother are in a great hurry to get our names out, and unless you take them out in that two weeks, we shall kill them, anyhow, whether our names are out or not. And these are the names that are to be taken out: Philip B. Tyng and Pierre K. Tyng. And if again a person sends you our names, don't put them in the book. And this is the person that writes his name:

PHILIP B. TYNG.

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E. G. AND OTHERS.—The article on Postage-stamps in our November ST. NICHOLAS was written by Mr. Joseph J. Casey, of this city.

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If it is not too much trouble, will you let me know through the Letter-Box the names of a few of the books suitable for a girl of thirteen. I can get plenty of books to read, but I always get books suitable for older people, such as "St. Elmo" and "What Can She Do?" I knew all the time that "St. Elmo" was not a good book for me; but I could not stop. It seemed as though it had some strange power, which, when I commenced it, kept me from stopping, and held fast to me until I had finished it. I do hope you will answer my request.—Yours respectfully,

FLORENCE T——.

Have you read Miss Alcott's stories, Florence? or Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's books, or George McDonald's "Princess and the Goblin," or his "Double" story, or Miss Mulock's novels, or Mrs. Stowe's novels, or William Black's? If not, you have a rich store before you, and all of these books can be obtained at any public library. Then, if you wish "older" books, there are "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray, all of Dickens's works (especially his "Tale of Two Cities"), and Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," and "Quentin Durward;" Bulwer's "Last of the Barons" and "Last Days of Pompeii." Besides these, you have "Paul and Virginia," always fresh and beautiful; "Picciola, the Prison Flower," a lovely story; "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia," as good to-day as ever; and a great many more books, which we have not space for enumerating here, but which are equally suitable for you. Ask for one of the above-named when next you go to the library in search of interesting reading. If you wish to take up a course of specially profitable reading or study, we cordially refer you to the "Ladies' Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home," 9 Park Street, Boston, Mass. State your case to the ladies by letter. We should like to call the attention of all our big boy and girl readers to this society, an excellent account of which will be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1875.

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Rensselaer, Ind., Dec. 5th, 1875.

DEAR EDITOR: I found something about Jack's sea-horse. It is a bony fish, of the order of *lophobranches*, of the family of the pipe fish, of the genus *hippocampus*. They have no teeth. They inhabit all the parts of the temperate oceans. They live on very small animals, and catch their prey with great dexterity. There are many species.—From a faithful reader,

ELMER DWIGGINE.

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WE have received an interesting account of an historical doll, now over eighty years of age, but still in a state of good preservation. It was sent by General Varnum to a little girl then living at Newport, R. I., at the time of the first assembling of the Federal Congress (1789). The little girl kept it for many years, and after she became a woman, gave it to a niece as a reward for good behavior. The mamma of this second owner very sensibly took charge of it, and saved it from the casualties common to most dolls, until, in this way, its peaceful life has at last been extended over four-fifths of a century.

It shows the signs of age, however, and looks very like an old lady of eighty, with yellow and shriveled complexion, and sunken eyes. It is dressed in the costume of that day—silk hose; thin muslin dress, open behind, with the waist ending just under the arms; and a bonnet with cap-crown, and flaming brim.

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December 20th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be kind enough to tell me where this line is to be found; "In maiden meditation, fancy free?" And also these: "If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"
And why is the first day of Lent called Ash Wednesday?—Your loving friend,

BRENDA.

The first quotation is from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II., Scene 1st; and the second from George Withers' poem of "The Shepherd's Resolution."

"Ash Wednesday" is so called from the Roman Catholic ceremony of strewing ashes on the head, as a sign of penitence. The ashes, after being sprinkled with holy water, were strewn upon the heads of the congregation, with a repetition of the words, "Remember that thou art dust, and shalt return to dust." Pope Gregory the Great is said to have introduced the ceremony.

---

THOSE of our readers who remember "Peter Parley" will be interested in the following hitherto unpublished lines, written in a young lady's album about thirty years ago:

"And must I set my signature to pages
Graced by the names of Senators and sages?
Will not their lordly autographs look down
On "Peter Parley," with a sneering frown?
Will not the mighty masters of the land,
Shrink from the side of one whose humble hand
Hath been content to guide the foot of youth
Up the steep cliff to bubbling springs of Truth?
It hath been so—but be it so again—
Pride's poisoned shaft hath lost its power to pain:
And thus my heart in calm content shall shine,
While youth's approving smile, and yours, are mine."

S. G. GOODRICH.

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THE SONGS OF THREE CENTURIES, edited by John Greenleaf Whittier, and lately published by Osgood & Co., of Boston, while welcomed by all lovers of English song, will be of especial value to our boys and girls. It gives them a rare collection of good poetry, selected by one whose choice is sure to be true and pure, and who, while trying, as he says, to make "a readable book," has taken care that it shall be a record of "the best thoughts and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds."

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# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### CLASSICAL PUZZLE.

TAKE a letter from each of the following names, and find a famous Greek hero: 1. Ajax. 2. Hector. 3. Anchises. 4. Priam. 5. Ulysses. 6. Alexander. 7. Homer. 8. Æneas. G. and T.

### PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(In this picture, find words for a diamond puzzle, the central word containing seven letters.)

### LOGOGRIPH.

SYNCOPATE and curtail a fire-arm, and leave a dwelling; syncopate again, and leave a man's name; again syncopate, and leave a household utensil. L. E.

### CONCEALED BIRDS.

1. WHICH do you prefer to read—adventures in the Far West, or knightly tournaments? 2. I much prefer to read of lowly lives. 3. Some stories have a gleam of sunshine to many persons. 4. That man on this wall owes me for some books I sold him. 5. My little pet relies on my reading to him every night. 6. He will never tire if the stories are told over and over again. D.

### INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the second blanks with the word of the first blank decapitated.

1. We had —— in the —— room. 2. After —— we went into the —— room and played dominoes. 3. At —— we began —— game. 4. At —— John was —— ahead. 5. At —— we were ——. 6. We then played some —— under the ——. C.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of thirty-four letters. The 3, 33, 1, 2, 19, 7 is a girl's name. The 4, 5, 6, 9, 22 is malice. The 11, 10, 8, 20 is a weapon. The 13, 14, 15, 16 is a girl's name. The 24, 25, 26, 23, 34 are often given but not always taken. The 12, 18, 28, 29, 17 is a river in Scotland. The 30, 32, 31 is to know. The 33, 21, 6, 27 is another word for slender. The whole is an old proverb. CYRIL DEANE.

## ANSWER TO PRIZE-PUZZLE, "THE RACE OF THE PILOTS,"

IN DECEMBER NUMBER OF "ST. NICHOLAS."

| BOAT. | NAME. | BORN. | DIED. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Abraham Lincoln | A. D. 1809 | A. D. 1865 |
| 2 | Sir William Herschel | " 1738 | " 1822 |
| 3 | Handel | " 1684 | " 1759 |
| 4 | Rubens | " 1577 | " 1640 |
| 5 | Galileo | " 1564 | " 1642 |
| 6 | Shakspeare | " 1564 | " 1616 |
| 7 | Luther | " 1483 | " 1546 |
| 8 | Macchiavelli | " 1469 | " 1527 |
| 9 | Dante | " 1265 | " 1321 |
| 10 | Godfrey de Bouillon | " 1058 | " 1100 |
| 11 | Charlemagne | " 742 | " 810 |
| 12 | Constantine | " 272 | " 337 |
| 13 | Julius Cæsar | B. C. 100 | B. C. 44 |
| 14 | Hannibal | " 247 | " 183 |
| 15 | Plato | " 429 | " 347 |

### THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S REPORT ON PILOT PUZZLE.

THE judges appointed to decide upon the relative merits of the answers to the Pilot Puzzle have at last finished their agreeable labors. Every answer has been examined, and out of over two thousand (sent in from all parts of the United States, and from Canada, England and Scotland), very many have been found worthy of special notice. Forty were considered so very good that at first it was difficult to name the best. In selecting the finest answers, every point was taken into careful consideration—promptness, accuracy, clearness, relative fullness of the biographical notes, good spelling and painstaking—while full allowance was made for the extra time required by distant competitors. Finally, the first prize (the sailing schooner-yacht "St. Nicholas") was awarded to

F. H. BRIGGS, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

and a second prize (the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS, bound), to

GEORGE HOWARD BAILEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

The first prize answer, besides being entirely correct and admirable in expression, is a marvel of painstaking and finish. The second is scarcely inferior to it, and another answer (from N. A. S., a Russian boy) might have borne off high honors but for its mistake in naming the 12th boat *Alexander the Great*, instead of Constantine. One sent from Camden, New Jersey, was so beautifully put upon the paper that it was hard to pass it by, but it contained two mistakes in names, and so had no chance. Although all of the many hundreds of answers sent in showed commendable effort and real zeal, and were welcomed with hearty appreciation, so large a number of them were correct that it was decided that those having even one boat named incorrectly must be cast aside. The boys and girls named in the following lists sent answers not only correct, but in other respects deserving of honorable mention. Conspicuous among these, especially in point of penmanship, stands T. H. L., who leads the list.

This Pilot Puzzle has required a good deal of patient ingenuity on the part of the competitors, considerable research among histories and encyclopedias, and often many days' hard work. It has sent crowds of children to the public libraries, and greater crowds still have besieged parents and friends for needed information, taking care not to be "helped" too much. One little girl says she never would have found out No. 15 had it not luckily occurred to her to ask a friend of her father the Greek word for *broad*—and *that*, she said, soon led her to Plato. (See page 134 December ST. NICHOLAS.) For the satisfaction of many who sent in careful answers, but who failed to get on the Roll of Honor, it is right to say that certain differences in dates were allowed, as good authorities vary by a few years in regard to them. Nor was any exception made to answers

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sent from children who are not subscribers, or who live outside of the United States—for ST. NICHOLAS is open to every boy or girl in the world who wishes to compete for its prizes. Ages also were taken into account, and in every way the judges have tried to do their best. In most instances, the spelling was found to be excellent,—though mistakes have sometimes slipped in. The most common of these are "inexhaustable," "enemys," "recieve," "crucifiction," "aught" (for ought), "Charlemange," "tradgedy," "succeded" and "parallel," and boys and girls will do well before bidding good-bye to the Pilot Puzzle to make sure that they can write these words correctly.

It has been delightful to note the great interest and zeal of our young friends, and the honest good-will shown in nearly every case. The general sentiment has been well expressed by Maud Hassall, who adds to her answer:

"And now I make this little note,
If I am right, please send the boat;
If I am wrong, then, let me say,
Please let it sail some other way."

In conclusion, the Little Schoolma'am wishes to acknowledge hundreds of kind and delightful letters sent in, and to heartily echo the burden of one and all—"Long live ST. NICHOLAS."

## FIRST ROLL OF HONOR.

Thos. H. Loomis, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Lilian Reese, Baltimore, Md.
Fred B. Haight, San Francisco
Nettie McFarland, Chicago, Ill.
G.W. S. Howson, Yorkshire, Eng.
Bertha W. Ferguson, Alton, Ill.
Wm. McH. Spencer, Grass Valley, Cal.
Philip Mosenthal, N. Y. city
Wm. Edward Craighill, Charlestown, W. Va.
Lily Colvin, Creetown, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland
May Holmes, Montclair, N. J.
Harry L. Broomall, Media, Pa.
Herbert H. White, Boston, Mass.
Louise W. Bates, Dubuque, Iowa
J. McLaughlin, Montclair, N. J.
Geo. Urquhart, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Theodore W. Noyes, Washington
Will A. Anderson, Washington
Carl A. Lewis, New Haven, Ct.
Hattie Lee Eastman, Media, Pa.
Josiah H. Fitch, N. Y. city
Henry Abbey, Cleveland, O.
E. T. Sanford, Knoxville, Tenn.
E. Lawrence Wise, N. Y. city
Nellie W. Pearsall, Philadelphia
Fred H. Sargent, Chicago, Ill.
Horace F. Clark, Washington
Fannie Binswanger, Philadelphia
James M. Ballantine, N. Y. city
Percy W. Eaton, Buffalo, N. Y.
Jessie J. Cassidy, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cornelia W. McCleary, Boston
Jamie H. Hayden, N. Y. city
Chas. L. Kemp, Jr., Baltimore
Jas. Mifflin Linnard, Philadelphia
Frank E. Davis, North Somerville, Mass.
Harry R. Averill, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Bessie Almendorf, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Asa B. Morgan, Cincinnati, O.
Laura Charles, Covington, Ky.
Emma Kate Scott, Washington
Willie C. Williams, Brooklyn
Jennie L. Brownell, East Orange, N. J.
Alice M. Rowe, Bangor, Me.
H. R. Pickering, Titusville, Pa.
Arthur B. Hodgkins, Cambridge, Mass.
Harry H. Wyman, Boston Highlands, Mass.
S. L Leete, Providence, R. I.
Robt. F. Morrison, N. Y. city
"Vie," Detroit, Mich.
Jennie Pettigrew, San Francisco
W. F. Morgan, N. Y. city
Mary T. Pitman, Providence, R.I.
Robie G. Frye, Belfast, Me.
Geo. E. Percival, Buffalo, N. Y.
Fanny A. Lester, White Plains, N. Y.
Harry H. Herdman, Chicago, Ill.
Benjamin Brewster, New Haven
Hattie Raymond, Detroit, Mich.
Nicholas Brewer, Jr., Annapolis, Md.
Walter C. Fish, Taunton, Mass.
Thornton M. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.
Warren P. Newcomb, East Hartford, Ct.
George W. Gage, Chicago, Ill.
Dickie Comly, Detroit, Mich.
Helen Johns, Decatur, Ill.
Frank W. Smith, Philadelphia
Frank G. Ramsburgh, Clarksville, Nebraska
Lida H. Dodd, Fairmount, Kan.
Horace J. Howe, Boston, Mass.
Jessie Lewis, Bangor, Me.
Eunice Hall, Edgefield, Tenn.
Agnes C. Worrall, Elizabeth, N.J.
Nina Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
James P. Dike, Jr., Brooklyn
I. H. Pugh, Thibodaux, La.
H. E. Hildreth, Elizabeth, N. J.
Dee L. Lodge, Madison, Ind.
Seth Sprague Terry, Rochester, N. Y.
W. O. Lewis, Washington, D. C.
E. F. Hill, Wakefield, Mass.
Nellie S. Colby, Harlem, N. Y.
Allen B. Gowing, Cal.
Henry C. and Geo. Blair, Truro, Nova Scotia.
Charlie J. H. Crowder, Barton-on-Humber, England
Clara B. Potwin, Hartford, Ct.
James McClees, Taylorstown, Pa.
Geo. H. T. Babbitt, Columbus, O.
Allie Good, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Calvin Bullock,
Frank W. Anthony
Edward C. Powles
Florence P. Spofford
Henry Gils
S. Morris Knapp
Chas. S. Parke
Emmie D. Merrill
Lucius J. Otis
Frank Brown
F. I. and C. Alexander
Cleveland L. Moffett
Florence M. Awl
Laura H. Earle
Guy M. Watkins
Mary M. Fiske
George F. Cooke
E. R. Knowles
Emily Godley
Frank D. Woodruff
Kate M. Hurlburt
Hattie and Ella Woodruff

## SECOND ROLL OF HONOR.

Bessie Eyre
Maggie A. Birmingham
Tom Charles
Hortense Beauharnais Mellier
C. Frank Bridge
William G. Wallace
May Whitman
Chas. E. Daniels
Philip Gilbert
Thos. S. Southwerth
Ellis A. Frink
Royal Smith
Mary L. Robinson
Nina Wilson
Fannie Lincoln
Wm M. Semans
Walter A. McFarland
Henry W. Fitch
Kate G. Child
Hugh C. Brown
May Estelle Mott
A. P. Saxer
Jennie McLaren
Caroline H. Barbour
Susie E. Hunt
Laurence Townsend
Eliza G. Quigley
Erast. Worthington, Jr.
T. B. Stearns
William C. Farrington
Miltie N. Keim
Francis W. Nicholls
L. K. Pratt
Natalie J. Brown
Clara M. Todd
Edmund Benjamin
A M. Collier
Frank C. Roberts
John J. Tebley
E. C. Clark
David Fisher
Henry Abbey
Edson G. Case
Bradford W. Hitchcock
Norval Wilson Gallaher
Clinton B. Burgess
Anna D. Thurston
V. J. Smith
J. Goldsbury
Henry D. Maxwell
Fred A. Cheney
Robt. S. Neely
Will M. Booth
Harry A. H. Smith
Geo. Henry Williams
Willie S. Burns
Annie M. and Lulu N. Thorburn
Sarah W. Putnam
Charles H. Hull
Charles W. Fletcher
Baird A. Farr
Alexander Noyes
Stephen H. Whidden
Fanny B. McClintock
Enna Bassett
Willy Aldrich
Wm. Heasley
J. K. Taylor
L. Jouroimon
Benjamin L. Pease
Edwin S. and Grace D. Hubbard
R. Jennie Thayer
Frank L. French
Charles C. Mumford
Annabel Crandall
Nellie M. Lillis
Lota Fellows
Waldo W. Willard
David Lapsley
Annie Lounsbery
Meta Gage
Grier Hebben
Laura D. Stroud
Samuel D. Preston, Jr.
I. Saunders O'Neale
Hattie Blair
John C. Ingram
Edmund D. Howe
Charles B. Verlender
Grace Armstrong
May M. Morse
Ken Moody
W. H. Dillingham
Edward B. Horton
Alice Capen
S. Cuyler and Malcolm D. W. Greene
Julian S. Allen
Chauncey R. Burr
Maude Lovett
G. W. Warner
Stella J. Braman
Lewis N. Lukens
Charlotte S. Blanchard
Adèle Bonnycastle
C. A. Gilman
R. S. Hondy
Florence Ware
Frank F. Johnson
Clement A. Woodnutt
Walter M. Bennett
Carrie H. Bovey
Charlie A. Kitts
Warren T. Hillman
Daisy B. Gould
Ollie P. Gentry
Robt. M. Reese
Mary A. Many
Harold Mason Plaisted
John F. Scott
Paul H. Birdsall
James J. Ormsbee
W. E. Smith
Charles V. Shufeldt
J. M. Paton
Eldridge W. Jones
Minnie Morgan
Charley Hall
Lyman B. Garfield
Lewis J. and Ollie C. Kingsley
Walter Fisher
Eddie C. Wall
Emmet T. Brysland
B. A. Hegeman, Jr.
Willard G. Lake
M. L. H.
Maud E. Potts
J. W. Lohman
Anna Miller
Hortense Dufourcq
C. J. Field
Walter Irving
Lavinia Irwin
John Edward Hill
Fred S. Chase
Edward L. Peck
Maria E. Lay
Wm. H. Woodruff
An answer on pink paper, N. Y. city, no name given
Kate Sprott
Bella B. Pullman
May E. Ogden
George Parker
Georgie F. Sprague
Lilian Evans
Virginia B. Ladd
Hermon G. Pierce
Ben P. Edwards
A. S. Dodge, Jr.
Adèle A. Cherbuliez
H. G. Black
Mary W. Barnes
May Ludington
Gil. K. Harroun, Jr.
Harry Evans
Carrie Glover
Lewis B. Ives
Harry N. Paul, Jr.
Sarah E. Smith
Sallie & Hattie Camp
Nannie Trowbridge
H. P. Manning
John Lynn Cochrane
Geo. S. Dial
Willie W. Haskell
Laura E. M. Manly
Carrie R. Heller
Anna Bell Monroe
J. Fred Stodder
Willie J. Searle
Fanny S. Hall
Albert P. Carman
Osgood Smith
Lee Brand
John Burk

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Edgar B. Sampson
Edward B. Fox
Wm. A. Mahoney
Millie Stockwell
Clara Redding
Hattie Granger
C. F. L.
Charles M. Andrews
Annie E. Trumbull
Minnie K. Mixer
Helen S. Pearson
Alida Bevier
A. Monte Cutler
Nathan C. Osgood
Linnie Ayer
May Washburne
Alice F. Worcester
Geo. M. Custis
Allee Good
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Julia W. Porcher
Alice Sears
Wm Scarlett, Jr.
H. S. Elder
Kate G. Lawson
Nettie Ely
W. F. Bridge, Jr.
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Charlie Mead
Sue G. Wilson
Marie C. Sieboth
Anna Trout
Perlee B. Wilbur
Walter B. Taft
James R. Goodale
Marcia E. Billings
Austin F. Haven
'A Little Schoolma'am'
Robt. H. Noble
May Pughe
John Stewart, Jr.
Eleanor B. Manchester
F. M. Wright
John H. Long
Hattie F. Miller
Jacob D. Early
Clara H. Bannister
Isaac Ford
Jeannie C. Pinner
Anna G. Elmendorf
Samuel S. Van Pelt
Clara E. Latty
H. S. Hart
Frank H. Carroll
Edward W. Blodgett
Ella Whilldin
Davie W. Osborne
R. H. Rerick
J. M. Marshall
W. E. Bailey, Jr.
Helen L. Miller
Geo. P. Carroll
Richard L. Everit
Johanna Fleischmann
Harold H. Eames
Charles L. Rilliet
Will E. Brayton
Addie M. Sackett
Lydia M. Dame
Wm. M. K. Olcott
John K. Makin
Lilla Wilkinson

Herbert Lewis Phillips
Lizzie B. Allen
R. W. Cooley
Delia M. Conkling
John Fuller Frames
Lucy F. Soule
C. Vanderbilt Barton
James S. Merritt
Fannie P. Anderson
Arthur Rogers
Jimmie Grant
Grace A. Flack
L. S. Rogers
Clarence H. Campbell
Maria A. Bond
Percy Pipoon
Freddie McCrosky
Annie Barber
Hattie Merwin
Harvey L. McBrier
Nettie H. McKilvey
Ellie Colegrove
H. Irving Hale
Lydia Richardson
Anna M. Porter
Frank P. Gordon
E. M. Kempshall
R. Marshall Jones
Phœbe Loving
Laura Eastman
Sallie H. Borden
James T. Hatfield
Lena Marshall
S. M. Osgood
Ethel E. Fisher
Edward F. Wells
Rigely P. Randall
A. Lockwood Danielson
Carrie Wiley
Lillie S. Sharpe
Bessie Blair
Nellie E. Moses
M. A. Barney
Fred. Geo. Woodman
Julia Teare
Kate S. Sweeney
Maud Hassall
Rudolph Leonhart
Mary Otis Gay
Anne Atwood
Geo. Casper Pennell
Jimmie Cravens
Walter Hawkes
Charlie W. Balestier
Lilian B. Miner
Bennie Swift
Charles W. Gibert
Lester Woodbridge
Ella M. Darrell
W. N. Todd
Franklin M. Welsh
Philip M. Robertson
Eliza D. Fitch
Fannie S. Hulbert
James E. Whitney, Jr.
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Frank F. Coon
Bessie Plimpton
Willie Fox
Courtney Smith
Jeanie Matthews
Emma P. Wood
Maria M. Jones
Kittie L. Brainerd
Charles D. Smith

George Wells Fitz
Nellie J. Swain
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Geo. W. Maupin
Aggie Dielman
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Emma M. Sawyer
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Jennie Moore
Wm. Henry Bower
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Mary Wattson
Cora L. Jones
G. F.
Herbert J. Polk
Laura H. Pinion
George W. Monteith
Edwin C. Garrigues
John B. Neale
Joseph M. Vose
Stella Hubbell
J. Edmond Page
Heloise Wilmington
Mary S. Heddrick
Willie Y. Kinne
John Acton, Jr.
Willie A. Parker
Agnes S. Covert
Grace Hattie Stennett
H. V. A. Anderson
C. Frank Culley
Helen R. Guthrie
Carrie E. Campbell
Edith E. Thompson
Clara Ida Stelle
Samuel J. Shaw
Robert Pearsall
Ethelbert Dowden
Mattie E. Blow
Chas. S. Smith
George G. Munger
Fannie H. Smith
Warner Demond
Banny Stewart
Jessie Dunsmore
Katy E. Rand
Clarence H. Bradley
Launcelot M. Berkeley
John R. V. Gilliat
George K. Taylor
Allie W. Laird
J. Eddie Milhau
James B. Hanker
Richard L. Hill, Jr.
Frederika V. Sabine
Sophie Logan
Edith Clay
Emma H. Babcock
Henry B. Ashmore
Bessie B. Gardner
J. Charles Trezinger
Jas. W. Hatch
Wm. Scott
Bertie Dawson
Heaton Manice
Mary I. Tilghman
Fannie Miller
Stella Williams
Daisy Fawcett
R. B. Mather
Robt. W. Lovett
Kate H. Russell
C. F. Perce
A. V. Griswold

Harry W. Ordway
Annie Fitzgerald
Lulie H. Farmer
Samuel T. Halsted
Wm. S. Wolle
Louise T. Murdoch
Tracy Lyon
Samuel W. Lambert
Chas. W. Scovel
Harry M. Thomas
Theodore W. Noyes
Kate Cady Corson
Walter Watrous
F. M. Stebbins
J. A. David
Willie Conway
Henry H. Suplee
Mary and Edith Henderson
Edith Harrison
Anna Lee Morris
Grace E. Hoyt
Thos. P. Conant
James L. Fisk
Frank E. Avery
Will B. Gleim
Adda M. Sheffield
Sarah H. Leavens
Willie F. Booth
Julia Dean Hunter
Louise H. Macomber
John A. Hunneman
John J. Zimmele
Geo. Leighton Blood
Harry G. Fitler
Edith Carpenter
Eddie H. Sawyer
Geo. W. Lay
Lewis L. Smith and Edwin N. Fussell
"Uncas"
Walter C. Brace
Marian E. Gross
Herbert A. Shattuck
Lizzie C. Jarvis
Eddie Van Vleck
Jennie V. Martin
MacGregor Goodale
Jessie M. Benedict
Maybelle Powell
Annie Manning
Louis T. Reed
Mary Harned
Elsa L. Hobart
Alfred C. Kennedy
Frank E. Vaughan
Bertha Cooper
Hattie C. Fernald
Alice T. Gold
Thomas A. Murray
Geo. Hinman Fuller
Hetty R. Paret
Mahlon Betts
Julia, Willie, and Madgie Walsh
Florence and Louise Worthington
Arthur S. Anable
Julia P. Harvey
Herbert S. Underwood
Hatty L. Cady
Sarah J. Russell
Lulu K. Snow
Josie C. Rockwell
Nellie Cooley
Agnes Haffelfinger
C. Townsend Brady

Robt. E. Wright
Robt. F. Camp
Fairman Warren
Edith S. Cushing
Anne and Emma Webb
May L. Nichols
Addie I. Clark
Harrie C. Dickinson
Susie A. Murray
Mollie H. Miner
Charles L. Morss
Howard Case
Johnnie W. Knight
Newton C. Adams
Dollie W. Kirk
Bessie Le Moyne
Aaron Rice
Logan Bullitt
Isabel Bend
Charles K. Billings
Charles B. Wilson
Herman N. Tieman
Wm. F. Clark
Florence Townsend
Alice R. Murdock
Joseph Lippman
Charles Jewett Humphrey
L. N. Henry
John W. Laws
Wm. R. Cordingley
R. S. Minturn
Herbert Wilson
Irving Swan
W. Phelps
Eva A. Smith
Camilla Morris
Charles E. Maxfield
Annie C. Lincoln
Anna and Sammie Piper
Bethune Duffield
Cynthia P. Leet
Ruth Ella Benjamin
Harry Carrier
Jerome L. Cheney
Allen D. Vorce
Hinton E. Spalding
Harry Weeks
Mabel Carrington
Bennie Wynkoop
May Utley
J. G. Armour O'Connell
Wm. W. Thomas, Jr.
L. B. Coggeshall
Cora Conant
Emily S. Boston
G. H. Hudson
Katie M. Inglis
Katie R. Wishart
John D. Bullard
E. R. Greene
David M. Pratt
Fred M. Pease
Abe Bickham
L. O. G. Bucklin
Henry H. Strong
Charlie M. McCook
E. N. Aston
Philo P. Safford
Bessie Pulsifer
John L. Sturtevant
Fred R. Martin
Helen L. Peet
Albert L. Carson
Helen E. Vail

Willis B. Currier
Belle Hyde
W. G. Nickerson
Fred C Weld
Minnie Wilson
Carrie F. Granger
Thomas E. Camp
Arthur Evans
M. Odora Foster
Norman Barbour
H. G. Thompson
Jas. C. Elms, Jr.
F. W. Shepardson
Thomas M. Moore
Jeannie T. Durant
Sydney A. Smith
Mark Howe
Frank Anderson
Agnes Marples
Grace Greenough
Emily B. Topping
George Hay
Mary C. Foster
Taddie Williams
S. Knight
Eliz. Julia Turnor
S. H. Macky
Callie Ellis
Charles Livingston Hubbell
Robt. M. Kershaw
Chas. H. Oatman
J. Lewis Howe
— Pierce
J. M. Brice
Reginald W. Rives
Fred E. Wiltberger
Susan R. Harrison
Maud H. Du Puy
Fanny H. Flint
Helen K. and Campbell Holton
Julia Linton
Harriet B. Townsend
Alfred C. Young
Emily Shaw Sargent
Emma C. Perry
Cathy P. Darlington
Eddie H. Gay
C. Holmes Seymour
Dora M. Dickinson
Lewis E. Gates
Cary Harrison
Herbert H. Parsons
Duncan Curry
Carl Heydrick
Willie A. Seelye
John Edward Wiles
Willie A. Whitemore
H. McCormick Smith
Cornelia W. Stimpson
Nellie Wood
Robt. V. Gardner
Ben A. Cunningham
Willie Merle Carhart
Fred Evans, Jr.
Ida T. Weeks
Spencer C. Hunt
Jennie A. P. Brown
J. Henry Gucken
L. A. Johnson
E. L. Weaver
Emily Morrison
Hunter B. Stiles
Susie D. Sherwin
Washington Minor
Wm. Adger Law

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W. C. Reed
Emma Purinton
Bertha Torrance
Nellie W. Banks
John P. Stockum
Ella A. Leland
Madge McComb
Birdie Gillespie
Ada M. Frost
Helen Worrell Clarkson
Geo. Milton
E. L. Clapp
Bryan Cumming
E. E. Perrine
Lewis A. Clapp
Bessie Van Patten
C. N. Peck
Belle Murdoch
Ella Otis
G. E. Krauth
James S. Barstow
Alfred H. Cooper
Nelson S. Stirling
Fanny E. Throop
Martha S. Davis
Earle S. Alderman
Mary R. & C. A. Cook
Katie Noble
Mary T. Leonard
Willie W. Lanthurn
Richard White
Henry C. Young
Mamie L. Kimball
Josiah H. Fitch
Seymour C. Payne

George F. D. Frask
Herbert V. Abbott
George H. Gurley
Gertrude Huntington
Stephen Burton
Frances A. Gould
Helen A. Sherwood
F. Swift Billings
W. L. Amerman
Josie Morse
Anna Beers
Allie Anthony
Wm. Martin Currier
Elam L. Clarke
Hattie J. Whitney
Eva A. Madden
Lucy A. Barbour
Horace P. Taylor
Wm. M. Gobeille
George W. Howe
H. P. Robbins
Mary E. Goodwin
Peter W. Hitchcock
Clarence W. McIlvaine
Benj. Stephens Cooke
Annie M. Lang
J. Frank Knox, Jr.
James E. Haseltine
Sada Rabb
Anna Woltzen
Lillie Calkin
S. M. Brice
Frank H. Wells
Ida M. Grisell
Geo. Emlin West

Affa M. Gray
Mary McFarland
Wm. J. Gregory
Sadie Lytle Young
Marie E. Krackowizer
Lily R. Church
Johnny French
F. E. Rookledge
John H. Kennard, Jr.
Frank G. Warrington
Wm. R. Kemp
Edward L. White
Geo. G. Sears
Austin Meigs Poole
Hattie Maud Mallory
Alice R. Blunt
Elsie Johnston
Willie F. Servis
Griff Rensman
Anson L. Carroll
Emilie E. Betz
Ellen H. Munroe
Theron H. Hanks, Jr.
Warren P. Laird
Lily M. Storrs
Alice W. Heald
Louis W. Flanders
Austin S. Palmer
Henry Petry
Harry H. Carlton
Lily Van Wyck
Jessie Newlands
Susie C. Williams
A. Jennie McNeil
Sallie B. Maclay

Chas. B. Clemens
Mary Cheney
Bessie H. Van Cleef
R. Jones
Sara M. Richardson
Jessie Mallory
B. Parker, Jr.
Mary Isabel Rissman
Susie C. Fobes
Jack F. Henry
E. M. Nadal
Eleanor J. Clarke
Mabel Moore
Geo. E. de Steigner
Stella T. Johnson
Chas. H. Walker
Charley A. Miller
Donald B. Toucey
Harry A. Prince
Nannie Robbins
Rich'd Frank Rankins
Lizzie L. Howard
Lulu De Vyne
Edward P. Draper

Lafayette Vorce
J. R. Ohl
James Alfred Merrill
Stanley S. Covert
H. S Loper
James P. Munro
Edmund Kirk Titus
Edward L. Middleton
Willie S. Barnes
Nillie Hall
George N. Hannam
M. E. H. Hammett
Chas. S. Plumb
Frank S. Beavis
W. I. Sinnott
Bert Watson
Georgie E. Hume
R. W. Mallet
Anna M. Paddock
W. C. Landon
Daniel Rollins
Louisa Vulliet
Wm. B. Roberts
Thomas McKittrick

Eddie M. Harris
Annie R. Stratton
Genevieve Near
James F. Phelps
Aggie H. Halloway
Gracie E. Bushnell
George H. Knowles
H. J. Bowman
Wm. H. Seward
Bella H. White
Alice B. McLear
Chas. C. Harrington
E. R. Tilton
E. Floyd Branch, Jr.
Tracy H. Harris
Minna G. Austin
Henry Robinson
Lucy Boislinière
Edwin F. Webster
Stephen Chase
Willie H. Chapple
M. Louise Rice
Celia P. Nott
Geo. F. Davidson

C. L. W., shrewdly suspected to be rather an old "boy," sent in so witty a set of notes on the fifteen characters, that for awhile it quite upset the gravity of the judges. His account of Hannibal, "who swore at nine years of age, and came to a bad end, committing suicide just before he died," and of "Julius Cæsar, commonly called 'O. Cæsar,'" and of "Mr. D. A. Dante, who was treated shabbily and exiled by his countrymen, but who gave some of them excellent situations in his Inferno," and his humorous descriptions of some of the other "gentlemen," are well worth printing, if ST. NICHOLAS could afford the space.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Every sin carries its own punishment."

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Scowl, cowl, owl. Clair, lair, air. Chill, hill, ill. Preach, reach, each.

PYRAMID.—

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          S
        A P T
      T R I T E
    I N G R A T E
  R E F R A C T E D
E Q U A B L E N E S S
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EASY HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Newport. 2. Oxford. 3. Pisa. 4. Dover. 5. Cork. 6. Windsor. 7. Perth. 8. Toronto. 9. Ottawa.

WORD-SQUARE.—

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H O W L
O G R E
W R E N
L E N T
```

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Browning, Tennyson.

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B —andi— T
R—enegad—E
O —rion— N
W —idgeo— N
N —orwa— Y
I —ri— S
N —er— O
G —alleo— N
```

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Harvesting. Stag, grate, seat, vine, hat gate, nest, garnet, ring, net, tea, gnat, rest, vest, sting, hearts.

CHARADE.—Orion.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

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L I B E R A L L Y
T E L E S C O P E
W I T T I C I S M
F O R T H W I T H
C O N V E N I N G
C O R P O R A L S
A D M I R A B L E
L E X I N G T O N
H E T E R O D O X
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CLASSICAL CHARADE.—Antiparos.

WORD-SQUARE.—

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S T O R M
T H R E E
O R I E L
R E E V E
M E L E E
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DECAPITATIONS.—Shrink, rink, ink.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

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        M
      L E D
    P A L E S
  L A C O N I C
M E L O C O T O N
  D E N O T E D
    S I T E S
      C O D
        N
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REBUS.—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

ENIGMA.—Courtship of Miles Standish.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—France.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER were received, previous to January 18, from Hattie Allis, "Gussie," A. A. W., Stanford T. Crapo, E. and A. Herron, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Charlie Prudhon, "David and Jonathan," Walter Cassidy, Thomas Hunt, R. S. Minturn, Willie Dibblee, "Alfred and Rosie," James Hillborn, Eddie Shurtleff, Clara A. Williams, Julia D. Hunter, C. A. P. Club, "Nimble Dick," Lillie May Farman, Arthur S. Hodges, Mabel T. Thayer, Charles D. Rhoades, Agnes and Cora Hodges, Annie P. Richardson, Belle Betts, Madeleine D. W. Smith, J. W. Bokie, Jr., T. M. Lightfoot, "Nogy," Charles R. Lamb, Jr., Georgie Remsen, C. I. Hastings, Henry Beckwith Ashmore, A. H. Eastman, Madison Porter, M. C. R., Mattie E. Blow, "Regie and Daisy," M. S. Clark, "Cupid." Will Cunningham, L. F. A., Lewis E. Gates, Ida M. Bourne, Annie G. Parker, Howard S. Rodgers, John Hinkley, W. H. Rowe, Bessie Vroom, Edwd. Roome, Jennie A. Arthur, G. P. Brady, John R. Slack, Montie Horton, Freddie S. Pickett, Mamie A. Johnson, C. W. Hornor, Jr.

THE prize for the first correct answer to the "Christmas-tree Puzzle," published in the holiday number of ST. NICHOLAS, was awarded to BESSIE PLIMPTON, of Wrentham, Mass., and a beautiful illustrated copy of "Beauty and the Beast" (London edition) forwarded to her address. We are sorry that we cannot give credit to other boys and girls who answered the puzzle, but the correct answers received *after* Bessie's were so numerous that we cannot possibly acknowledge them all, and therefore prefer to mention none. It may interest competitors to know that Bessie's answer, though the first *correct* one, was not the first in point of time, as several answers from various cities of the West and South even, preceded hers in their arrival; and that, in awarding the prize, no account was taken of the answer to No. 14, which, as our readers will remember, was by mistake left incomplete. It is only justice however, to say that Bessie answered it correctly as well as the others.

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THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1876. No. 6.

## THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

BY R. H. D.

ABOUT fifteen years before Sir Joshua Reynolds painted little Penelope Boothby, whose pitiful story we told you in November, he sent one spring day into the great London exhibition certain portraits of a few famous and royal people. This exhibition was held in the magnificent hall of the Royal Academy in Pall Mall; and I wish the boys and girls who read this dull black and white page could have a glimpse, instead, of the crowd that gathered quickly before these pictures. For the little Joshua who used to draw with charcoal on the cellar walls of his father's school-house was now President of this Royal Academy, and the people who crowded up to see these pictures (one of which he had said himself was his masterpiece) had all been painted by him,—princes and dukes, and noble "macaronies" splendid in velvet and lace and great wigs of powdered hair and jewel-hilted swords; and great ladies in their thin, scant dresses and nodding plumes of feathers or straw a yard high.

You would have seen them all uncover and bow to the ground as a fat, pretty boy of eleven, dressed in crimson slashed with white satin, came in under charge of his tutor. This was the little Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., and you might have heard it whispered about that the boy, with all the other royal children, was kept in strict seclusion, with no play between lessons except planting wheat, weeding, reaping, and thrashing it, by which means the Queen proposed to make them understand the lives of the common people. In spite of all this care, the lad had already showed that he cared for nothing beyond his fine clothes. The "common people" never were to him of more value than the pigs which chased each other through dirty London gutters; useful animals, perhaps, but not to be touched or smelled, by any means. The little George was concerned on this day about a new jeweled buckle on his shoe,—and, indeed, the great George which he became, whom you may hear called "the first gentleman of Europe," was always more concerned about buckles and wigs than anything else until the day of his death.

There were at the exhibition, among these noblemen and ladies with their fine dress and brilliant talk and coarse lives, a few of the common people. One big, burly, stoop-shouldered, near-sighted man, with slovenly coat and snuff-drabbled waistcoat, went about peering at the pictures closely, and grunting out an answer when he was spoken to. This was the great Dr. Johnson, in a worse humor than usual. You may be sure the macaronies and fine ladies gave him plenty of room. Low birth and rough manner were crimes they did not forgive. The man behind him, with the quick, nervous eyes and red nose, is Mr. Boswell.

There was there, too, a young, smooth-faced, smooth-spoken young man with his hat on, who was pointed out as Mr. West, the Quaker painter, from Penn's colony in America, whom the King had just taken into his own protection. The sight



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of him brought up among the gentlemen the story of the rumor which had just come from America by a ship only ten weeks out, that there was likely to be some trouble about the four shiploads of tea just sent over. They were all of opinion, however, that it would be a little fire soon stamped out, as the Americans were, with few exceptions, of the paltry lower classes.

Sir Joshua himself comes in for a few minutes,—a large, heavily built man, with a sincere and kindly face, which a deep scar on his upper lip does not hurt. He wears spectacles, and there is an ear-trumpet hanging over his frilled shirt, and great golden seals dangling below his embroidered waistcoat, while the big rolled collar of his coat reaches high behind his ears. He finds the crowd all gathered about one of his pictures, and it is not one of the famous or royal portraits either, but that of a little girl in a coarse dress creeping down a lane, glancing from side to side, her pottle of strawberries on her arm. She is one of the "common people."

If the Earl of Carysfort, who is looking at the picture with loud expressions of delight, had met the little girl alive in one of the narrow streets, he would, quite unmoved, have seen his coachman crowd her to the wall as though she were a dog; but now he declares his palace unfurnished and a poor place without her, and whispers to Sir Joshua to name his own price. Whereupon the painter smiles quietly, and says that "it is given to no man to accomplish more than three or four great works in his life, and this is one of mine."

Since then, the Strawberry Girl has gone down with her immortal beauty from one palace to another; the last time she was sold, 11,000 dollars were paid for her. Artists have learned from her new conceptions of their divine art, and critics alike have raved over the "glowing golden tone" of the air that surrounds her, which breathes, say they, "of purple vintage and the balmy south." Now she has come into ST. NICHOLAS, to show us the face with which a little innocent English girl met the world a hundred years ago.

There is something in the eyes which is far alien from palaces, and which tells us that England, as she knew it, was by no means the merry England of which we read in the histories of those who lived in them. Very few of the children of the titled crowd who crowded the exhibition could have met us with a look so innocent and pure. The little sons of noble and gentlemen not only dressed precisely as their fathers did, but swaggered and swore like them, and drew and flashed their tiny swords on occasion. Boys of fourteen at school were carried in sedan-chairs to masquerades at night, drank their two glasses of port or four of claret for dinner, at eighteen shut their books, made the grand tour of Europe, and came home as ready as their fathers, as we may believe, for all the follies of the town.

Girls of the same age finished their studies at fifteen; and after that, if they too did not plunge into the mad rout of fashion, gave themselves up to embroidery and card-playing and the narrowest of home lives. But little was known by them of the great world outside of England, nothing of the greater world of stars, trees, animals living about them. There were but half a dozen books for children then; but one or two readable novels, and the little and ill-printed newspapers were filled with dreary stories of the loves of Lady Amelia or Lord John, news months old from other countries, and dismal accounts of burglaries and highway robberies. We do not believe our strawberry girl was one of these well-born maidens; but neither will we credit the story that Sir Joshua found her on the street one day and paid her to sit as his model.

Innocent little girls were no plentier in the hovels of London then than in the palaces. The city was shut in by roads made impassable by mud half the year, and blockaded by snows, sometimes ten feet deep, the other half. The "common people" were wretchedly poor and weighed down with taxes. They made gangs of "'Prentices" or "Craftsmen," and at the cry of "Clubs!" were ready to break each other's heads, or to follow any leader like Lord George Gordon to burn the houses of the rich or to open Newgate, and were quite as ready to halloo when their leader was hung. Ladies could not drive abroad at noonday in the streets without danger of footpads, who presented masked faces and a pistol at the coach-window. In return, the rich hung and quartered these poor folks very much as we do sheep. Women were hung for stealing a quartern loaf or a piece of cloth. Men ——

But why should we lift this black curtain any higher? The little strawberry girl has come from behind it to say that even in that old time, as now, there were pure and good mothers and happy children who slept upon their bosoms. We are sure Sir Joshua caught sight of the little girl peeping out of some shady lane, when he made his annual journey to his old village home at Plympton Maurice; and carrying her face and sweet innocence away in his memory, gave them to the wicked world about him, and to us, as a perpetual lesson and benison to us all. Meanwhile, the child, no doubt, grew into a gentle, gracious-natured woman, lived out her quiet life among the shady lanes, and is dead, and never knew that her beauty and purity had become a priceless possession to the world—an

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immortal heritage to be handed down from generation to generation.

The little children who look at her may not all have beautiful faces to give pleasure to others, and no Sir Joshua to make them enduring if they had; they may live in as obscure a corner of the world as the nameless little strawberry girl, and die there unknown; but they may be quite sure that there is not a kindly word of theirs, nor an honest act, nor a true, noble thought which will not go out into the world as her innocence has done, to help to make it better and be like it—immortal.

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## THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. VI.)

[For the benefit, this time, of our readers who are learning French.]

PETITE Marie Martin,
En mangeant du pain,
D'un corbeau reçoit une visite.
Dit-elle, "Eh bien!
Je vous laiss'rai mon pain.
Au revoir!" Et elle sortit très-vite.

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# EYEBRIGHTS.

By L. G. Warner.

"Oh, how came you here,
You sweet, airy things—
Such troops and troops of you?
Had n't you wings?
For here but yesterday
Snow lay cold,—
Who ever heard
Of babies so bold!"

"Wings?—oh, not at all!
But down in our bed,
Under the leaves,
We heard overhead
The quick little feet
Of a robin run;
And a warm, soft ray
From the kind, great sun
Was sent that moment,
Just for our sake;
While a bluebird sang:
'Wake, little dears, wake!'
Then the queer little bugs
That had cuddled up warm
In a moss-bed near,
Through the wind and storm
And some spry little ants,
Of a sudden stirred,
And were off on their travels,
Without one word.
So up through the leaves
All shining with rain,
We sprang back to life,
Right happy again
To see the green grass
And blue, blue skies,
The buds and the birds,
With our own bright eyes.
Some of us came
Ere the moon's pale light
Had faded away,
And are fair and white;
And some slept on
The still night through,
And caught in our faces
The day's warm blue.
Such a bright, glad world,
No matter what weather,
For in sunshine or shade
We're always together!
On us all alike
The rain must fall;
When the wind waves one
It waves us all.
Such a joy to breathe
The sweet, soft air!
To hear the music
That's everywhere!
To look far up
At the trees so high,
And watch the branches
Against the sky!
But when the children

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That love us well
Come through the meadow
And down the dell,
With merry laughter
And happy plays,
'T is the sweetest day
Of all our days."

Then the golden sun
Sank down to rest,
And the color faded
Out of the west.

And when I looked,
In the dim twilight,
For the tender innocents,
Blue and white,
Whose sweet, calm faces
To us seemed sent
To make us braver
And more content,—
With heads dropt low,
And folded eyes,
They were fast asleep
'Neath the brooding skies.

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# HOW A GRIZZLY TREED OBED ROLLINS;

## Or, "Turn About is Fair Play."

By Samuel Woodworth Cozzens.

"He might ez well be'n struck by a grizzly; he 's stone dead," said Obed Rollins, as he bent over the body of a small dog, just killed by an unlucky kick from my mule.

"I would n't hev took ten dollars for that dorg this mornin'; he waz the best one for b'ars in all Truckee; an', ef he waz a yaller dorg, he could whip twice his weight in wild cats any day.

"Jest ter think," continued he, "that Pete should hev be'n kicked ter de'th by a mule, after what he 's be'n through; I allers reckoned he knowed too much tu git behind a mule. He 's be'n knocked over more 'n twenty times by b'ars, and it never discouraged him a mite; but he 's done for this time sure 'n shootin', ef he did hev more clean grit then enny other yaller dorg I ever seed. I could tell Pete's yelp two miles away, when he 'd treed a b'ar, an' yer mought bet you 'd find him right at the foot of the tree every time; an' now he 's be'n an' gone an' got kicked ter de'th by a mule."

I expressed my regret for the accident that had deprived its owner of so valuable a favorite, and then, for the purpose of introducing the object of my visit, inquired if Pete "had ever treed many grizzlies?"

"Treed grizzlies!" repeated Obed, with a look of supreme contempt; "why, grizzlies can't climb! Pete 's treed many a' other b'ar, but never no grizzly."

And Obed cast upon me such a look of perfect scorn, that I actually blushed at my own ignorance; for Obed Rollins, although the most shiftless and improvident man in Truckee, bore the reputation of being the most expert bear-hunter in the settlement.

Like all frontiersmen, he believed implicitly in his own powers, and if he failed to secure the game of which he was in search to-day, was confident that to-morrow would certainly bring him better luck.

Careless, extravagant, jolly and ragged, he was the very embodiment of good-natured laziness, and would return empty-handed to his family, after a week's absence in the mountains, with as much complacency as though he brought with him a fine fat buck or the carcass of a grizzly. Even the fretting and scolding of his wife failed to ruffle his invariable good temper, and he would turn from her taunts and reproaches, to play with the dogs or the children, with as much indifference and apathy as though she did not exist, or the larder, instead of being as bare as "Old Mother Hubbard's" cupboard, was stocked with a month's provisions.

In despite of Obed's faults, his good nature made him a great favorite in the settlement, and his appearance upon the street was generally regarded as an invitation to listen to one of his famous bear-stories.

Sometimes it was an an old gray-headed miner, sometimes a neighbor or a stranger, who made the request. Whoever it was, Obed was rarely known to refuse. Nor was it an unfrequent sight to

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see him, surrounded by his dogs, the center of a group of boys and girls, lazily reposing under the shade of some spreading oak, while he narrated for their amusement some of his own thrilling adventures or hair-breadth escapes.

Although a new-comer in Truckee, Obed's fame as a bear-hunter had reached my ears; and on that bright October morning, I had gone over to confer with him regarding the chances of capturing a troublesome grizzly that had recently been raiding upon my *corral.*

While engaged in conversation, one of his dogs that had, unwittingly, approached too near my mule, had been instantly killed by a blow from the animal's hind-foot. Hence Obed's lamentations.

After some time spent in condoling with him over the untimely death of Pete, I succeeded in enlisting his services, and a couple of hours later saw us, accompanied by his dogs, *en route* for the mountains in pursuit of the grizzly. While sitting around our camp-fire that evening, Obed entertained me with the following story, which I shall relate as nearly as possible in his own words:

"Five year ago, when I jest come ter Truckee, a-minin' was pretty nigh played out; but the woods round waz full of b'ars, so I took ter huntin' em. It's a mighty onsartin' bizness, but I've been pretty lucky; I haint lost no b'ars yit, nor haint got 'chawed up,' ez most b'ar-hunters do afore they've be'n at it ez long ez me.

"I got me a couple of bull-purps to start with, but I soon found out thet blooded dorgs warn't no account in a b'ar-hunt. You see they close right in with a b'ar, and the konsiquens is, they don't last no time. Mongrels is what yer want in a b'ar-hunt; no account dorgs is the ones to worry a b'ar powerful; snappin' and snarlin' and bitin' in the rear is more 'n a b'ar can stan' by considerable. You see it confuses 'em so, that they naturally take to a tree, and then you hev got 'em. Why, Squire, the hardest fight I ever had with a black b'ar was right here, and the biggest one I ever killed I shot on the crotch er that beech thar" (pointing to a large tree close at hand). "I'll tell yer about it ef yer like, ez soon ez I light my pipe."

The pipe being lighted, Obed commenced as follows:

"It was a mornin' in November. I had n't slep' much all night, and along jest afore daylight I heerd Pete yelp.

"I knowed from the sound thet he waz on ther track o' somethin', so I got up and dressed and went out ter see what it waz. Putty soon I heerd him ag'in down in these woods, so I took old Kaintuck* and started.

"Jest after daylight, I struck a b'ar's trail in thet same corn-field we come through this afternoon; I see plenty of places, too, where he'd helped himself to ther corn. I follard the tracks till I got well inter these woods, and then waited for Pete ter speak again. In a little while I heerd him yelp, and I know'd by the sound he'd got the b'ar treed, an' he'd stay by it till I got thar. I stepped along putty lively, though I did n't keer to hurry much, and I got ter jest about where you're sittin' afore I seed the dorgs. There old Pete was, a-standin' straight up on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws braced agin' the tree, lookin' at the b'ar, and ev'ry few minutes yellin' 'Obed!' ez plain ez anybody could say it.

"Well, Squire, that waz the crossest-lookin' b'ar I ever seed, an' I knowed thet I should hev trouble with him ez soon ez I sot eyes on him; 'cause, yer see, ther dorgs had got him riled cl'ar through. He waz so mad, he did n't seem ter take no notice o' me, so I crep' round ter whar I could git a fair shot. Yer see, in shootin' a b'ar, ef yer can put a bullet right in behind the fore-shoulder, ten ter one one shot's 'nuff. So I crep' round till I got jest the position I wanted, and then I drew old Kaintuck on him.

"He kinder looked round at me when I fired, and then settled down on ter thet big limb thar, as though he waz detarmined to stick thar. So I fired once more; the critter jest give a low growl, and hugged it all the closer.

"I hed to fire ag'in afore he dropped, and ez quick as he struck the ground the dorgs made for him; but, bless yer, quicker 'n I hev took ter tell yer, three o' them dorgs waz dead. Pete waz the only live one left. I never see a b'ar thet could handle his paws as thet one did; they made me think o' that wind-mill down in the Merced Valley, more 'n ennything I ever seed afore.

"Pete knowed better 'ern ter tackle thet critter; he jest sot and watched ev'ry motion—ez knowin' ez enny man would 'a' done; and ef he seed the b'ar look toward where he waz a-sittin', he 'd 'ki-yi' like all possest, and put inter the woods. Wal, I seed I could n't do nothin' with ther dorg, so I made up my mind to go for the critter myself. I drawed my knife and started toward him; but afore I got within six feet of him, he riz up an' hit me a lick with one of his paws, thet knocked me more 'n ten feet, and sent my knife whar I never hev seed it ter this day. Nor I haint never found out how he done it either, for 't was did so awful quick. When I come to, the b'ar lay thar dead. I hunted for my knife awhile, an' then went back ter the settlement, an' got some of the boys ter come out an' help me carry the critter home, for 't was the biggest black b'ar ever killed in Truckee. My head did n't get over akin' for a month arter thet, though I never should hev got him ennyway, ef it had n't

* His rifle.

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a be'n fur Pete;—an' ter think that a dorg thet knowed ez much ez Pete should hev be'n and gone an got kicked ter de'th by a mule at last! Thet's what beats me; it do, sure," and Obed shook his head as though he indeed failed to comprehend how it could possibly be. After some further conversation upon bears, Obed replenished our camp-fire for the night, and we both turned in.

I was wakened just after daylight in the morning by the quick, sharp yelp of the dogs. Obed sprang to his feet, and seizing his rifle, shouted, "It's a deer," and a moment later had disappeared in the forest. Thinking it but little use to follow him, and supposing he would soon return, as I noticed he had left his ammunition-belt behind, I composed myself for another nap, and upon awaking an hour or two later, was surprised to find that Obed was still absent. However, I busied myself getting breakfast and eating it; smoked my pipe, and amused myself prospecting near the camp, indulging in a pleasant reverie of what might happen if I should chance to discover a rich deposit of the precious metal, instead of the grizzly we were in search of. Thus hour after hour passed, but no Obed appeared.

I was alone, in the midst of a vast forest, whose stillness was undisturbed save by the rustle of some falling leaf, or the occasional notes of some "deep-wood songster," whose flute-like tones—now so soft and low, and again so loud and shrill; a moment since so far away, and now so very near—startled me from my musings by their almost unearthly sweetness. I knew that it must be nearly noon, and Obed was still absent.

"What could have become of him?" I asked myself the question many times over.

No sound disturbed the death-like stillness of the vast solitude about me. Alarmed at Obed's long absence, not knowing what to do, yet hardly daring to do nothing, I determined to venture forth in search of him.

Taking the direction in which I knew he had started in the morning, I followed upon his trail, using great care to so mark my course that I should be enabled to find my way back to camp.

I walked for some time, anxiously watching for the slightest trace that would help me solve the mystery of Obed's absence, when my attention was attracted by the print of an enormous foot in the soft earth. My first impression was that it must be the track of some giant, so closely did it resemble the print of a human foot in form and size. By actual measurement I found it to be more than eleven inches in length by seven in breadth. I soon discovered other tracks, however, although none were so well defined and distinct as the one first seen. A little reflection convinced me that they must be the tracks of a grizzly, or, judging from their numbers, perhaps half-a-dozen. The prospect was not a pleasing one. What should I do?

The thought of my situation caused me to hesitate some time before deciding. I remembered stories I had heard old hunters tell of the habits of the grizzly,—of their immense size and strength, as well as the celerity of their movements,—and I almost concluded to return to camp. But then, would I be any better off? Might not Obed require my services? The bare idea that so renowned a bear-hunter should need the services of any person, caused me to laugh so heartily that forthwith all hesitation vanished, and I decided to go on until I should find it necessary to retrace my steps in order to reach camp before darkness should set in.

I had, perhaps, traveled three or four miles, occasionally pausing to listen for the yelp of the dogs, or perchance expecting to hear Obed's voice in the distance, when, somewhat tired and fatigued, I seated myself on a rock upon the side of a ledge, for the purpose of taking a rest preparatory to my return to camp, where I had, by this time, persuaded myself I should find Obed with a good supply of venison.

While thus resting, my attention was attracted by a singular noise that appeared to come from the other side of the ledge. What it was I could not imagine, but determined to see for myself. Creeping cautiously to the top of the bluff, I peered over.

Not twenty feet away was a huge bear and two cubs, each as large as a small calf. I realized at once, from the size of the mother, as well as from her shaggy coat of dun-brown hair, thickly flecked with gray, that she was a grizzly. My first impulse, to quickly seek a safer locality, was overcome by curiosity, and I decided to remain and watch the animals for a few minutes. The cubs were having a nice time, rolling over and over upon the pine-cones, with which the ground was strewn, reminding me, in their antics, of two great Newfoundland dogs at play—while the mother was evidently enjoying the scene quite as much as myself.

Occasionally, she would sit upright upon the ground, and, rubbing her nose with her paws, cast a glance upward, while she uttered the low wheezing growl that had first attracted my attention. Then, stretching herself at full length upon the ground, she would playfully push with her paws what, at first sight, I thought was a crooked stick, but which, to my horror, I soon discovered was the broken stock of a rifle. Instantly there flashed across my mind a story that I once heard a trapper tell of a comrade, who, being pursued by a grizzly and finding escape impossible, threw himself on the ground and feigned death, while the creature ab-

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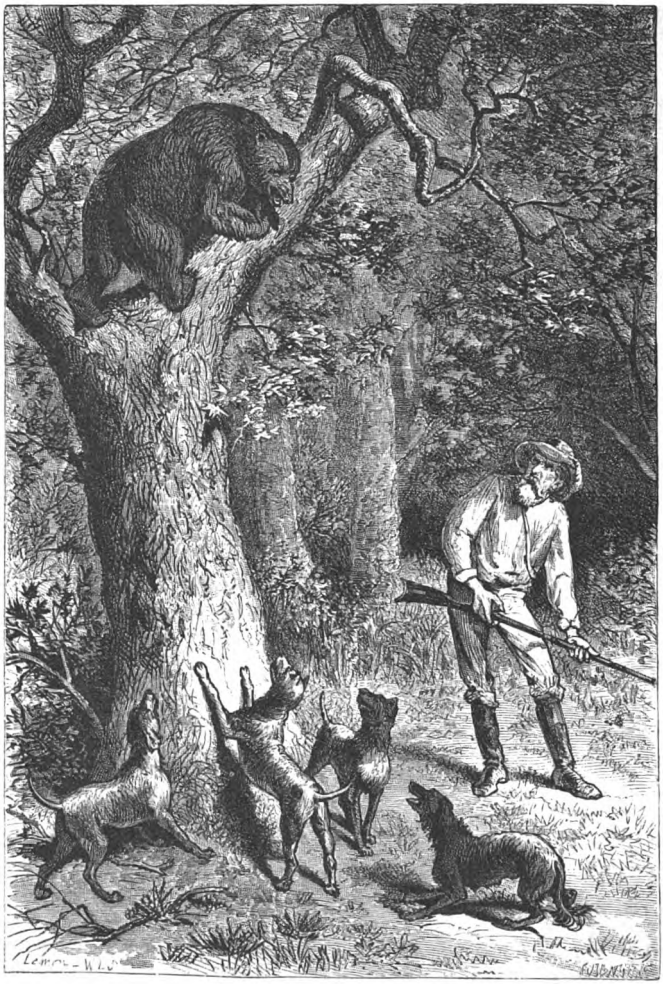
solutely dug a hole, and pushing him into it, covered him over, intending to return at some future time and devour him.

Was that Obed's fate, and was the broken rifle his? The very thought frightened me half out of my senses, yet I was so fascinated by the scene that I had no power to leave it. I noticed that the cubs, like the old bear, appeared to be especially attracted toward one particular tree, rubbing themselves against it, scratching it and reaching up toward the top. By dint of repeatedly changing my position, I at length discovered through the thick foliage the form of Obed perched high up in the branches of a large birch, regarding, with a most lugubrious countenance, the playful gambols of the affectionate trio beneath him.



OBED TREES A BEAR.

Nothing but the fear of attracting the attention of the bears to myself prevented me from bursting into a loud laugh at the sight of the unpleasant predicament of the renowned bear-hunter of Truckee. I knew that I must make no noise, and I certainly did not dare to fire, lest I should only

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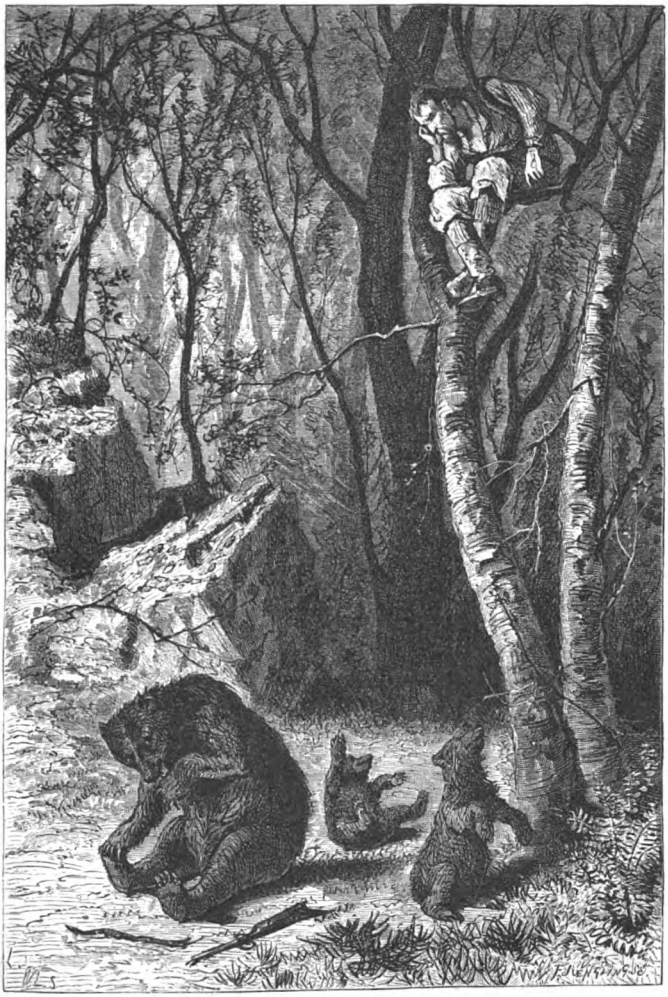
wound the bear; and even if I were so fortunate as to kill the old bear, how could I dispose of the cubs? How could I give Obed information of my presence, without imparting the same to his enemies?

What should I do? After much hesitation, I decided to withdraw from the vicinity as quietly as possible, trusting that Bruin would become tired of keeping vigil, and leave Obed to descend from his uncomfortable position.

I hardly dared to breathe, so careful was I of interrupting the playful scene I had witnessed. By the exercise of the greatest caution, I managed to reach the foot of the ledge, and no better time was ever made in the woods of Truckee than I made in reaching camp, where I immediately kindled a huge fire and seated myself, rifle in hand, with eyes and ears wide on the alert, to wait the appearance of Obed.



A BEAR TREES OBED.

I waited through all the long hours of that night, listening to the crackling of the burning wood, and fancying that the rustle of every leaf, or the swaying of a bough over my head, was the stealthy tread

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of a grizzly or a panther. At last, toward morning, with my rifle in my lap, I fell asleep, worn out with excitement and fatigue. How long I slept I do not know. When I sprang to my feet the sun was shining brightly, and the first object that met my gaze was Obed, with his face buried in the water of the spring by which we were encamped.

Involuntarily I uttered an exclamation of surprise at the sight! Obed, raising his head, while the water ran from his beard in streams, said, "Don't speak to me till I git through drinkin'," and immediately plunged his head into the water once more, declaring that "a drink of cold water waz worth more 'n all the whisky in Californy." I finally succeeded in inducing him to narrate his adventures after leaving the camp.

"Yer see, when I started, Squire, I 'spected ter find that deer close by; but them dorgs waz furder away than I thought for. I follered 'em putty lively though, until I turned the corner of a ledge, and, blast my picter, ef I did n't come slap on ter a grizzly ez big ez a ox, with two cubs. She was so clus I could n't fire, so I jest fetched her one clip on the nose (that's the tender part of a grizzly) with my gun, and clim' a tree; fer yer see, Squire, I did n't hev no time ter spare.

"Well, ez soon ez she see I was out er her reach, she went for that tree. She bit, an' scratched, an' pawed, and rubbed it, till I thought, for the life of me, she 'd hev me down. All at once she spied the gun lyin' on the ground, an', quicker 'n lightnin', she grabbed it in her paws, broke it an' twisted the barrel for all the world jest like a corkscrew.

"Wal, sir, thet old b'ar and her cubs jest staid at the foot of that tree, a-waitin' for me to come down, all day an' all night; an' jest after daylight this mornin' they lit out, an' then I lit out, for I knowed they 'd gone for good. I would n't hev minded the sittin' part so much, Squire, ef I 'd hed suthin' to take, 'cause yer see, Squire, I got powerful thirsty up thar; but after all, the most aggravating part of it waz to see the old b'ar an' them two cubs jest a-foolin' round the foot o' that tree, an' no chance to get a shot at 'em."

I deemed it advisable not to acquaint Obed of my visit to the scene of his discomfiture until after a more successful attempt to capture the grizzly, although I could not forbear rallying him some upon his manner of hunting bears.

He bore my remarks with his usual good-nature, until I referred to the loss of his rifle, when he replied by saying:

"Ef yer want me ter hunt b'ars with ye, the less yer say 'bout old Kaintuck the better. 'Turn about is fair play,' I reckon. I've treed many a b'ar afore now, an' thet's the fust one thet ever treed me. Nor he would n't hev done it, ef Pete had n't gone an' got kicked ter de'th by a mule."

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## THE FROG, THE CRAB, AND THE LIMPSY EEL.

I

A FROG, a crab, and a limpsy eel
  Agreed to run a race.
The frog leaped so far he lost his way,
  And tumbled on his face.
The crab went well, but quite forgot
  To go ahead as he went,
And so crawled backward every step—
  On winning the race intent.
And the limpsy eel, he curled and curled,
  And waved to left and right,
Till the crab came backing the other way,
  And the frog jumped past them quite.
But when last I looked, the limpsy eel
  Was curling himself apace,
The frog had tangled his two hind-legs,
  And the crab had won the race!

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# CHEERY PEOPLE.

By H. H.

OH, the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them—that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost—*i. e.* to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine, to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all—in spite of clouds and rain and cold all doing their very best to make it dismal? Therefore I say, the fair way is to compare the sun to cheery people, and not cheery people to the sun. However, whichever way we state the comparison, it is a true and good one; and neither the cheery people nor the sun need take offense. In fact, I believe they will always be such good friends, and work so steadily together for the same ends, that there is no danger of either's grudging the other the credit of what has been done. The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world. The sun on the fields makes things grow—fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best—makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do, feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the field?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so cross-grained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine. And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in—only more so; for we often see people so ill they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and face of a cheery person would not make them brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure and certain recipé for making a cheery person, how glad we would all be to try it! How thankful we would all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up, and help everybody along!—to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! Why, it seems to me that there cannot be in this life any pleasure half so great as this would be. If we looked at life only from a selfish point of view, it would be worth while to be a cheery person, merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody so glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us on the street.

People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead, they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday for a few years. Men work very hard sometimes for a whole life-time to earn a few things of this sort. But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman, and child in his own town know and love his face because it was full of kindly good cheer! Such a man has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

"I jist likes to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant one day, of a woman I know whose face was always cheery and bright; "the face of her does one good, shure!"

I said if there were only a recipé—a sure and certain recipé—for making a cheery person, we would all be glad to try it. There is no such recipé, and perhaps if there were, it is not quite certain that we would all try it. It would take time and trouble. Cheeriness cannot be taught like writing, "in twenty lessons;" nor analyzed and classified and set forth in a manual, such as "The Art of Polite Conversation," or "Etiquette Made Easy for Ladies and Gentlemen." It lies so deep that no surface rules of behavior, no description

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ever so minute of what it is or is not, does or does not do, can ever enable a person to "take it up" and "master" it, like a trade or a study. I believe that it is, in the outset, a good gift from God at one's birth, very much dependent on one's body, and a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired, or talent ever accomplished. This is natural, spontaneous, inevitable cheeriness. This, if we were not born with it, we cannot have. But next best to this is deliberate, intended, and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish, that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift handed down to us from generations. To do this we have only to watch the cheeriest people we know, and follow their example. We shall see, first, that the cheery person never minds—or if he minds, never says a word about—small worries, vexations, perplexities. Second, that he is brimful of sympathy in other people's gladness; he is heartily, genuinely glad of every bit of good luck or joy which comes to other people. Thirdly, he has a keen sense of humor, and never lets any droll thing escape him; he thinks it worth while to laugh, and to make everybody about him laugh, at every amusing thing; no matter how small, he has his laugh, and a good hearty laugh too, and tries to make everybody share it. Patience, sympathy, and humor—these are the three most manifest traits in the cheery person. But there is something else, which is more an emotion than a trait, more a state of feeling than a quality of mind. This is lovingness. This is the secret, so far as there is a secret; this is the real point of difference between the mirth of the witty and sarcastic person, which does us no good, and the mirth of the cheery person, which "doeth good like a medicine."

Somebody once asked a great painter, whose pictures were remarkable for their exquisite and beautiful coloring: "Pray, Mr. ——, how *do* you mix your colors?"

"With brains, madam—with brains," growled the painter. His ill-nature spoke a truth. All men had or might have the colors he used; but no man produced the colors he produced.

So I would say of cheeriness. Patience, sympathy, and humor are the colors; but patience may be mere doggedness and reticence, sympathy may be wordy and shallow and selfish, and humor may be only a sharp perception of the ridiculous. Only when they are mixed with love—love, three times love—do we have the true good cheer of genuine cheery people.

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# A LAKE ON FIRE.

By Paige Dwight.

Bob and Nan live up among the icicles. What there is between them and the North Pole is at present of small account to anybody except the fur traders. Just behind their house the woods begin, and I do not believe they end very much this side of that open Polar Sea, about which such a time has been made during the last hundred years.

Bob is seven, Nan is five. She is not his own sister, but a little motherless child that had drifted into Bob's house with the pleasant sunlight one summer's morning. She was warmly welcomed, and so well cared for that by the time the autumn days set in, the buttons on her waist began to pop off like Peggotty's in Mr. Dickens's story, for she grew as plump as the plovers Bob was following over the wild hill-sides all those golden afternoons.

Early in November, Jack Frost came dashing out of the woods on his way to the south, for like many another fine gentleman, you know, Jack travels toward the south in the winter, and takes his diamonds with him.

How every one at Bob's house flew about when they found Jack Frost's presents lavishly strewn over the place in the morning, for he had entered town by moonlight the night before. The little lawn looked as though somebody had been shaking a huge sugar-sifter over it, and here and there were delicate ferns and crystallized snow-flakes upon the panes, and to every one, old and young, had been generously given a shiver and a red nose. The truth is, nobody expected Jack so early, and the whole household at once set to work to give him a warm reception. Double windows and doors went up, and warm blankets and coats came down, and cotton went into cracks, and furs came out of boxes, and men banked up the house with sawdust, and boxes of winter stores came from the grocer's; and mamma, who liked winter, sang; and

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papa, who liked summer, growled; and as for Bob and Nan, they frisked from one end of the house to the other, watching the snow-flakes from every window, and thought it was the "most delightfulest" day they had ever experienced.

After a day or two, papa—who, as mamma said, was fearfully "bundled up"—took Bob down town; and the little fellow was bundled up too when he came home. First, besides his warm stockings, he had on a pair of German socks—curious cloth stockings, lined with thick rows of tufted white wool, reaching up to his short trousers—and drawn over the feet of these were yellow moccasins.

Flannel wrappers, a flannel jacket, a thick coat, a Cardigan jacket, an overcoat and cape, a thick scarf, a heavy fur cap, and two pairs of mittens, one of woolen and one of buckskin, so effectually

BOB'S FATHER.

barricaded Bob's body from the cold that he declared it was as "warm as toast" out of doors, when the thermometer was below zero.

Thus equipped, our muffled young gentleman dragged behind him what every boy who wears mittens expects to have—a beautiful sled. I often think the people who sell boys mittens ought to throw in sleds with them, for of what earthly use would the mittens be if there were no sleds to drag? Bob's was scarlet, and its name was Racer.

The snow came down day after day, silently in large flakes, or noisily, sifted fine by the north wind, and after awhile the clouds gathered up their skirts and skipped away from the sky, and the sun shone brilliantly in the clear blue.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" cried Bob's mamma, gazing out upon the snow touched by rosy and golden hues, with rich colors of delicate shades blending on the opposite shore of the bay, miles away.

"Here, untie my shoes, quick!" cried Bob, rushing in. "I want to put on my moccasins, and there 's a hard knot. I mean, please untie them—please hurry, quick!"

"Do you expect the snow will melt away if you wait long enough to be polite?" said mamma. "We shall probably have one hundred and twenty-one days for the sleds. I presume ninety pleasant days like this are before us. Lake Superior winters are famous for them, you know. Spelling first, sir, sledding afterward. These are the two we will attend to this winter."

Bob ran for his book, studied half a dozen words with all his might, and then caught sight of the cat and began to tease her. Nan sat down promptly, studied each word slowly and patiently, and in due time came with a perfect lesson, while Bob was obliged to guess at half the words. He was very much like the hare in the fable, and Nan was steady, like the tortoise. He did not take kindly to being outspelled by a girl.

"Where did you learn your letters?" he asked, impudently.

"Here," answered Nan, innocently.

"Then, if you had n't come here, you 'd have been a dunce, I suppose?" said naughty Bob.

"But I *did* come here," said practical Nan.

"But if you *had n't* come, I say?" persisted Bob.

"But I *did* come, and so I 'm not a dunce, you see," answered Nan, triumphantly.

"But if you had n't?"

"But I *did*."

This dialogue might have gone on all day, but just then mamma quietly put an end to the dispute by advising the unhappy couple to "go out and play," a hint that was instantly accepted with great glee.

The house in which Bob and Nan lived was built upon the side of a hill. The woods began a little way behind it, and the town ran in half a dozen straggling streets, bordered by frame houses and stumps down the hill to the lake, with the bay far to the right. From the back gate to the front walk was a very respectable sliding-place.

"Oh, Bob! look at the houses smoking up," cried Nan, as they turned for their first slide.

Not only the houses, but the whole lake was also sending up soft, pearly vapor into the light blue sky. Lake Superior does not get warm until the last of the summer, it is so deep and large, and then it takes a good share of the winter to cool it off again; so during the first weeks of December it steams away like a great tub of warm water on a cold day, and the sun shining upon this sometimes has the effect of making the mist seem on fire.

"I guess the lake 's all afire, and the houses are catching it," said Bob. "I wish I was down there; don't you, Nan?"

"Yes, I do—pretty much," answered Nan.

"Let 's go; mother wont care," said Bob.

"Let 's go and ask her."

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"Oh, she wont care! I don't want to go in. Mother said it would wet my moccasins to go in by the stove when they had snow on. I don't want to wet my feet, do I?"

"There is n't a scrap of snow on your feet," said Nan. "The snow does n't stick, it only squeaks."

BOB'S UNCLE.

"We 'll take the sled, you see, and slide down by the church; and I 'll draw you across the next street, and then we 'll slide down that *mug*nificent hill by the printing-office, and then we 'll be there —don't you see? That is n't much. Come on."

Nan wanted to see the fire, she wanted to slide down that "mugnificent hill," and she was always ready to go down town. There were three temptations all in one.

"I mostly guess I will," she said, reflectively, and off they started.

All the way down they kept watching to see the flames burst forth somewhere.

"The men are all so busy, they don't see it, I s'pose," said Nan.

"We might tell somebody," said Bob.

They were passing a butcher's shop just then, and Bob ran in and cried out:

"The lake 's all afire, and the engine does n't know it."

Two fat Germans were cutting venison at the counter. They gave a loud laugh, and one said to Bob:

"Te lake pe purnt up, you say. Oh my! dat pe treatful. Tell de man vat stays at te engine-house. Pe quick now, Bup."

"I've got to go straight and tell the fireman," said Bob, coming out with a great air of importance. "I say, Nan, you stay here and watch my sled, while I run up street. I 'll be back in a minute."

"Oh! I dare n't stay, Bob. Come back," cried Nan, bursting into tears. But Bob, who had started off on a run, was already out of hearing. The tears ran down her cheeks, and she tried to rub them off with her mittens. But the woolen mittens scratched her face, and the tears were only kept by the salt in them from freezing the moment they dropped out of her blue eyes, the air was so cold.

Just then two very wicked-looking boys came across the street. One of them had the stump of a cigar in his mouth, but he took it out as he crossed the street, and a sly smile took its place.

"Now, Bill, a fellow could n't be to the onconvanience of walkin' round that sled," said he, nudging his companion. "That ud be jest a leetle too much to ax of us. Too fur below the freezin' p'int, ye know. Sis, we'd like to hev a slide. We 'd be obleeged to ye fur a turn or two on that sled o' your 'n."

Before Nan could find her voice, or even get a fair look at them through her tears, the miserable little thieves were round a corner and safely beyond capture. Then she cried harder than ever; but being a lady-like little girl, she was very quiet about it. However, Bob came back after a little time, looking quite crest-fallen.

"The engineer laughed at me," said he, "and said the lake was only 'drying up.' Said they wanted to get a 'suction,' or something, more on the town, and were going to make farms of it. Don't stand there crying like a big baby, Nan. Let 's go home. Where 's my sled?"

"Some boys borrowed it," sobbed Nan.

Bob gave one blank look around the neighborhood, in a vain search for the sled and the boys. Then he set up a roar so astonishingly loud, that Nan stopped crying from sheer surprise and meekly stood watching him.

It was just noon, and, fortunately, his uncle was obliged to pass that street on his way to dinner.

As Bob was in the midst of his wailing, his uncle came along. The children did not know him at first, for the gentlemen who passed were remarkably like one another.

In fact, you can judge for yourselves, from the exact picture of Bob's uncle on this page, how very difficult it must have been for Bob to distinguish him from any other boy's uncle.

"What are you doing down here?" asked uncle.

"I don't know!" blurted out Bob.

"You see, we thought the lake was burnin' up," explained Nan, "and we wanted to put it out."

"Be quiet, can't you?" cried mortified Bob.

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"Did you have permission to come?"

"I b'lieve not," said Nan, demurely. "We slided, slided down, I mean."

"Where 's your sled?"

At this Bob's grief burst forth afresh.

"Some boys came and took it off and have n't come back," said Nan. "I guess they 'll come pretty soon, though."

"Could you point out the boys if you should see them again?"

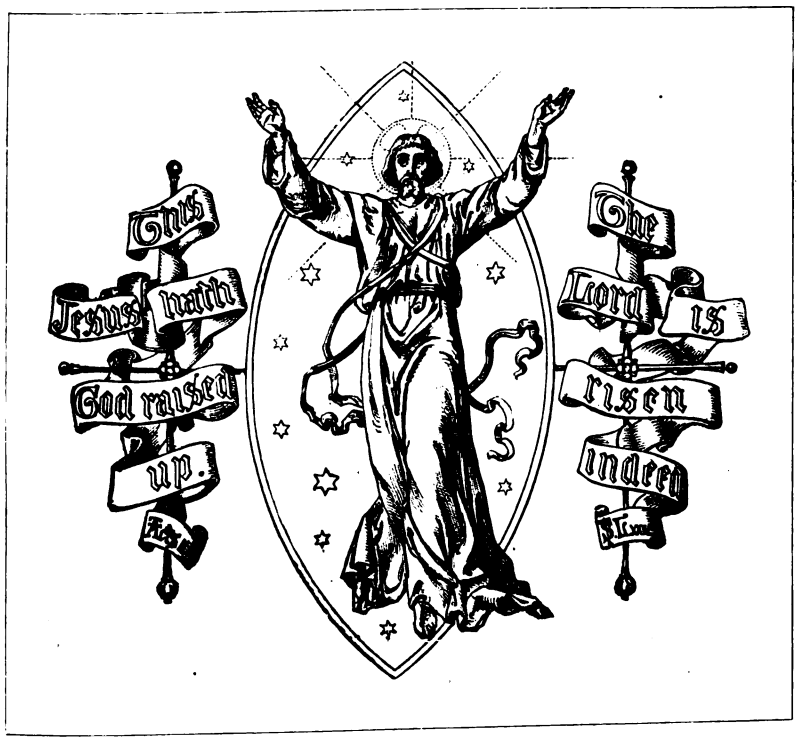
"Course I could," answered Nan, promptly. "I guess that 's one of 'em, now," pointing to a tall, slim lad not far off.

"Are you sure?"

"I think I 'm sure. No, I don't believe 't was that boy. I guess he looked zactly like this boy," as a fat little urchin trotted down the hill.

Bob's uncle smiled at Nan's very uncertain ideas. "Bob," he said, solemnly, "I 'm afraid your sled is gone for good and all. There is no one who can testify positively against the boys, and even if you could find the sled, you could not prove that some other boy had not bought one of the same color and name. Children who run away from good mothers must always expect to get the worst of it. Now come home."

Mamma was very kind to her erring children, for she thought their punishment had been sufficiently severe. She even intimated to Bob that Santa Claus might possibly bring another sled—perhaps a red Racer—that is, if he were willing to promise that he would always consult her before he started out in search of adventure, or to quench the lakes on fire.




EASTER, APRIL 9TH.

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# THE POOR BOY'S "ASTOR HOUSE."

By Charles L. Brace.

Did you ever see a newsboy? He is a queer-looking little fellow. His cap has n't any front, and it is pulled down so as to hide his hair, which is all tangled up so that you could almost make a bird's-nest of it. He has no shirt, but his ragged coat is buttoned up tightly to his neck, and his trousers seem likely to fall off, if they are not soon sewn together. He has no shoes, and his toes look half frozen this bitter weather.

But he does n't care; he is the most light-hearted youngster you ever saw. Suppose we consider ourselves strangers in the city, and speak to him.

"Where do you live, my boy?"

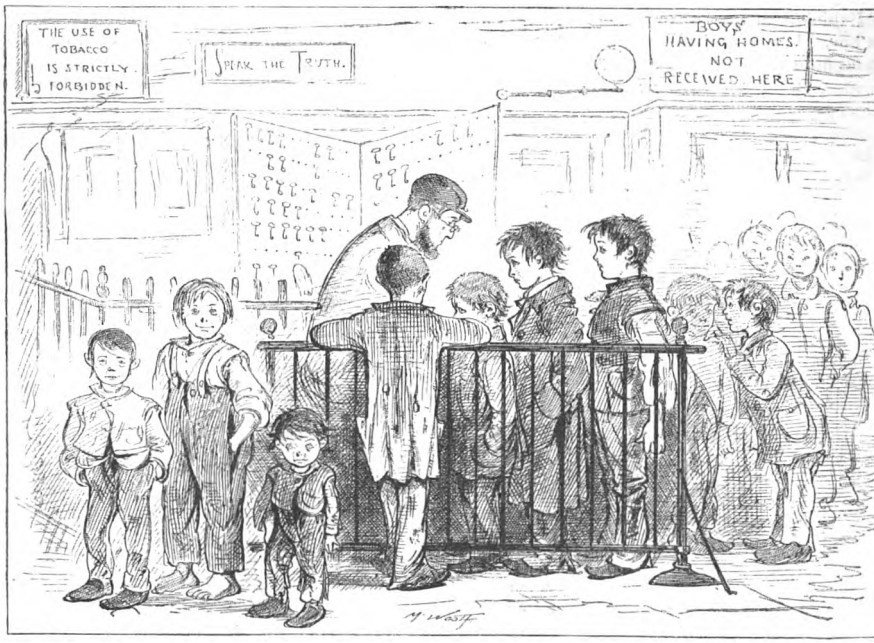
"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"Well, where do you sleep?"

"Oh, sometimes I sleeps in the hay-barge there by Harrison Street, and sometimes we git 'round the steam gratin's there by Ann Street, and when the M. P.'s drives us off, we finds a box o' sand. Oh, mister, there aint nothing like a box o' sand, 'cause you can kind o' snuggle in and git warm all 'round; but on course, the best is the Astor House, when you aint stuck!"

"The Astor House! What 's that?"

"Why, don't you know that, sir?—that big lodge there, which the kind gen'lemen have opened for us bummers!"




NEWSBOYS GETTING THEIR LODGING AND SUPPER TICKETS.

"But, my boy, have n't you a father or mother?"

"No, sir (the bright face looking a little more serious). "You see, me mother was sent up (to prison), and I niver seed her sence; and me father—he licked me with a strap, and tould me for to clear out; and I don't know where he is—I heerd he was dead. But may be, sir, you 'd like to see the lodge, and I 'll show you my bank (with an important air). I 've got fifty-nine cents saved; and I tell you, there 's a nice—what do you call it,

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Jim?—something there. I can whirl to the ceiling, and go all 'round the room on the bars!"

We follow our little guide to a large door in Duane Street, near Chambers Street, on the south side of a huge seven-story building, with a sign—"NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE." We mount a fireproof stair-way.

"I see you can get out if there is a fire here."

"I tell you, sir, we would n't be many seconds scootin' down them stairs."

We look into a large dining-hall, the ceiling supported on pine columns, and finished off with Georgia pine wainscoting. A comely matron is setting tables for over a hundred boys, with tea, mutton stew, and good bread. Everything is as clean as a ship's deck.

"That 's Mrs. O'Connor, sir; she 's jist as good as pie. But don't it smell good! We must go upstairs, or I wont be let in to supper."

We enter a large, handsome audience-room, with school-desks and a piano; well lighted and cheerful, and windows on three sides, and no

THE BARBER.

"institutional" smell, though a hundred or more ragged little fellows, with washed faces and combed

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

hair, are waiting about before going down to supper. The notices on the walls are worth reading:

BOYS WITH HOMES NOT ADMITTED HERE.

BOYS WANTING HOMES IN THE COUNTRY MUST APPLY TO THE SUPERINTENDENT.

BOYS CAN HAVE THEIR UNDERCLOTHES WASHED, FREE OF CHARGE, ON THURSDAYS.

At the door sits an elderly clerk behind a railing, with keys hanging around him. Our little newsboy falls into a line of boys, till his turn comes.

"Three tickets, sir—lodgin', breakfast, and supper. There 's eighteen, sir, and twenty-five I owed you when I was stuck"—*i. e.*, when he could not sell his papers.

"But, Johnnie, where were you last night?"

"You see, sir, I was at the Bowery, and I got to the door just one minit after twelve; and so, on course, I had to turn in under the steps down at Beekman Street."

"Ah, there 's where your money goes! You 'll never get enough to buy that coat and go out West. There 's your key, but get your hair cut and go to the bath before you come to supper."

Johnnie disappears in the ample bath-rooms. We watch his operations. He has warm foot-baths, wherein he plunges his dirty feet, but ingenious spikes on the edges prevent his sitting too long in them; wash-basins and towels are in abundance, and bath-rooms with hot and cold water.



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THE SAVINGS-BANK.

For his hair, a large boy takes him in hand, and soon shaves him close, rubbing his head with larkspur, for which operation Johnny rather reluctantly pays his three cents.

Now he rushes out, a clean and decent-looking boy, so far as his skin.

"Is that clean shirt ready?"

His wet, ragged coat is put in the drying-room, and his valuables are hid away in the locker, for which he has a key, and he puts on a clean, comfortable shirt, and soon enters the supper-room, delivering his ticket for payment at the door, and is deep in his stew and bowl of tea. Several boys are hanging about in the upper room, looking rather hungry.

"Why don't you get your supper, boys?"

"Have n't got no stamps, sir; we 're stuck."

The Superintendent, a kind, firm-looking man, Mr. O'Connor, comes forward and speaks to each:

"Jack, you know where your stamps went—it was to the Bowery (theater); and, Pat, I told you to let those policy (lottery) tickets alone; and you, Dan, why did you eat all your money up yesterday in that big dinner? As for you (to a quiet, depressed-looking lad), I believe you were unlucky; you shall have 'credit,' so go down!"

We pay the tickets of the others, and they all rejoice in their mutton stew and overflowing bowls of tea.

After supper, they all fly upstairs to the gymnasium, and there is a kind of athletic pandemonium for awhile—boys in the air, boys jumping, boys pulling, climbing, and tumbling—the large room resounding with the laughter and shouts.

"You see," says Mr. O'Connor, "this is our opposition to the low theaters and grog-shops."

Precisely at half-past seven, they all descend to the school-room. We look in at the dormitories: rooms some ninety feet long, filled with double iron bedsteads; the beds of straw, and very comfortable; warm comforters and clean sheets over each.

"That 's my bed," Johnny points; "number six! There 's where a feller sleeps, I tell you!"

"But don't you ever fall out, or have a lark with another boy?"

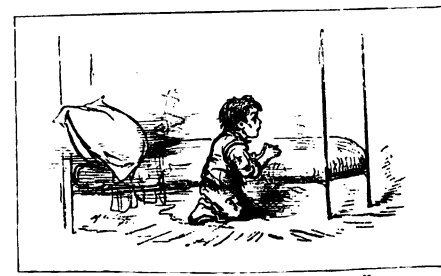
"No, sir! Griffith would catch us; besides, we has to be called at five o'clock, and we sleeps like tops!"

There is no smell about the rooms. Everything is clean and pure as possible. We go below to the audience-room.

"This is my bank, sir—number thirty-one," pointing with pride to a mysterious table near the door, with slits in the top, and each slit numbered. "Fifty-nine cents; but it 's slow work. Oh, I thank 'ee, sir!—that makes just a dollar. Two more, and I 'll have a Sunday-go-to-meetin' coat and a b'iled shirt."

The teacher has already begun his evening work, by reading some letters from boys who had made fortunes at the West, and were writing back to their old friends.

"Go West, young man!" whispers our guide, and he seats himself demurely among the scholars. Now they sing in excellent accord the sweet hymn,



"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

"If there 's love at home." Perhaps here and there a shadow falls across the young faces, as they think of how little "love at home," or anywhere

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else, they have known; but they all are soon lively and indifferent as ever—as ready for chaffing or being chaffed.

Each boy goes at the lessons as vigorously as he usually works at selling his papers. At the close, a few earnest words are said by the teacher, of "Him who sticketh closer than a brother;" who would befriend them though all others deserted, and who feels for all human creatures; and the more, the poorer and the more unhappy they are. A dirty hand, here and there, slyly wipes away a tear from some begrimed face, at the thought of anybody's caring for them; and perhaps the dream of that "Happy Land" which they sang about crosses some child's mind, and he fancies a mother whom he has never known on earth meeting him there, and a father who never got drunk, or cursed or beat him, at last welcoming him, and a place where hunger or desertion and homelessness are unknown; but before he can think much about it, school is out, and the boy next to him hits him a lick with his ruler, and under a general scrimmage, the stern words "Order! order!" end the meeting and our visit.

# THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE DUCKS.

*(Translation of French Story in* St. Nicholas *for January.)*

It was a beautiful morning in spring; the sun shone, the birds sang, the grass was all covered with a fresh dew. In the brook which flows through the garden—a pretty little brook which flows quietly across fields enameled with flowers—Madam Duck gave lessons in swimming to her little ones. You know, of course, that the first duty of a duck is to learn to swim well and naturally. Madam Duck took good care of that branch of the education of her children. She corrected them when they did not swim well, made them hold their heads straight, and, moreover, taught the older ones to dive. The young ducklings were not now at their first lesson, and already made a good figure in the water. So, after having studied for some time, the young scholars asked of their mistress permission to go and have a little promenade on the water. She gave permission, and soon our ducklings were sailing gayly down the stream. The two elder ones headed the march, and served as advance guards; after them came the three others. It was the first time they had been out alone, and they gazed at everything on the right and on the left, because to them everything was new and strange. As they swam on, the brook grew larger; gay butterflies fluttered about among the flowers, and beautiful birds sang on the bushes.

They had already swum for some time, when suddenly a great noise was heard. The water was agitated. The ducks, frightened, turned back just in time to see the hind-foot of a great old frog disappear under the water. "Indeed, it was not worth while to be frightened about such a little thing," said the largest of the ducks, who was called Neptune; but he also had been well scared. They laughed off their fear, and continued their course. At this moment, their attention was attracted by piteous cries from one of the three little ducks; he had seen something on the bank of the stream which he thought to be good to eat, and had thrust his beak between two stones, and could not draw it out again. He was beating himself about like a madman when the others arrived. The two large ones seized him, each by a wing; the two little ones took him by the tail, and they pulled as hard as they could. At length, by dint of pulling, they succeeded in disengaging their little brother, with his beak half dislocated and a prey to a horrible toothache. He wept bitterly, but his comrades succeeded in consoling him, and he followed them at a distance, but without laughing and joking with them. Still swimming, they arrived before a house where there was a little dog. As soon as he perceived them, he rushed straight at them, barking with all his might, as if he wished to swallow at least two of them at a time. But, coming to the bank of the stream, he stopped, undecided, not having the courage to plunge in. When the ducklings saw how cowardly he was, they stopped, looked at him with disdain, and joined their quacks of defiance to his furious barking. At the noise they made, the door of the house opened; a little boy stepped out, and came running toward our ducks. He had not a very agreeable look, and when, instead of chasing away the little dog, he commenced to pick up stones, the ducks began to doubt his intentions. The advance-guard gave the signal to retreat, and, turning about, they filed off at full speed. It was time, for the little boy had

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already begun to throw stones at them. But, happily, the more stones he threw the less he succeeded in hitting them. When they were out of reach of his attacks, they turned to see what he would do. The little rascal almost cried with rage, and ran along the stream to get nearer to them; but his anger hindered him from seeing where he walked; he made a false step—plump! and there he was in the water. Hearing his cries of distress, his mother ran and pulled him out of the water, and giving him two good cuffs, sent him into the house to dry himself. The fall of the angry little fellow raised a wild laugh among the ducks; but they thought it would not be prudent for them to continue their explorations further on that day, so they started to return to their mamma.

On their return nothing happened to them which it would be worth while to record, and they passed the rest of the day in talking of their adventures, and in recounting them to Mamma Duck.

Translations of "Les Aventures des Cinq Canards" were received from Nellie S. Colby, J. D. Early, Clotilda A. Arban, Edgar Francis Jordan, Isabel Tanes, Harry Forde, Belle Betts, Fred Eastman, Anne J. Thomas, Esther M Turlay, Hattie A. Barstow, Edith Monroe Pollard, Thérèse Mosenthal, Alice H. Popham, C. C. Bixby, Agnes L. Pollard, Philip Richardson, Sarah A. Huntington, Oliver Everett, Mary M. Hoppin, Arthur C. Miller, Gertrude G. Porter, Josie Perry, Sallie C. Scofield, Aline M. Godfrey, Madelaine Palmer, L. W. Lewis, Henry F. Perry, M. T. A., Mary E. Blanchard, Kate St. Claire Dalton, A. G. D., Ella M. Darrell, J. Dorsey Ash, George D. Dey, Pamela W. Mack, Lizzie B. Allen, Frank Taylor, and Gertrude Turner (who sends hers from Lausanne, Switzerland).

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# THE EDUCATION OF THE LION.

*(A Russian Fable.)*

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE lion had a son just twelve months old;
And lion-cubs—as everybody knows,
Unlike a royal child—are wise and bold,
Have got their teeth, and given up baby-clothes;
And so the lion-king, who destined him to rule,
Sought anxiously for some good teacher, or good school.

The fox applied the first. The lion thought:
"The fox is clever—clever is not wise;
Besides, those say who knowledge dearly bought,
His cleverness consists in telling lies.
A king is not a lawyer, that he must talk double;
And then a liar is perpetually in trouble."

The mole, methodical in all his ways,
Not taking any step without wise cares,
Put forth his claim. All gave him fullest praise
For being very great in small affairs.
His work that lay before his nose was perfect found—
But, then, a lion's kingdom is not underground!

Then said the panther: "Give the cub to me;
I'll make him brave, and teach him how to fight."
But panthers have contempt for policy
And civic principles of wrong or right.
A king who only fights is but a fighting fool;
He must be also fit to judge and wisely rule.

And sheep were good, but could not save their fleece;
In short, no beast, not even the elephant
(Revered in woods, as Plato was in Greece),
Could furnish all the lion-cub did want.

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But kings for kings can feel, and for the beast's content,
The eagle, king of birds, this royal message sent:

"My brother! In these times it is not wise
Our kingly brood to subjects' rule to trust;
Familiar grown, they next learn to despise,
And hold our royalty as common dust.
I 'll teach your son myself,—teaching 's my forte."
And so the lion-cub went to the eagle's court.

Three years go by, but long before they 're past
All tongues are loud in the young lion's praise,
His wisdom and his wit; first thing and last,
The birds were singing through the woods his praise.
His coming home was one long scene of splendid feasts,
And the king called a parliament of beasts,

Embraced and kissed his son, and said: "To-day
My scepter and my power to you I give;
But, first, your subjects want to hear you say
How far your learning will help them to live.
They would be glad to learn what knowledge you have gained,
And hear your future policy and plans explained."

"Papa," replied the prince, "no beast but me
Can tell each bird that haunts the woods and lea;
From eagle unto wren, know where they brood,
Where they find water and each season's food.
When these beasts are my subjects, which are now my guests,
I shall at once instruct them *how to build their nests!*"

Could you have seen the council hang their heads,
And heard the mingled howl of shame and rage,
As hopes were torn into a thousand shreds,
You might have read as on a printed page:
*He is a fool, if with strange knowledge all replete,*
*He knows not his own wants, and how those wants to meet.*

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# THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN WHICH THE BOSTON BOYS LOSE AN OLD FRIEND AND FIND A NEW ONE.

"WE are from Cedar Rapids, Iowa," was the answer of the buffalo-ruined emigrant, when Mont asked him about his company. "The way we came to be here was this: My brother Jake here and I wanted to hunt buffaloes, so we left the train back at Crab Creek, and just scooted on ahead to to get a crack at 'em. She wanted to come, and as she would n't leave the children, we all bundled into the wagon and allowed to stay here a couple of days before the rest of the train came along."

"How many teams are there in your train?" asked Mont.

"Twenty-five teams, ten horses, and a hundred and seventy-five head of cattle."

"Oh, well," said Mont, "you will get along all right."

"I aint so sure of that, strannger. The train's getting short of grub already; and if we are able to get to Salt Lake without being on allowance, we'll be lucky."

"Well, ole man," put in the wife, "you've lost your wagon and all yer fixin's. How'll ye get to go back to the road? Here's these young ones to be toted somehow."

One of the men staid to look for the missing oxen, which he never found; and the other, assisted by Mont and Arthur, made his way to the emigrant track with the children. They staid with our boys until night, when the well-known Cedar Rapids train, to which they belonged, came up and received their unlucky comrades.

The country at this point grew more broken and woody, and, for some reason, the emigrant trains became more numerous. Feed for the cattle was not always to be had, and there were many animals to be pastured on the short, bunchy buffalo grass of the region. Each separate party drove its oxen out among the hills when the camps were pitched; but it was necessary to watch them at night, and, for this purpose, many companies combined, and so divided their burdens by standing "watch and watch" with each other.

Mont was anxious about poor old Bally. His foot grew continually worse, and it seemed cruel to drive him in the team, but there was no help for it. They must get on somehow, and Bally, lame though he was, could not be spared from the yoke.

"If we only had money enough now," said Arty, "we could buy a steer from some of these droves. There are cattle enough and to spare."

"But not money enough and to spare," responded Hi, gloomily. "If Bally don't get shut of his lameness, we shall have to leave him. And I don't see no way of goin' through with one yoke of oxen and a cow and one old hoss."

This was the first time the subject had been openly discussed with such a despondent conclusion. But each one of the party had thought it over by himself. There was silence in the camp. Every day they passed cattle and horses left by their owners because they were unfit to travel. Their dead bodies were common by the way. But these were usually animals from large trains, or from the teams of parties too weak to get along alone, and who had joined forces with others.

"What could we do?" asked Arthur to himself. Then he said, almost in a whisper: "If we have to leave Bally, what shall we do next, Hi?"

Hi had no answer. But Mont said, decidedly:

"I shall go on, if I have to walk or take passage in Bush's go-cart."

"I just b'lieve you'd do it, Mont," said Hi, with admiration. "If the wust comes to the wust, we can lighten our load and hitch up Jim ahead of Tige and Bally's mate, and try that."

"Lighten our load?" asked Tom. "How's that? We've thrown out all the loose truck we could spare."

"Tommy, my boy," said Hi, with great solemnity, "there's heaps of fellers, this very minute, agoin' on to Californy and livin' only on half-rations, for the sake of gettin' through. I seen a man back at Buffalo Creek who allowed that he had n't had a square meal since he left the Bluffs, except when he had buffalo-meat, and that is not to be got only just now. Bumbye, it'll be out of reach."

"So you mean to chuck out the flour and bacon, do ye?" said Tom, with great disgust.

"That's about it, sonny."

"Then I'll go back with the first feller we meet bound for the States."

The others agreed that they would stay by each other and get through *somehow*. Even little Johnny was appalled at the bare idea of turning back. There was nothing for him behind; his world was all before him; his friends were here with him.

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But no such necessity overtook them.

They had looked forward with curiosity to Chimney Rock, a singular pillar of stone, standing like a round chimney on a cone-shaped mass of rock, on the south bank of the Platte. This natural landmark, several hundred feet high, is seen long before it can be reached by the emigrants toiling along the wagon-track by the river. The boys had sighted its tall spire from afar, and when they camped opposite it, one night, they felt as if they had really got into the heart of the continent.

JOHNNY.

They had long ago heard of this wonderful rock; its strange shape, apparently sculptured by some giant architect, towered before their eyes at last.

"I reckon that there rock must have been pushed up by a volcano," said a tall stranger, joining the boys, as they were wondering at Chimney Rock, after having camped.

"Perhaps the soft rock and soil which once lay around it have been cut away by the rains and wind," said Barney, diffidently. "You see the bluffs near by are still wasting away by the same cause."

"Like enough, like enough. But what's the matter with that critter of your'n? 'Pears like he was gone lame."

Hi explained the difficulty, and told their visitor that they were traveling slowly for the purpose of making the trip as easy as possible for poor Bally.

"What! you don't drive that beast, do ye?"

"We have to. We have only two yoke of cattle, counting him."

"Well, he'll never get well in the team. Take him out and let him crawl on by himself, and mebbe he'll mend. I've got one hundred and fifty or sixty head over there,"—and the stranger pointed to his camp on the other side of the road.

There were three wagons; two of them were immense square-topped affairs, with openings at the side, like a stage-coach door. The people lived in these wagons and slept in them at night, having several feather beds packed away in their depths. One team was made up wholly of bulls, of which there were four pair. Just now, the cattle were at rest, and two hired men were herding them, while the women, of whom there were several, prepared supper.

"My name's Rose," the stranger said, when his offer of assistance had been gladly accepted. "They call us 'The Roses' along the road. I have my mother, father, and sister along with me; then there's Scoofey and his wife and baby; and Al and Shanghai, they're workin' their passage through."

"What part of the country are you from?" asked Hi.

"Sangamon County, Illinoy," replied Rose. "I've heerd tell of you boys. 'The Boston Boys' they call you on the trail, don't they?"

"No, we are the Lee County boys," said Mont, smiling.

"But," explained Arthur, "we are called 'The Boston Boys,' too; I've often heard that name, lately. Mont here is from Boston, Captain Rose."

"It don't make no difference how you are called, boys, and I allow we'll get along together for a spell. We're traveling the same road, and as long as we are, you're welcome to the use of one of my steers. I allow that you'll be willing to take hold and help us drive the herd now and then?"

The boys gladly consented to this arrangement, and poor Bally, next morning, was taken out of the yoke and allowed to go free in the drove of the Roses. But the relief came too late. Each day the ox traveled with more difficulty. Every morning, before starting, and every noon, when stopping for the usual rest, Bally was thrown down and his foot re-shod and cleansed. It was of no avail. Barney took him out of the herd and drove him alone, ahead of the rest. But it was agony for the poor creature; he could hardly limp along.

In a day or two the train, now quite a large one, reached Ancient Ruins Bluffs, a wonderful rocky formation resembling towers, walls, palaces, and

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domes, worn by time and crumbling to decay. Here the road became rough and stony, and the way by the side of the beaten track was hard for the lame ox. Barney and Arthur clung affectionately to Bally. He was an old friend, and, notwithstanding his vicious manner of using his horns, they did not like to leave him. Reluctantly, they gave him up here. They must go on without him, after all.

When they moved out of camp in the morning, Bally, who had been lying down watching the preparations for the day's march, got on his feet with difficulty, as if ready to go on.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Mont. "You need n't bother yourself. We will leave you here to feed by yourself and get well, if you can."

"Good-bye, Bally," said Arthur, with a little pang, as they moved off. The great creature stopped chewing his cud and looked after his comrades with a mild surprise in his big brown eyes. He stood on a little knoll, regarding the whole proceeding as if it were an entirely novel turn of affairs.

"Good-bye, Bally," again said Arty, this time with a queer choking sensation in his throat. Hi actually snuffled in his bandanna handkerchief. Tom, by way of changing the subject, walked by Tige's head, and, looking into the eyes of that intelligent animal, said:

"Well! if there aint a tear on Tige's nose! He's sorry to get shut of Bally, after all!"

"Oh, you talk too much," said Barney, testily.

So they left Bally looking after them as they climbed the ridge and disappeared behind Ancient Ruins Bluffs.

That very night, as if to supply the place of their lost friend, a new acquaintance came to their camp. It was a large mongrel dog, yellow as to color, compactly built, and with a fox-like head. Dogs were not common on the plains. This waif had been running along the road alone for some days past. The boys had often seen him, and had supposed that he belonged to some train behind them. His feet were sore with travel, and he was evidently masterless.

"Poor fellow!" said Mont, pityingly. "Give me the arnica out of the medicine-box, and I will fix some buckskin socks on his feet."

The dog accepted these kind attentions, and, as soon as he was let loose again, sat down and deliberately tore off his moccasins with his teeth. While he was licking his sore feet, Johnny, who had been out with Tom, gathering fuel on the bluffs, came in with a load on his back. He dropped his burden with an air of astonishment, and exclaimed: "Bill Bunce's dog!"

"Sho!" said Hi. "What's his name?"

"Pete," replied the boy, who could hardly believe his eyes.

"Well, Pete," said Hi, "where's yer master? 'Cordin' to all accounts he's a bad egg. Pity that there dog can't talk."

But Pete had nothing to say. He shyly accepted Arthur's proffers of friendship, and from that moment became a regular member of the company.

"We've got such a lot of grub, I s'pose, we must needs take in a yaller dog to divide with," privately grumbled Tom to his brother that night. "Reckon Arthur'll want to pick up a jackass rabbit for a pet, next thing yer know."

"If you don't like it, sonny, you can go back, you know," replied Hi, who was cross and sleepy. Pete's position in the camp was assured.

A few days after this, while near Fort Laramie, they had a chance to dispose of their new friend. Just as they were camping, a party of mounted Indians, of the Brule Sioux band, came galloping up to their tent. They were splendid fellows, dressed in the fullest and gayest costume of the Indian dandy. They wore their hair loosely knotted behind and stuck full of brilliantly dyed feathers, which hung down their backs. Their buckskin leggings, moccasins and hunting-frocks were covered with embroidery in colored quills, the handiwork of their squaws. Bright red blankets dangled from their shoulders, and about their necks were hung strings of shells, beads, and bears' claws, with rude silver ornaments. Their faces were painted with red and yellow ochre, and one of them, the chief, wore a tortoise-shell plate over his decorated forehead, like the visor of a cap.

These gorgeous visitors sat stately on their horses, and regarded our young emigrants with an air of lofty disdain.

"How!" said Mont, who had been taught good manners if the Sioux had not. The chief grunted, "Ugh!" in reply to this customary salutation. Then he happened to see Pete.

"You sell him?" pointing to the dog.

"No, no," said Arthur, in a whisper. "Don't sell him, Mont. He wants to eat him, probably."

"No sell him," promptly replied Mont. "Good dog. We keep him."

Thus rebuffed, the Indians unbent somewhat from their dignity, and the chief, carefully extracting from a bead-worked pouch a bit of paper, handed it to Barnard with the remark, "You read um."

The paper proved to be a certificate from Indian Agent Thomans that the bearer was a peaceable Indian, "Big Partisan" by name, and that he and his band were not to be molested by white people whom they meet. These dusky visitors, thus introduced, dismounted and stalked through the camp,

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saying nothing but looking at everything with stolid gravity. While the rest were trying to engage in conversation with the Indians, Arty climbed into the wagon to get out some provisions. While opening a flour-sack, he saw the lid of the "feed-box," at the rear end of the wagon, in which were kept their small stores, cups and plates, raised from the outside by an unseen hand. Wondering at this, the boy softly worked his way toward the box, concealed by the lifted cover. A crest of plumes now rose above the lid, and a soft rattle showed that some one was fingering the contents of the box. Placing both hands on the lid, which sloped toward him, Arty gave a sudden push and brought it down with a tremendous clatter. A superb-looking Indian stood revealed, having barely snatched his hands away as the box-cover slammed down.

"How!" he said, not in the least abashed. Then, raising the lid again and curiously examining the hinges, as if admiring their mechanism, he said: "Heap good! White man know everything."

"The white man knows too much to let you hook things out of his grub-box," said Arty, angrily.

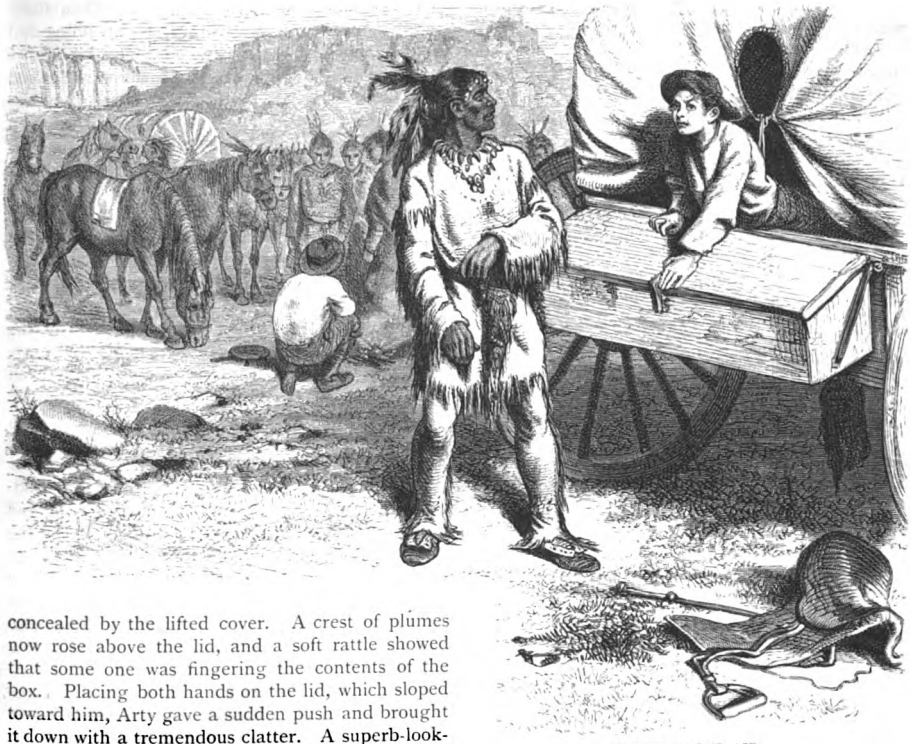
The Indian smiled in the blandest manner and joined his companions. The party staid about the camp some time, as if waiting an invitation to sup with the white men. But entertainment for Indians was out of the question; there was not provision enough to spare any for visitors.

When they went away, Arty said, grumblingly, as he went on with his preparations for supper:

"Now I suppose I can turn my back on the wagon without something being stolen."

"Pooh! Arty thinks he is the only one who keeps watch," sneered Tom.

"If it had n't been for me, that big dandy Indian would have carried off everything in the grub-box," returned the boy, who was cross, tired and generally out of sorts. He was making an antelope stew for supper, and Barnard coming up, looked into the camp-kettle.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"What! no potatoes?" he said, with a tone of disgust.

"No," replied Arthur, sharply. "No potatoes. We 've only a precious few left. We 've got to make the most of them."

"I would n't give a cent for a stew without potatoes," remonstrated Barnard.

"Nor I neither," joined in Tom, only too glad to see a little unpleasantness between the brothers.

"Well, you 'll have to eat a good many things

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that you don't like, before we get through—'specially if I have to do the cooking. Barney Crogan thinks too much of what he eats, anyhow." Arty fired this last shot at his brother as Barney moved away without a word.

On the plains, where men are by themselves, little things like this sometimes seem to be very important. Men have quarreled like wild animals with each other over a dispute about flap-jacks. Two old friends, on the emigrant trail, fought each other with knives because one had twitted the other with riding too often in the wagon.

Arthur went on with his cooking, feeling very uncomfortable, as well as cross. They had had a weary day's drive, and all hands were fagged.

"The worst of it is, I have to work around this plaguey camp-stove, while the others can lop down and rest," grumbled poor Arty to himself, as he became more and more heated.

Running to the wagon for a spoon, after awhile, Arty stooped and looked into the tent, where the bundles of blankets had been tumbled on the ground and left. Barney was lying on the heap, fast asleep, and with a tired, unhappy look on his handsome face. Arty paused and gazed, with a troubled feeling, at his brother lying there so unconscious, pale and still. Barney had been sick, and the night before he had started up in his sleep crying "Mother!" much to Arty's alarm.

The boy regarded his brother for a moment with pity, as his uneasy sleeping attitude recalled home and its comforts. Then he went silently to the wagon, took out six of their slender stock of potatoes, pared and sliced them, and put them into the stew now bubbling in the camp-kettle. Nobody but Hi noticed this; and he only grinned and said to himself, "Good boy!"

Afterward, when they had squatted about their rude supper-table, Barnard uncovered the pan containing the stew, with an air of discontent. Glancing at Arty, with pleased surprise, he said:

"Why, you put in potatoes, after all!"

Arthur's cheeks reddened, and he said, as if by way of apology:

"Mont likes them, you know."

Mont laughed; and so did they all. After that, there was good humor in the camp.

## Chapter XII.

### IN THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.

Fort Laramie was not a very interesting place to the boys. It hardly repaid them for the trouble they had in crossing the river to get to it. But here they found a store kept by an army sutler, and Mont said that he should really enjoy buying something, by way of proving to himself that he was in a spot where something besides Indian manufactures were for sale. Arty looked longingly on some dry, powdery figs and crumbly candy which were among the sutler's stock in trade; but he compromised with himself by buying ten cents' worth of aged raisins, which he generously divided with his comrades, Tom and Johnny.

They all very much admired the nicely dressed officers, who "put on as many airs" (as Bush said) as if they lived among white folks. Then there were houses—real houses—finished with siding and painted white, and with stone chimneys. Some of these were used for officers' quarters, and some were barracks for the soldiers. These they examined with curious interest. They had seen no houses for several weeks. This was a little village in the wilderness.

At the crossing of the South Platte, a few days after, the young emigrants found another trading-post. It was in a rude log hut on the bank of the stream; and a very queer stock of goods was crowded into it. There were pipes, mining tools, playing-cards, flour, bacon, sugar, boots and shoes, and even buttons, thread and needles. But the prices! They were tremendous. Flour was twenty-five cents a pound; pipes were a dollar each; and a little glass tumbler of jam, which Tom very much hankered after, was two dollars and a-half. Here, too, was a sort of news exchange; there were no newspapers, to be sure, except one well-worn paper from St. Louis, now more than two months old, carefully hung over a long string of buck-skin, and not permitted to be handled by anybody. But the rough-bearded, uncouth men who lounged about the place picked up from the trader and half-breed assistant such points of information as had been left by those who had gone on ahead. They also left here messages for friends and acquaintances who were yet behind.

On the walls of this store in the heart of the continent were stuck bits of paper containing rude directions for emigrants. These were written by men who had gone on ahead and had sent back some report of their experience. For instance, one scrap was:

35 miles from this post to Hoss Crik. Dont stop at Willer springs which it is no springs and feed mighty pore.

Right under this was another bulletin, which read:

Nigh 60 miles to Sweetwater—powerful bad road till you get to independence Rock—blacksmith shop and tradin post—the traders a thief.

Some charitable person had tried to rub "thief" from this notice, and had written in "good feller" instead; but both titles staid there.

"You pays yer money and takes yer choice,"

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said Bush, grimly, as he read this gazette. "But I 'll bet the fust man was right."

Here, too, they learned that the ferryman at "Columbus," or the Loup Fork crossing, had been robbed.

"When was that?" asked Mont.

"I allow it was about the middle of June. Me and my pard, we crossed there June the ten, and

ARTHUR.

it was some time after that," explained a short, thick-set fellow, whom the boys had met before somewhere.

"Well, we passed there on the fifth of June," said Barnard. "Did the thieves get away with much money?"

"Nigh onto five hundred dollars, I 've heerd tell; but thar 's no knowin'; it mought have been five thousand. That mean skunk took in heaps of coin at the ferry."

"Does he suspect anybody?"

"Could n't say; 't was after I war thar. How 's that, Dave?" said he, addressing another emigrant.

"I came by there the day after the robbery," replied Dave. "Old Columbus was off on the trail of a couple of suspicious characters who had swum the fork with their hosses, about four miles upstream. The boys at the ferry said the old man had a good description of the chaps that they suspicioned. One of 'em had a hare-lip and 't other had a game leg."

"A game leg!" exclaimed Johnny. "That 's Bill Bunce!"

"And who 's Bill Bunce, my little kid?" asked the stranger, turning to the boy.

"Oh, he 's a scaly feller that left this boy to shift for himself, away back on the river. But you aint noways certain that this thief was Bill Bunce, Johnny, you know," said Hi.

The lounging emigrants were so much kindled by this bit of possible evidence in the Loup Fork robbery, information of which had slowly overtaken them here, that they gathered around and expressed their opinions very freely about Bill Bunce.

"He 'll swing from the fust tree he meets after some of us fellers finds him on the trail, now yer bet yer life," was one comment.

"Thar 's nary tree between here and Bridger big enough to hang a man on, 'cordin' to them things," said another, waving his pipe toward the rude bulletins on the cabin wall. "See, nothin' but 'No wood' on 'em, from here to Salt Lake, so far as I kin see."

The boys, after this, did find a rough road, and they were glad enough that they were within reach of help. Rose's drove of cattle was drawn upon often for fresh recruits for the yoke. Here, too, they found the springs often poisoned with alkali. Some of the shallow pools were colored a dark brown with the alkali in the soil; others were white about the edges with a dry powder which looked and tasted like saleratus. The cattle refused to drink the stuff; and now, along the track, they overtook a great many animals turned out to die, suffering from the effects of the alkali which they carelessly lapped up with their scanty feed. Here and there, they met a few poor fellows limping along with all their possessions packed on their backs. These had lost their cattle, one by one, and had been obliged to abandon their wagons and baggage. Taking a sack of flour, a frying-pan, a few pieces of "side-meat," or bacon, some coffee and a tin cup, these courageous fellows went forward, determined to get through, somehow. Usually, they managed to sell some part of their outfit. The rest they left by the side of the wagon track. But, begging, borrowing, or buying from day to day, they trudged on with their faces turned westward—always westward.

"Hello! what 's that on that wagon?—'Or Bust' —and a gaudy old wagon it is," said Hi, one day.

The wagon was a two-wheeled affair, drawn by

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one yoke of oxen, and looking exactly like one-half of what might have been a long vehicle. On the canvas cover was painted the words, "Or Bust," which had attracted Hi's attention.

This strange-looking craft was creeping along in the shadow of Independence Rock, when overtaken by our party. Barnard, recognizing the good-natured young fellow who was driving, said:

"What's happened to your wagon since we saw you at Council Bluffs?"

The man laughed lightly, and replied: "Well, you see, Jake and I, we could n't agree with our pardners—Jake's brother Joe and Bill Jenness—so we divided."

"How? Divided everything?"

"Sartin, sartin. We could n't go on without a waggin, you know. So we sawed the old thing in two. Thar was a ch'ice; the fore part had the tongue, and we played a game of seven-up for the ch'ice. Joe and Bill held over us—beat us by one p'int; and they've gone on with their share of the waggin."

"So your brother Joe has gone with the 'California' part of your wagon?" said Mont, addressing Jake, who was one of a quarrelsome family.

"That's about the size of it," surlily replied Jake. "It was 'Californy or Bust.' Joe and Bill have got the 'Californy,' and we've got the 'Bust.' Howsoever, if you go round on the other side, you'll see we've got 'Californy' there, too. We've got the entire thing, but a feller has to go all around us to see it."

"Could n't you agree about the road?" asked Hi, with some curiosity.

"No, it was beans."

"Beans?" said Hi, opening his eyes.

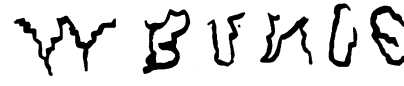
"Yes, beans," answered Jacob, growing angry. "I don't give in to no ornery half-baked sucker, even if he is my brother. An' when it comes to beans cooked in a ground oven, when wood is plenty, and you have time to dig yer oven and kin spare yer camp-kettle long enough to bake 'em overnight, I'm thar. But beans is better and more economical-like stewed. Leastways, I think so. Joe, he don't think so. Bill Jenness—well, he always was a pore shoat—he don't think so. So we divided the plunder and are going through. Gee! Lion!—whar be yer goin' to? The most obstinatest steer I ever see. Good day!"

And the men who preferred their beans stewed drove on.

Independence Rock was such a famous landmark that our boys would not pass it without climbing it. The rock is an immense ledge, rising nearly one hundred feet from the ground; it is almost flat on top, and covers a space equal to an acre or two. All around it the country is undulating, but without any large rocks. Independence Rock looms up like a huge flat bowlder that had been left out there by mistake when the world was built. Resting their team, the party scrambled up the enormous mass. The top was worn by the flow of uncounted ages. Here and there were depressions in which little pools left by the late rains were standing; and all around, on the smooth places of the rock, were rudely chiseled the names, or initials, of passing emigrants. Some of these were laboriously carved, some were painted with the soft tar which should have been saved to use on wagon-wheels. On the perpendicular wall of the rock, facing the west, was a roughly cut inscription setting forth how "Joshua F. Gibbonson, a native of Norway, aged 24 yrs," was buried near. Another gave the name and age of a young woman, also sleeping close at hand.

Arthur, walking over the multitude of letters inscribed on the top of the rock, suddenly paused, and, looking down at his feet, exclaimed: "Bill Bunce!"

The rest, hurrying up, saw on the rugged surface this inscription:



"But his name is Bill. That's a W," said Johnny, gazing at the mysterious letters, with a sort of fascination.

Mont and Barney laughed, but Arty said: "To be sure his name is Bill, but it was William before it was Bill, and so he spells it with a W."

"I don't believe it's Bill Bunce, anyhow," said Hi. "He would n't be such a fool as to leave his name like that here, where he knows people are looking for him."

Mont got down on his knees to inspect the letters, as if he thought they might give him some clue to the man who had carved them, and had then gone on, leaving this mute witness behind him. He shook his head, and said:

"I don't know, Hi. Guilty men, somehow, always drop something by which they can be traced. If he stole old Columbus's money, it is just as likely as not he would be foolish enough to put this here. Anyhow, I guess this is Bill Bunce's autograph."

Nothing positive came of the discussion; but Johnny lingered over the letters, and murmured to himself: "If they could only tell, now!"

"But they are silent letters, Johnny," whispered Arty, who had staid behind with his little mate. The boy laughed, without understanding why, and the youngsters left the inscription still staring up to the sky.

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Passing Devil's Gate, and camping on the western side of that famous gap a few days after, the boys felt that they were at last in the Rocky Mountains. The Gate is a huge chasm, its black rocky walls towering up on either side. Another gap in the rocky chain, near by, affords an outlet for the Sweetwater, which foams and roars in its narrow channel. Westward is a grassy plain, dotted with trees, and affording a charming camping-ground. Here the young emigrants pitched their tent, in the midst of a mighty company. From a hundred camp-fires arose the odors of many suppers, and, as the sun went down behind the purple peaks, the cheerful groups made a pretty picture, framed by the blue and gray ledges, covered with wild vines, which stretched around the amphitheater.

"That 's a mighty knowin' dog of your'n," said a visitor loafing by the camp-stove and watching Arty cooking flap-jacks.

"Yes," said Arty. "It 's agreed that he is to have every flap-jack that I lose when I toss 'em up—so;" and he tossed his pan dexterously in the air, and brought his flap-jacks down again in it, brown side up.

"Sometimes, when the wind blows, I can't exactly gauge the force of it, and away goes a flap-jack over on the ground. That 's Pete's, and he goes for it almost before it lights. He can tell whether it will miss the pan or not."

"And I 'll match Arty at tossing flap-jacks with any grown man on the plains," said Hi, with a glow of honest pride. "You bet that dog don't get many, 'cept when the wind blows variable-like."

Just then, Pete, who was assiduously gnawing a bone, ran to Arty, crying with pain, and put his head on the boy's knee. Arthur tenderly stroked the poor brute's jaw, and exclaimed:

"Poor old Pete! You see he has had a bad blow on the side of his head at some time. I think some of the small bones are broken. When he gets his jaw into a certain position, it hurts him confoundedly, and he runs to me. I found out that I could relieve him by softly pressing the place —so fashion. See!"

A sudden light gleamed in the man's face, and he said:

"I know that dog. I saw him back on the Platte with a couple of chaps—scamps I should say. One had a game leg, and I saw him bang that very identical dog with the butt of his gun, just because he scared up a big jack rabbit. Powerful cruel it was."

"Aha!" said Barney. "That 's Bill Bunce again. Where was this, stranger."

"Well, I disremember now. But I allow it was on the other side of Chimney Rock, say about the twentieth of June."

"That would give the thieves time to come up from Loup Fork," said Barney, who told their visitor the story of Bill Bunce and his companions. But the stranger declared that the only companion of the man with the dog was a fellow with a hare-lip. He added:

"And I just believe that that there dog got up and dusted out of that, he was treated so all-fired mean."

Soon after this, the emigrants entered the great passage across the mountains—South Pass. It was not easy to realize that they were actually going over the Rocky Mountains. The emigrant road gradually ascended the enormous ridge which forms the backbone of the continent—so gradually that the ascent was hardly noticed. To the north and south were grand peaks, purple in the distance, silvery with streaks of snow, and piercing the clouds. Nearer, gray masses were broken into chasms, and were partly covered with a stunted growth of trees. As they pressed on, the road mounted higher and higher. But the way was easy, broad, and pleasant to travel. The nights were cold—so cold that the boys were thankful for the shelter of their tent; and they burrowed under all the blankets and coverings they could collect. But the days were hot, and though the travelers turned out in the morning air, their teeth chattering with cold, they marched along at noon perspiring in the sun.

Snow crept down nearer and nearer to their track, from up among the steep slopes which hung above the pass. While camping one day in this region, Captain Rose and some of our boys went up to the snow-banks and had a July game of snow-ball. They brought back flowers gathered at the edge of the melting snow; and they reported butterflies and mosquitoes fluttering over the banks, as if brought to life by the dazzling sun. These reports seemed like travelers' tales, difficult of belief, but they were verified to the satisfaction of the unbelievers.

One day, they reached a spring of which they had often heard. They approached it with a certain feeling of awe. It was on the dividing ridge of the continent. It was a boggy pool, rising out of a mass of rock and turf, trampled by many feet and spreading out into a considerable space. Some wayfarer had set up a rude sign-board, on which was inscribed the name—"Pacific Spring." Stepping from rock to rock, the boys made their way to the fountain head, and silently gazed on the source of a stream which soon divided itself between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Here the emigrant trail pitched abruptly down

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a rocky cañon to the west. The water flowing from the spring and saturating the grassy soil, was parted by a low, sharp ledge of rock. From this, two little rivulets crept away, one to the east, one to the west. One gurgled down into the cañon, was joined by numberless runnels from the snow-peaks above, meandered away for many miles, sunk into Green River, flowed south and west to the Colorado, entered the Gulf of California, and was lost in the Pacific. The other slipped silently down the long slope by which the boy emigrants had come, joined itself to other tiny streams, and so, finding the far-off Missouri, by the way of the Yellowstone, reached the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic.

"Go, little stream," said Mont, "and tell the folks at home that we have left the old world. Boys! this is a new world before us now."

"We are on the down-hill grade," added Hi. "We can scoot to Californy now. Westward it is, and we are agoin' with the stream."

Barney turned and looked back. "We are on the ridge. Shall we go down on the other side, Arty?"

But Arty said: "I should be glad if I could send a message back to the folks at Sugar Grove. It would be like a message out of the sea. As long as we can't do that, suppose we follow the other stream to the Pacific?"

"We cannot be sentimental over this spring, my boy," said Mont, laughing. "But, as Hi says, we are going with the current now. That's it! Westward is the word!"

"Come on, boys!" shouted Captain Rose, from the down-hill road. "It's a rough drive yet to Sunset Cañon."

So the young fellows followed the stream, and turned their faces again to the west.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE MICROSCOPIC BRICK-MAKER.

BY MARY TREAT.

THE microscope reveals to us many wonderful and beautiful creatures. It opens to us a new world of plants and animals, not at all like those we see with the naked eye.

Water which is shallow and still enough for plants to grow in, is always the home of millions upon millions of tiny creatures. Some of them can be seen with the naked eye darting about in the water, where they look like mere specks; and many others are so small that they cannot be seen at all with the naked eye.

The practiced hunter after microscopic animals can tell by the look of the water, and the plants which grow in it, where to look for certain kinds of these tiny creatures, just as the hunter knows where to look for deer and wild turkeys and other game.

Last winter it was so cold at the North that it froze all the ponds solid, so that I had to keep some of the pond-water in my study to prevent the little animals from freezing to death; but this winter I concluded to leave the cold North and come to Florida—to the land of flowers and of singing-birds—and I wondered if I should find the same tiny animals here that I found there.

As soon as I visited the ponds and looked at the plants growing in them, I knew I should see many of my favorite fairy-like creatures. As I took a plant from the water and held it up to the light, the first thing I saw was a colony of Brick-makers sticking fast to the stem and leaves of the plant. (Fig. 1 represents a colony of Brick-makers, natural size.) You may be sure that I was delighted to find these tiny creatures building their little towns and cities, more numerous here than at the North.

And now I will try to tell the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS something about this Brick-maker. Fig. 2 represents it as it appears through the microscope. At A you see one of the flower-like wheels, and when they are spread out in this way, they are always in rapid motion; there are four of these wheels, but the picture cannot give you much of an idea of the creature's beauty—it needs the rhythmical motion and the changing positions to see how charming it is. The wheels are the machinery that he works with, and they serve a two-fold purpose: they form a current in the water, to bring the food to his mouth, and also the material to make the brick of which he builds his house.

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The apparatus for making the brick is situated at the top of the head, between the wheels; it is a little tube (see B), open at the top, into which the tiny particles are carried by the force of the current; at the bottom of the tube (C) we can see these particles rapidly whirling, and they are cemented together (probably by some sticky substance secreted from the body) into a round ball. It takes the little animal about three minutes to make one of these round bricks. When it is completed, he stops the machinery for a moment, and takes the brick from the mold; and now he bends over and lays it carefully by the side of the last one; so the bricks are laid in regular tiers, one above another, with no space between. Out of these almost numberless little bricks he has built himself a house (see D).

FIG. 1.

The mouth (E) is just below the wheels and between the two horns (F, F). Our little Brick-maker never leaves his home to go in search of food, but he makes his machinery bring him his meals as well as the material to make his bricks, and his jaws are almost always in motion, craunching something or other; but he often rejects some of the particles that the current brings, which shows that he has the power of selecting his food.

What an industrious creature he is, and what talent and ingenuity he must have!

But, with all his skill and ingenuity, he is a very sensitive, timid creature; a slight tap on the table, or on the tube of the microscope, will send him down into his house as quick as a flash. He has one foot, which is firmly planted on the floor of his house, and a long leg or footstalk with telescopic joints; so he can double up his leg like a telescope, and this brings the body down into the house; but it is a mystery how he can fold up his wheels and double up his leg so quickly. When all is quiet, he comes slowly up to the door of his house, and puts out his feelers to see if all is right; if he finds nothing in the way, he is soon at work again.

The mother Brick-maker often has eggs lying around in her house, which we can see very plainly with a good microscope; but as soon as the little things are hatched she sends them out of the house into the great world of water to take care of themselves, and the first thing the poor little houseless things do is to lay claim to some unoccupied place near their mother's house, for a foundation on which to build their own domicile. (The letter G indicates a magnified portion of a leaf, the foundation on which the house stands.) And now, without having to serve an apprenticeship, the little animal goes to work at once to make the brick with which

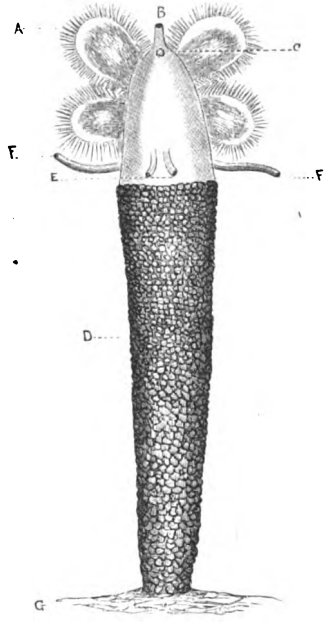


FIG. 2.—THE BRICK-MAKER (MAGNIFIED).

to build its house. In a few days it will have erected quite an edifice of its own to live in; and when it is tired of working, it can fold up its wheels and draw in its horns, and go down into its house, where it can rest secure from all danger.

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# THE QUEEN OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

OH, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
She 's traveling over the sea;
She 's bringing a cuttle-fish with her,
To play with my baby and me.

Oh, his head is three miles long, dear;
His tail is three miles short;
And when he goes out, he wriggles his snout
In a way that no cuttle-fish ought.

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Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
  She rides on a sea-green whale.
He takes her a mile, with an elegant smile,
  At every flip of his tail.

Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
  She dresses in wonderful taste;
The sea-serpent coils, all painted in oils,
  Around her bee-yutiful waist.

Oh, her gown is made of the green sea-kale,
  And though she knows nothing of feet,
She can manage her train, with an air of disdain,
  In a way that is perfectly sweet.

Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,
  She 's traveling over the main;
So we 'll hire a hack, and send her right back
  To her beautiful islands again.

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# THE GRAVES'S GRANDMA.

By Lily Brayton.

"Tell you a story! See how mamma is laughing at you—and no wonder, children. Why, you 're too old, every one of you—sixteen, eighteen, and twenty! Well, shall it be Jack the Giant-killer or Cinderella?

"Neither! Did n't I say you had outgrown all of grandma's stories? Then let me see. One of papa's college scrapes—no, it must n't be that, for he 's shaking his head like a Mandarin.

"Tom, I can't tell you about either base-ball or cricket; and Fred, grandma has forgotten all her little store of Latin and Greek long ago, so she cannot fire you with any tales of valiant Greeks and Romans; and Lily—there! why, what does she think of now but ruffles, fine hemming, patterns of silk, and the latest fashions, except, indeed, certain letters which are watched for so eagerly and devoured so secretly?"

"But, grandma, it would n't be like having you with us if we could not sit in the fire-light and hear you talk, no matter about what; you turn everything you touch or talk of to gold. We shall be content if we are just sitting by you. But I really can't be idle; I must just whittle this plug for my hydraulic press. No, mamma, they wont fly about, for I 'll spread a paper down, and will be ever so careful. And then, grandma, you see, just as you said, we are too old for silly stories, and I don't mind a bit to-night if it is not exciting, for somehow when it comes just this time I always feel rather—well, you know how; and since Lily is to go so soon—there, dear girl, I wont talk of it. But go on, granny. Don't think about it, but talk right ahead."

"Well, Tom, I think we all are glad of this peaceful hour after the busy day, and what you have said brings to my mind a little scene that has dwelt in my memory like a quiet picture ever since last spring.

"You will remember that I made one of my long visits to Aunt Mary Graves in New York; and fondly as I love my dear daughter, the great city does not suit an old lady like myself quite as well as this lovely country home of yours, where I can go about in my sun-hat, and know every creature and flower on the place. So I had some long quiet days, when Aunt Mary placed my arm-chair in the window, and for hours I watched the passers-by, or my neighbors around me.

"Well, I became very much interested in a family opposite—so much so that I was afraid they might think me impertinent in what must seem to them my constant watch from the window; but my mind was soon relieved, for presently, as the young ladies grew accustomed to my cap and knitting-needles, they would always look up and give me a cordial little nod. There were three daughters—the youngest fourteen, perhaps, and a school-girl; the other two, young ladies in society, were sweet and lady-like; and one would know they were a happy family, just to see the little lady mother, so quiet and unpretending, entering into all her girls' pleasures; and I could see that they loved to have her with them, and that she was really like one of them.

"That they were interested in good works I knew from the meeting of societies at the house, and the early start for Sunday-school on Sundays—a thing hard to accomplish in city life, after the gayeties and late hours of the week.

"There was a brother, too—a tall, handsome, fair young man, with honor and honesty written on



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his blue eyes and earnest mouth. He was married, but the young couple were constantly at home, and between the brother and youngest sister there seemed to be a special tenderness, for she was a slim, delicate child, and I could see him take her on his knee or mount her on his broad shoulder and run upstairs.

"But the second daughter became my object of interest, for soon I noticed how regularly every morning the eight o'clock postman stopped, and would smile in a very knowing way at the maid as he handed her a thick square letter—(Tom, let Lily alone; you're a wicked tease!)—and every week or two a gentleman with brown hair and mustache would come out of the house on Sunday morning with my young lady, as I soon began to call her; so I knew he lived at a distance, and could not come very often to see her.

"She reminded me of you, Lily; fair skin and hair and blue eyes,—honest eyes, like her brother's,—with an energetic, earnest way in her walk and manner, not without grace, and which made me sure I could congratulate the young fellow on his choice of a good wife.

"Presently, mysterious bundles in white jeweler's paper were left at the door, and an Adams' Express wagon was almost as regular as the postman in its morning delivery. The young girls, too, flocked to the house in twos and threes, and the curtains would be drawn up their full height in the upper chamber, where I could see them huddled together, conversing in an excited manner, with uplifted hands and admiring looks. Your young eyes, Lily, might have discovered the pretty gifts; but I could only see now and then the flash of silver or the gleam of a lustrous silk.

"What good times they did have! and how interested I became in everything you cannot imagine till you have grown out of your own immediate pleasures and learned to live in those of others. I do believe I grew to love those dear girls, and when somebody told the housemaid that there was to be 'a wedding over the way next Wednesday,' and the happy day drew near, I became so anxious lest it should not be bright and fair enough for my little girl, that the night before I scarcely slept, and was up at sunrise to take a peep at the weather.

"I need not have feared; it was one of those warm, spring-like days that come at the end of March, when, having run his course as a lion, he seems to rejoice in his peaceful, lamb-like ending. I early posted myself at the window to enjoy the bustle, which seemed to increase every moment. As there was no need of those unsightly awnings which they are obliged to put up in the city to protect the guests in unpleasant weather, I could see to full advantage the lovely dresses, as carriage after carriage rolled up and the pretty girls tripped up the steps. Then a lull, and my whole attention was riveted on those parlor curtains.

"As though they thought of poor old grandma opposite, a young man drew aside the draperies and pushed up the window to let the warm spring air into the heated rooms. The buzz and murmur were quite audible; then suddenly all was still, and my little bride, on her father's arm, crossed the room and stood beside the man who was to unite her lot with his 'for better, for worse.' Of course I could hear nothing, and could only watch the young head as it bent reverentially, then lifted in heart-felt love as she pledged her faith; but I prayed to Our Father that he would not only grant her all earthly happiness, but would unite both their hearts and hands in loving service to Him, without which there is no perfect union.

"Then the kisses and hand-shakes! For an hour music and laughter resounded; and I caught glimpses of my little bride's white dress, as she flittered about. Everything seemed to be so home-like and happy—none of the cold ceremony which chills every grand city wedding. About two o'clock *the* carriage drew up, and *the* trunk was brought down; the door-way, and far back in the hall, was filled with the young friends—bright dresses packed in with black coats and favors in the button-holes; and, presently, out from among them stepped a modest little figure in a brown dress and hat. Her important young husband assisted her into the carriage, amid shouts of laughter, jokes and good wishes, and they drove off as a shower of old shoes fell behind them.

"In my excitement I had pushed up the window and leaned out. Yes, she did not forget the old lady even in her happiness; my last sight was an upturned, smiling face, and a wave of the hand—a good omen, for she who could be thoughtful for an utter stranger at such a time will not fail in kind acts every day of her life.

"The ever-present groups of little vagabonds were hanging to every available railing, with open-mouthed curiosity. 'Why, I thought we should see the bride,' said one little mite, as he became aware that something had gone by, and he had lost it. 'Did n't you see her get into that carriage and drive off?' answered one of the gentlemen. 'Oh! we thought she'd be all in white,' said he, in a disappointed tone, and all the other little dirty faces fell many degrees. Then, with a burst of laughter, the whole group at the door turned and fluttered back into the house. The door was closed, and grandma leaned back in her chair, shut her eyes, and gave herself up to dreams of 'the days that are no more.'"

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# QUEER PEOPLE.

*(For Home or School representation.)*

By Lucy B. Wiggin.

[Three boys, dressed as Esquimaux, Highlander, and Chinese, and three girls, as Turk, Indian, and Spaniard, form a semicircle on the stage. A boy and a girl, in plain dress, standing, one at each end, bring forward the characters alternately, repeating the appropriate part. Instead of two, six boys and girls, representing a geography class, may recite the verses. The opening and closing stanzas are to be spoken in concert.]

All around this world of ours,
Whirling swift as thought,
Through the icebergs and the flowers,
Glimpses we have caught
Of such curious folk, we know
You would like to have us show
Their queer ways, so we 'll produce them,
One by one, and introduce them.

Esquimaux.

Over the snow,
The Esquimaux,
Drawn by his snarling pack,
Follows the bear through the Arctic night,
Sweeping on in a rapid flight,
Under the gay Aurora's light,
Over the frozen track.
To and fro,
As the north winds blow,
The rude lamp swings in his hut of snow.
Bunches of moss they burn for wicks,
Tallow candles their candy-sticks.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

Never a doll do the children see,
Scarcely a flower, or shrub, or tree.
Smothered in furs from toes to chin,
Head wrapped up so you can't peep in,
Only their small, dull eyes look through;
Funny enough it would seem to you!
Do you wish that you were an Esquimaux,
To eat and sleep in the land of snow?

THE TURK.

Turk.

Where the tiny waves of heat
Quiver upward like a prayer,
Dainty perfumes, shy and sweet,
Tremble on the sultry air—
In the dim seraglio lie
Cushion-heaps of richest silk;
Languid beauties charm the eye,
Almond-eyed, with teeth like milk.
As the dreamy days go by,
Breezes from the outer world
Sometimes breathe a gentle sigh,
Pausing at the casement high,
Where the white smoke, upward curled,
Struggles through the heavy air.
Breezes are not wanted there.
All unvexed by aspiration,
Dreams the Turk her life away;
Scarcely stirred by expectation,
As the tranquil fountains play,
While the roses' ceaseless bloom

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Steeps her senses in perfume.
Would you rather be an indolent Turk,
Or your own bright self, with plenty of work?

### Highlander.

When crossing bonnie Scotland,
  A Highlander I saw.
His bonnet it was canty,
  His stockings they were braw;
Between his stocking and his kilt,
  His bare knee might be seen,
And the kilt fell beneath his belt
  In faulds o' brightest green.
But oh! the plaid on his shoulders braid,
  That pleased me best of a';—
But the peaks are touched wi' a glimmer o' gowd,
  And he must up and awa'.
Where the burn comes springing adown the hill,
  Wi' mony an eddying laugh,
I watch him climbing from crag to crag,
  Aye grasping a sturdy staff.
His sheep, wi' fleece like the mountain snaw,
  Graze ower the slopes aboon;
He hugs his plaid as the cauld winds blaw,
  And scornfully he looks doon
On the braid green fields, where the stream winds slow,
  And the sleek herds crop the grass,

THE HIGHLANDER.

And the gentle Lowlander follows the plow,
  From the height of his mountain pass.
Oh! who would not a Highlander be,
To roam o'er the hill-tops, blithe and free?

### Indian.

The desert stretches eastward
  From the foot-hills bare and dry,
Beneath the cloudless reaches
  Of the desert wastes of sky.

THE INDIAN.

There are clusters of dingy wigwams grouped
  In spots where the sage-brush grows,
And the alkali dust drifts thick and white,
  Wherever the hot wind blows.
In the shade of the tent, an Indian stout
  Lies smoking his pipe at ease,
While his patient squaw, moving in and out,
  Seems striving her lord to please.
When the dinner is simmering over the fire,
  And the skins have all been dressed,
She lifts her droll papoose to her back.
  And starts on some weary quest.
All the burden and all the care
Fall on the weaker of the pair;
Bad for Indian and bad for squaw,
That the will of one should be always law.
Oh! let us be glad of our clear white skin,
And the dear home happiness all may win.

### Chinese.

I should like to bring
  My friend Ching Ling,
And give him an introduction.
  Now confess to me
  That you rarely see
Such a curious foreign production!

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From his shaven pate to his turned-up toes,
His singular costume plainly shows
That he thinks his way the best.
He is ready to swear,
With a serious air,
That of all the countries under the sun,
His own dear China's the only one
With wisdom supremely blest.
Dogs and rats are good in their place,
Birds'-nest soups may a banquet grace,
Chop-sticks, too, will do very well,
If you play the regular Chinese swell;
But oh! give me
A cup of their tea,
Odorous, black, and strong!
Ching Ling is coming across this spring,
But a chest of his own he must surely bring,
Or his stay will not be long.
It will be our gain,
If we can retain
Our friend from the Flowery Land,
For patience and skill,
And strength of will,
He holds in his yellow hand.

CHING LING.

Now, boys, remember how much depends
On being polite to our Chinese friends.

SPANIARD.

Languidly, dreamily, float to my ear,
Strains from a distant guitar;
Soon in the moonlighted darkness appear—
Blended the near and the far—
Dusky-robed figures of marvelous grace,
Weaving the forms of the dance;

THE SPANIARD.

Dark eyes gleam brightly through half-veiling lace,
Eyes that can melt with a glance;
Fountains arise from the stones at our feet,
Plashing their musical rain;
Vineyards, and olives, and orange-trees sweet,
Tell us that we are in Spain.
Picturesque creatures upon us attend,—
What if they say, "In an hour,"
When on some mission we quickly would send?
Calmness gives token of power.
Would you prefer such slow service to wait,
Or with decision to carve your own fate?

TOGETHER.

These are a few of the folks we have found;
How do you like their looks?
If you're not able to travel around,
You may meet them in your books.
But, among the people that we have seen,
The queerest of all are those
Who never notice their neighbors' ways,
But live in ignorance all their days,
Of facts which the whole world knows.

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# GILBERT STUART.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

More than a century ago, when that city of summer palaces, Newport, was a little fishing hamlet, where ships from the Barbary coast landed droves of slaves for the New England market, the best-known inhabitant of the village was a boy—a slovenly, handsome, lazy boy. Everybody abused "Gil Stuart," and everybody loved him; everybody said that there was the making of a great man in him, and in the next breath declared that he was going headlong to perdition. If he chose to play truant and to lie on the beach all day setting soldier crabs to fight, teacher, mother, and assuredly grandmother, hurried to make excuses for him; if he chose to go to school, his chum, Ben Waterhouse, was ready to help him with his sums, or with his exercise. What matter if he were the idlest boy in class? Was n't he the only genius in the village? Had he not sketched everybody he knew?—the ships and the beach and the gangs of slaves? Had not the mysterious Scotch gentlemen (just arrived in the country on some secret political embassy) declared that the lad was a Rubens, a Vandyke, or what not? There was a whisper that one of them, Mr. Cosmo Alexander, himself a painter, proposed to take Gil back to Europe, and set him on the high way to fame and fortune. At least so the lad told on the beach, in his bragging way, though the people received the story with doubt, as "one of Gibby's lies." This time, however, the story proved true; old Gilbert Stuart was questioned when he came out of the snuff-mill in the evening, and said that he had consented that the boy should go. "Onybody could see that he was meant to be something beyond the ordinar', and Mr. Alexander had promised to send him home a great man."

So Gil's bright, saucy face disappeared from the drowsy street for a year. At the end of that time, one drizzly November day, a ragged, filthy lad crept after dark out of the hatchway of an English collier, and ran up to the Stuarts' house by the snuff-mill. It was weeks before Gilbert, in a new suit, but haggard and lean, came out on the beach to meet his old friends. He talked but little of his adventures. When he did, he had astounding tales to tell of his hard study and great success abroad. A whisper went about afterward that he had been an idle dog—worked when the humor seized him, lying in bed half the time, until after Mr. Alexander died, and the patience of his other friends was wearied out with him. It was hard to know the truth of the matter.

But Gil, everybody said, was a genius, and not to be expected to drudge like commonplace men. He was an affectionate fellow, and, while he was gone, had made a little picture of his grandmother, who had petted him since he was a baby. This little show of tender feeling laid the foundation of his fortune. His Uncle Joseph, a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia, saw this picture of his old mother, and, profoundly touched by it, employed young Stuart to paint his own family. Orders came from other well-to-do people. The villagers were always ready to applaud the young genius, in whom they had trusted so long, and to be blind to his fits of idleness or sulky ill-temper. His friend Ben Waterhouse, who seems to have been a sensible, downright man of honor, stood by him, let him do what he might, giving him a sharp rap now and then, to bring him to his senses.

Young Waterhouse soon afterward was sent to London to study medicine, and Gilbert Stuart took flight to escape the fighting just then beginning between the colonies and mother-country, and, with the help of his neighbors in Newport, followed him. His father was ruined by the war, and could send him no money. Waterhouse had left London before he arrived; he was an absolute stranger in the great city. There are many pitiful stories of how he struggled against starvation—sometimes with a gusty energy; sometimes, when good fortune came close, slapping her on the face, with the passion of a petted baby. One day, when he was actually without a penny, he competed for the situation of organist in a church, and gained it, with the salary of thirty pounds. Another day, a Scotch gentleman, charmed by his winning manner and evident ability, commissioned him to paint a family group, paying him in advance. Stuart took the money, and thereafter troubled himself no more about the picture.

His faithful friend, Waterhouse, came back about this time, shared his purse with him, kept him straight with his landlady and laundress, and went about proclaiming to his friends the advent into the world of this incomparable genius, and almost forcing them to sit down and be painted. The young men in Waterhouse's class made up a purse to procure a portrait of their favorite teacher, Dr. Fordyce, and Ben unfortunately handed it to Gilbert

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before he began the picture. Nothing could induce the inspired youth either to put pencil to canvas or to refund the money. Waterhouse, from mortification and anxiety, fell into a brain fever, when the sum was made up for him by a wealthy friend. But Stuart carried the matter off in his jaunty, brilliant fashion, and had no symptoms of brain fever.

People who knew the young men set down this incomparable genius as a shabby fellow, but Waterhouse clung to and believed in him still. When he recovered, the two set out to walk through all London. They walked through the great streets where fat and fussy King George, with his vacant face, drove out in state, good Queen Charlotte beside him, gorgeous in scarlet and gold; walked through the suburbs, where ladies in their coaches were surrounded by armed guards to protect them from foot-pads. "We saw into the heart of that monstrous, dirty, overgrown city," says Dr. Waterhouse, "and found the people, not humming a song or laughing like the populace of Paris, but wearing a stern, anxious, and discontented phiz." The poor Londoner of that day might well wear the discontented phiz at which the Yankee boys laughed—his children most probably had not tasted meat in a year. The nobles flaunted their diamonds and priceless lace every day in Pall Mall; the good Queen Charlotte gave nothing away but advice. Sometimes this discontented Londoner stole a few shillings' worth of bread, and was hung for it. No wonder he and his fellows envied the Americans across the sea, who, if they were fighting King George's soldiers at desperate odds, had plenty to eat in the mean time.

We catch a glimpse now and then during the next few years of the brilliant "Gibby" in London. He goes to the American painter West, who has plodded his way to the highest success, and is now President of the Academy, and first in favor at court. When he discovers that the well-dressed, dashing young fellow is without a shilling, he gives him a place in his studio, and is thereafter steadily kind to him. Even the staid Quaker was charmed by the wit and grace of Stuart, and proposed to instruct him, with two other pupils, in the evening. The other men eagerly seized the opportunity, but Gilbert "scratched his paper black, threw it down in a passion, and gave it up." He laughed at his patron, West, behind his back, and had no patience with his slow, steady industry. It was useless to tell this erratic lad of how Sir Joshua had drudged to achieve his present eminence, or how Michael Angelo himself had been the most indefatigable of laborers. He flattered himself that he was made of other stuff. He had the usual school-boy belief. Fame and success were to be taken in one desperate assault, or not at all. There are stories of how a fellow-student found him in his lodgings ill and ready to die, and how Stuart told him his disease was hunger, he having had nothing to eat but a biscuit in a week. But it is hard to know how much of his talk was worthy of belief. His stories were dramatic as his figures on canvas, and he did not spare the color in either. Hungry or not, his tongue was always ready. Meeting Dr. Johnson in Mr. West's studio, the gruff old lexicographer interrupted him while he was speaking, with:

"Young man, you speak decent English, for an American. Where did you learn it?"

"Not, sir, from your dictionary," answered the spoiled urchin of the fishing hamlet.

After leaving West, Stuart opened a studio in London. His undoubted ability, and the singular personal magnetism of the man, drew crowds of sitters before his easel. He rapidly raised his scale of prices, took a fine house and lived in great splendor and gayety, buying whatever luxury chanced to hit his fancy, but seldom remembering to pay for it. When debt or disaster brought a cloudy day into the beautiful house, and the painter's good spirits left him, he trusted to wine to bring them back.

Debt and disaster are not to be driven out of a house by wit or wine. Stuart was forced to leave London to escape his creditors. He fled to Dublin, and was followed by them and thrown into prison. While there, he set up his easel and began the portraits of many Irish noblemen, receiving, as usual, half-price at the first sitting. With this money he freed himself and ran away, leaving the half-finished Irish lords in gaol. We will charitably hope that he finished the pictures afterward; but there is room for doubt. With every year, wine and idleness made of the inspired genius a more shabby fellow.

In 1793, Stuart returned to America, and for a few months remained in New York, painting the portraits of the most famous men and women of the time. He then went to Philadelphia, then the capital of the new Republic, "his highest ambition in life," as he declared, "being to paint the face of Washington." There is a story of his first introduction to the Father of his Country, significant of the character of the two men. Stuart's natural ease of manner (or self-conceit, as we may choose to think it) had often carried him unabashed into the presence of royalty in Europe. The man of genius, he declared, honored kings by his notice. But when Secretary Dandridge brought him into the little parlor where Washington awaited him, he utterly lost his self-possession and stood awed and dumb for several minutes. The President

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talked to him quietly until he recovered himself. There must have been some fine quality in Stuart himself, thus to appreciate the majesty of simple truth.

The painter lived in Germantown, a quiet little suburb of Philadelphia, to which the yellow fever that year had driven President Washington and the officers of state. He turned an ivy-grown stable or barn in a field near his house into a studio, and there he executed the truest and greatest work of his life, the head of Washington, working at it with a patient and anxious zeal. Something of the sincerity of his sitter seems to have communicated itself, for the moment, to the flighty artist; and Stuart's fascination conquered even the grave and impassive Washington. After his own portrait was finished, we are told in the legends of the village that he and Lady Washington would often stroll across the fields and sit for hours in the stable-studio, talking to the painter as he worked. The portrait of Washington, in fact, was not finished at all; when the head was done, Stuart declared he would never touch it again, and never did, although he finished inferior copies made from it, sold them, and squabbled about the selling. This one great picture was bought by the Boston Athenæum, to which it now belongs. It gives us, perhaps, our only true knowledge of the appearance of Washington, if we except the bust made by Houdin, who came from France for the express purpose of modeling it, for the State of Virginia.

There are told in Germantown many stories of Stuart—of the great men and the stately, beautiful women who came to him to be painted (and one likes to believe that in those first days of the Republic all the men were great and all the women fair); of his skill, his excesses, his mad fury when angered, his generosity when pleased; at work this morning, with Thomas Jefferson as his charmed, attentive listener; this afternoon, kicking a roast of beef back to his butcher's in a tempest of fury, followed by the shouting, delighted boys of the village.

STABLE-STUDIO WHERE GILBERT STUART PAINTED HIS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

His record after this date is briefly told. He went to Washington, then to Boston, and there died, the first portrait-painter in the country, after an old age beset by disease, debt and drink.

No boy ever set out on the journey of life with a larger capital of health, winning manner, friendships, or natural ability; no man ever brought that journey to a sadder end of disappointment and loss.

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## AN EASTER CAROL.

By Emily D. Chapman.

Sweetly the birds are singing
At Easter dawn,
Sweetly the bells are ringing
On Easter morn,
And the words that they say
On Easter day
Are—"Christ the Lord is risen."

Birds! forget not your singing
At Easter dawn;
Bells! be ye ever ringing
On Easter morn.
In the spring of the year,
When Easter is here,
Sing—"Christ the Lord is risen."

Buds! ye will soon be flowers,
Cherry and white;
Snowstorms are changing to showers,
Darkness to light.
With the wakening of spring,
Oh, sweetly sing—
"Lo! Christ the Lord is risen."

Easter buds were growing
Ages ago;
Easter lilies were blowing
By the water's flow.
All nature was glad,
Not a creature was sad,
For Christ the Lord was risen.

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# THE ASH-GIRL.

By Lucy G. Morse.

"Motherless baby and babyless mother,
Bring them together to love one another."
*Christina G. Rossetti.*

I AM going to tell you a story about a little girl who lived in a miserable, lowly place, among poor untaught people, who left her to take care of herself. She saw a kind of life from which your parents would shield you with loving tenderness. I shall have to repeat the language she used, and, perhaps, tell you of some of the things she saw and heard; but if you will read my story carefully to the end, I do not believe it will hurt you. I hope rather it will make you think, when you see little street-sweepers, beggars, or poor children, that there may be hidden away under all their rough exterior, tender, warm feelings, and hearts that are taught through suffering to be pure and true.

One bright May morning, a little ash-girl was sitting on the pavement, leaning back against the railing of Stuyvesant Square, thinking. A little while before, a lady had appeared at a window in one of the houses opposite, looked across into the park, and smiled to her children who were playing there. The ash-girl had laughed and blushed, through all the dirt upon her face and under the tangled mass of hair that hung over it, for she thought the lady had smiled at her too, and she had never before caught a look of so much love from anybody. A few minutes afterward, the lady had come out upon the door-step, the children had run to meet her, calling, "Mother! mother!" and they had all walked away together.

The ash-girl, thinking that the lady would certainly see her and smile again to her, jumped up, stood first on one bare foot, then on the other, clasped and unclasped her hands, brushed her hair away from her eyes, pulled off her hood, swung it to and fro, wound the strings around her wrists, and did not know at all what she was about. But the lady had only said, "Come, my darlings!" to her children, and walked away. So the ash-girl had sat down on the pavement, and was thinking about it all.

"Mother!" she muttered. "They all said, 'Mother!' The little one could n't talk plain, but even she said, 'Muzzer!' Ha! ha!" laughed the ash-girl all to herself, and hugging her knee a little tighter. "Did I ever in my life see anything so funny as three childers all running after a woman and callin', 'Mother?' One on 'em was as big as me, too! What 's she want of a mother to be lookin' out for her all the time? I 'd be 'shamed, if I was her. How 'd I look, now, runnin' after somebody—so?"

Here she let go of her knee and walked on the tips of her bare toes, taking very little steps, making affected gestures, thrusting her chin out, and, with a scornful, jeering tone and manner, drawling through her nose, to some imaginary person before her, "Mo-ther!—mo-ther!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" she laughed again, stopping and sitting down on the curb-stone. "Would n't I look fine, now? In course, I would n't be goin' after any such lady as that. If I had a mother, I s'pose she 'd be dirty—with ole clothes on an' a red face, like Biddy Dolan's. Jes' s'pose I was to go after Biddy Dolan, callin', 'Mother!' My! oh! would n't she turn round on a suddent an' let fly a blast at me? 'Get out wid ye, ye good for nothing little young baste of a street rag-picker!' she 'd say. Ho! ho! would n't it be fun to see her?"

She stopped to enjoy the joke for a moment, but suddenly she looked grave and whispered, in a tone of mystery and some awe:

"I wonder—I wonder what a lady 'd say if I wur after her! If I 'd a-run after that mother, now! I wonder what she 'd a-done! I aint so awful diff'rent from them childers, I don't think. If I was washed, an' had my hair fixed in curls, an' a pink dress on, an' a white hat an' ribbons an' a feather down behind—I wonder if I 'd look then as if I b'longed to a good, beautiful, reel mother, that 'd come to the window an' see me rollin' my hoop, an' look down at me a-smilin' the beautiful way that lady did! Was n't her cheeks red,

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though?—and did n't her teeth shine when she laughed? She looked at me, too! Reelly, she did. I'm certain sure she looked right straight into my face, a-smilin' an' noddin' to me! If I'd a-screamed out, 'Mother! mother!' along with the others, what'd she a-done? She clean forgot she'd seen me, when she come out to the door. For, when the rest o' the childers ran over to her, I could n't make her look back acrost the way to me ag'in, all I could do—an' I tried ever so hard. She never seen me at all then; but she walked off out o' sight, with all the other childers—every one on 'em—holdin' onto her."

The ash-girl sat, resting her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, for a long time, thinking about all this. After awhile, another thought came.

"I wish—I wish I had a mother!" she said at last. "I would n't care if Biddy Dolan an' the others did laugh at me, then! I would n't care if all the ash-boys an' rag-pickers that ever I seen in my life follered after me a-mockin' of me. *She* would n't! My mother would n't laugh at me! No, indeed, she would n't. When the others did it, she'd hold out her hand an' take mine into it, an' pull me close to her side an' look down at me an' say—what that lady did to her childers—she'd say, 'Come, my darling!' An' if she said that, the boys and gals might call me anything they liked, an' I would n't care. Oh! I wonder—I wonder, if I went all over the city, an' hunted an' hunted an' watched in the streets, an' axed at the doors—I wonder if I could find any one that'd be my mother! Oh, if I could! Biddy Dolan would n't care. She don't want me. I don't git 'nough to pay her for seein' me round—she often says I don't. She often says she wishes I'd take myself off, an' that the day my own mother died, an' she tuk me for to carry roun' an' beg with, brought bad luck to her. That's all I ever heerd o' my mother. Nor I don't want to hear no more, for that aint the kind o' mother I'm goin' to be lookin' for. I don't want nobody like Biddy Dolan, an' all the mothers roun' our place is like that. I want a reel mother, and I'm a-goin' to try an' try an' see if I can't find one! Let's see, now, where I'll go to hunt first. I wont ax that lady that lives acrost the way, 'cause she don't want me; she never looked at me when she came out ag'in. An' she's got all o' them others, too. But she's a reel mother. She's the first reel mother that ever I seen. She come out of a pretty house, too. They's flowers in the windies, an' lace curtains all the way up. I guess the best mothers is in the beautifullest houses. I'll go to all o' them I can find. An' I'll go right off, now—just as soon as I git my basket full an' take it to Biddy's."

She sprang up gayly at the thought, and went to work at raking out the half-burnt coals from every barrel, box, or pan she could find. Mischievous boys, passing by, gave her a poke in the ribs now and then, pulled her hood off, or even drove her from her post; but she was so absorbed in her scheme that she minded nothing, and toiled so faithfully that she reached Biddy Dolan's shanty—the shabbiest one in Mackerelville—long before her usual time for returning. She subjected her coals to Biddy's inspection, emptied them into the barrel kept for the purpose, and was hurrying away again when a new thought stopped her.

"I said I did n't want a mother like Biddy," she said to herself; "nor I know my mother wont want a young un like me, neither! I better fix myself up. I can't help my clothes" (looking down at her rags, hopelessly), "but I'll wash myself, an' my mother'll put me on a nice, pretty dress an' things. Yes, I know she'll do that."

So she pulled off her hood, caught up a tin basin, and proceeded to wash her face. She wiped it on an old towel, and then, having tried to smooth her hair with a piece of a broken comb, she hurried away unobserved.

She made her way as fast as possible to a more decent part of the city, bent upon finding the prettiest houses, and soon reached Fifth Avenue. She walked slowly along for a number of blocks, looking, not at the basement doors, as she did on her begging tours, but up at the windows, trying to decide at which house to try her luck first. But they all looked pretty much alike.

"They looks kind o' shut up," she thought, "as if nobody was movin' in 'em, and as if folks'd be kind o' 'feerd to ring."

After awhile, however, she got courage to go into one of the court-yards and pull the servants' bell. A scowling woman opened the door, and banged it to without a word.

"That's the way they does when I'm a-beggin'," thought the child. "How can I let 'em know I aint? Mebby it's the basket. I'll leave it outside."

So she put the basket down, and rang at another door. Pretty soon that door opened, and a boy showed himself just long enough to say: "Clear out! Haint got nothing an' never will have!" and slammed the door as the woman had done.

"Ugh!" she grunted. "Ye need n't think I wont come ag'in to ax ye, though, if it's for nothin' but jes' to plague ye!"

She rang at a good many bells, with like results, but she was not to be discouraged. Her eyes gleamed still, and she was smiling proudly as she shook her small bony fist at the last iron gate which had clanged in her face, and screeched to the foot-

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man who had closed it: "You thinks I 'm a-beggin', don't ye? Well, ye don't know jes' nothin' at all, ye don't! Ye drives me away now, but wait till ye see me walkin' by with my mother! Jes' wait, I tell ye, till ye sees me then, an' see what ye 'll do!"

"Do look at that funny little creature talking to herself," said a lady to her companion, as they were passing along the noisy street. "Did you ever see such gestures? See the movement of that sharp little chin!"

"Wait! Suppose we astonish her!" said the other lady—and, taking a coin from her purse, she tossed it into the lap of the child, who, looking up in wonder, saw the two ladies smiling back at her as they walked on.

She sprang up, ran after them, the coin in one hand, and mechanically holding out the other, said: "Oh, if ye please ——"

"No!" said one of the ladies, sharply, and they turned the corner, saying to each other: "That 's what one gets for giving to beggars! To think of a child of that size following you and asking for more!"

But the ash-girl looked after them and said: "I don't care. You aint reel mothers, for it was n't that kind o' way the lady looked this mornin'."

She put the money in the bosom of her dress, and walked a little farther up the street. Seeing another iron gate open under a high door-step, and a servant just going in, she ran into the court-yard and called after him: "Say, mister!"

"What do you want?" he asked, turning upon her.

"I aint a-beggin'—but I want—do ye—is they—is they a lady in this house wants a little girl?" she stammered out at last, not knowing, now that she was actually listened to for a moment, in what form to put her question.

"By gosh! No, ther' aint. An' if ther' was, she would n't be lookin' after one of exactly your style and cut!" he answered, not ill-naturedly. "But—hold on!" he called, struck by something in her manner as she turned to go. "You aint a-beggin'—of course not! But do ye want some cold victuals?"

"Yes, if ye please," she answered; and she peered through the bars of the gate as he went into the house. She had not thought of it before, but she was really very hungry. In a moment or two, the man returned with some food wrapped in a paper, which he put into her basket.

"It aint my business, this giving to beggars, and I might a' sent Jane," he said to himself; "but there was something queer in that youngster's eyes, and kind o' taking too, in her looking for a place at her time o' life!"

Sitting on the door-step, the child, in her hunger, forgot her imaginary mother for awhile, as she eagerly picked over her treat of bones and bits. Her hunger satisfied, she started once more on her errand.

She rang at more bells, ran after more ladies, asked of more servants, men and women, and gradually heaped more fragments into her basket. But the street-lamps were all lighted, and many stars were out, when she turned her steps toward Biddy Dolan's and gave up her pursuit for the day. Though she had not succeeded in making a single person understand what she was in search of, she was not disheartened. Her experience in begging had taught her to expect to be turned away, and she received a rebuff as indifferently as she threw aside a bit of coal that "had n't any more burn left in it." There were always more ashes to poke, and there were always more houses to ask at.

There was only one saddening effect of her failure. The sudden idea of finding a mother had filled her mind with fanciful dreams and pictures, which grew more and more real to her. Whereas in the morning she had started with only an indefinite idea that perhaps some day she might find a mother, now, as she was returning to Biddy Dolan's, she felt a great deal more sure of her success in the end, and in her heart disappointment seemed impossible. So, as she drew nearer and nearer to the old shanty, the contrast between its surroundings and her bright visions made the place seem drearier than it had ever done before; and, unconscious of the reason for it, her spirits drooped.

The other ash-girls and boys, rag-pickers, and various scavengers of the neighborhood returned from their day's work or lounging, and there was the usual scene of gossip, quarrels, and confusion which belongs to such places of an evening.

Our little ash-girl sat alone, thinking and dreaming, until by and by she crept into her corner in the little dingy room under the roof of the shanty, and, with the pictures coming still, fell asleep at last upon her bed of old rags.

Hours afterward, the moon, rising over the house-tops, sent a beam of light across the dreary yard, into a little window in the room, and resting for a moment on the tired ash-girl's face, revealed upon it an expression of so much joy and sweetness that, for that one moment at least, it might have answered for the face of the Sleeping Beauty herself!

In the morning that look had faded, but one of strong hope had taken its place, and the child looked very bright when she went on her round again. She took her coals back to Biddy Dolan, washed her face in the old tin basin as before, and once more made her way to the Fifth Avenue.

Up the street she went, ringing at the bells and

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trying to obtain a hearing of every one to whom she had a chance to speak, with about the same result as before. And so, for many days, over and over again, up and down Fifth, Madison, and Lexington Avenues, around the squares, through all the streets where she thought the prettiest houses were, she tramped, so full of hope and longing that she never knew she was tired until she went back to the shanty at night.

More and more difficult her search became to her; but, with a steady, persistent, increasing brightness, the pictures grew and grew in her imagination. Every day her faith in the possibility of success grew stronger, her feet traveled over the pavements with more courage, more eagerness, and less and less often she stopped to sit on the door-steps or curb-stones to think. Every day her visions grew brighter and her heart stronger in its purpose; and every night the old shanty seemed dingier and drearier than ever.

Always on the alert to catch sight of a lady with a child or children about her, or who seemed to her to have a motherly air, she went along, looking up at the windows, peering in at open doors, into carriages, and at the faces of people passing by. Now and then, when she would see mothers with their children passing in or out of houses, looking in at the shop-windows, or coming out, the little hands laden with sugar-plums and toys, she would, if it was possible, follow them, sometimes a long distance, watching them, trying to catch what they were saying to each other, and always delighted if she overheard a mother call a child by any endearing name.

"My dear! my dear!" she would whisper to herself afterward, imitating the tone and manner in which it had been said. "That was good! My mother 'll call me that, I know. Catch her ever sayin', 'You Cathern!' like Biddy Dolan does."

And often, when she heard an expression which was new and strange to her, it would delight and amuse her as a story might have done.

"My precious! my precious one!" as if it were half a joke and half beautiful. "Aint that a funny one, though? My mother 'll say that to me, too. 'Ho! my precious!' she 'll say, and then I 'll laugh. But the best—the very best of all—is 'My darling!' Somehow I liked that, an' it sounded best of all. When my mother says that, I 'll put my two arms 'round her neck." And the child would repeat it to herself hundreds of times as she went along.

She very rarely tried to address women with children, although she soon discovered that they were more apt than any others to notice her, and often spoke kindly to her, giving her pennies or bits of good things from their parcels. An idea had taken possession of her that no mother who already had any children of her own would want her.

"No," she would say, "I aint like the others, an' the mothers would n't care for me aside o' them. I must find a mother that 'll have only just me."

One day, she was wandering about Madison Square, when an elegant carriage stopped before a house she was passing. The footman, in finest livery, opened the door; a lady stepped out of it, and Cathern, stopping to look at her, could hear her give the driver an order to come later in the day to drive her to the Park. Turning to go up the steps of the house, she brushed by Cathern, who, as she passed, caught at her dress, and for a moment held a fold of the delicate lace shawl she wore, while she looked up at her and said, in a pleading voice:

"Oh! please, ma'am, wont ye tell me ——"

"Tell you what, child?" asked the lady, petulantly, and frowning a little. "Let go of my lace; you will soil it. I have nothing for you."

"I don't want nothing; I don't want nothing at all," said Cathern, letting go of the lace and squeezing her hands together. "I only want to know if—if—they 's any lady in that house that wants a little girl for her own?"

A merry, light laugh rang from the lady as she answered: "No, there is n't. I can tell you that very decidedly."

And she ran up the steps, laughing still, her lace shawl and the folds of her delicate silk dress fluttering gracefully, and making little soft breezes touch the ash-girl's cheek as she passed.

The child watched her waiting on the step for the servant to open the door, and then, when she had disappeared through it, looked up at the windows of the house, shading her eyes with her hand. Then she turned away with a perplexed look, and, after her old way, sat down on the curb-stone to think the whole question over in a new light.

"It 's queer!" she said to herself, after thinking a long time. "It 's very queer, and it must be all wrong. I guess, after all, that they don't have no reel mothers at all living in the illegant houses. That must be it! But"—after another pause—"that first mother was in one. How did she come in it, then? I wonder how she did! But they aint no more of 'em, for I've been everyw'eres. She was a reel mother, too. She was the first one. I don't b'lieve—I don't b'lieve that house was her 'n. I guess she only come to stay in it, an' she lives somew'eres else. That 's it!—that 's it! I 'm sure it is. I've been a-doin' it all wrong. I 'll have to begin ag'in."

She sprang up with new hope at the thought, and was going to hurry away when, looking up

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again at the house the lady had entered, and seeing a group of children in one of the windows, she stopped.

"That 's queer, too!" she thought. "I wonder who takes care o' the childers in the big houses!" She puzzled over the problem for a moment or two, and then said: "I s'pose the ladies does it. The ladies an' the nusses, an' the servants an' the fine waiters! An' the childers is like me—they don't have no reel mothers! Poor little things!—poor little things!" And the ash-girl's heart was full of tenderness and pity for the rich children as she went on, slowly repeating, "Poor little things!—poor little things!"

She now took to wandering through the side-streets, seeking out blocks of more modest-looking houses; for she felt sure that, in any case, real mothers were not to be found in handsome ones; and whenever she saw ladies whom she took for such going in or coming out of them, she decided that they were only "stopping" in them for a time.

Once in a great while, in her earnestness, she made herself partially understood; and, one day, a lady whom she addressed stopped, drew her aside and asked her to repeat her question.

"I said, do ye want a young un for yer own—to live with yez always, ma'am?" said Cathern.

"Do I want a little girl? Do you mean that you would like to come and live with me?"

"Yes, ma'am—yes. I 'm a-lookin' for somebody to live with," said Cathern, getting very eager and anxious as the lady seemed to be understanding her.

"But what could you do, if you lived with me? And what would you expect me to do for you?" asked the lady.

"You 'd," said the ash-girl, taken aback and puzzled—"you 'd put me on a pretty new dress an' nice clothes, an'—an' a feather in my hat, an' new shoes an' stockin's. An' what 'd I do? I don't know, ma'am. I 'd play out, an' I 'd laugh up at the winder to ye when you looked out at me, an' I 'd cotch hold o' yer hand when we run acrost the streets together. An' I 'd—I don't know! I don't know what I 'd do—I don't!" And Cathern took hold of two bars of an iron railing at her side, put her head down, and began to cry.

"Oh, there! there!" said the lady kindly, patting her shoulder. "You must n't cry. I 'll see what I can do for you. I have two little girls of my own at home, and I could n't take you; but I can show you a place where they take just such little girls as you, and ——"

"Can ye, ma'am? An' will ye do it?" cried Cathern. "An' is they—is they ——"

"*Is they* what?" asked the lady, as she hesitated.

"Is they any mothers at it that wants girls—any reel mothers, I mean?"

Still holding on to the bars, she gazed up into the lady's face with a pitiful and yearning look.

"Why, no; not exactly, my poor child," said the lady, moved and puzzled. "But there are very kind ladies there, who would take care of you and teach you."

"No, no, no!" cried Cathern, drearily, letting go of the bars. "I wont—I wont go there! No, I wont!—no, I wont!"

And as the lady put out her hand to try to detain her and persuade her farther, the child started away and ran down the street with all her might. Before long, she sat down on a step, panting and crying still.

"Hello! What ye cryin' for, sis?" said a boy, passing.

"Aint a-cryin', no more 'n you are!" she answered, giving a mighty sniff, pulling her hood lower over her face and straightening herself up.

"Oh, well, I aint a-goin' to, nuther! But ye can stop the leak with that, if ye want to," he said; and tossing an apple, which he had bitten, into her lap, he went on.

She laughed, took it, began eating it at once, and by the time it was finished she was ready to pursue her wanderings again.

Up and down the streets, day after day, she went still, and still she sought in vain. From the time when she met the lady who spoke to her of the kind of home she might go to, she became more afraid to make her want known; a timidity she had not felt before crept over her, and she began to appreciate, more and more, the real difficulty of her search. The pretty pictures of a home and a mother, which had made for her, in the midst of her dismal surroundings, a beautiful, ideal life, began to fade. Unconsciously, she came to learn that they were only fancies, with nothing real about them; and when the moon looked into her little window, it shone upon a pale, wan face, which no prince or any one would ever think of mistaking for that of the Sleeping Beauty.

She still raked the ashes every morning, took them to the shanty, washed her face, and went to beg in the streets where she had decided that mothers were most likely to be found; but her feet often ached, her little frame grew weary, and she took again to sitting on the door-steps and curb-stones to think, not of the time when she would be walking by "her mother," but whether, after all, she would not have to give up looking for one altogether.

One afternoon in the autumn, she was sitting on a door-step idly watching a house opposite, where in the morning she had noticed some black and

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white ribbons on the bell. The shutters were closed, but she had seen flowers handed in at the door, carriages collect, something carried out all covered with the flowers, then people get into the carriages and drive away. Now the ribbons had been taken off the bell, and nothing, except the closed blinds, distinguished the house from all the others.

"I wonder," she was thinking, drawing her rags about her, for it was chilly, "if it was a boy or a girl!—it was n't very big, whichever it was," when a carriage stopped at the door, and a lady, dressed in black and half covered with a long black veil, was helped out and supported tenderly up the steps and into the house by another lady who was with her. The carriage rolled away, and then there was nothing more for the little ash-girl to look at but the closed blinds again. Still, perhaps because she did not know what else to do, she sat there, looking and thinking.

Suddenly, her old fancy took possession of her. She stood up, sat down again, rubbed her face, tied and untied her hood, and at last, forgetting her basket, darted across the street, up the steps of the house, and rang the bell. She stood there, restless and nervous, for a moment, until the door was opened by the girl. Then, putting her hands, one on the door and the other on the side, where it could not shut without crushing her fingers, she said, eagerly: "I want to see the missus!"

"You can't," answered the girl. "She can't see nobody. What do you want with her?"

CATHERN AND THE LADY.

"I want to see her! Tell me—tell me if it was a girl; an' has she got any others? Tell me that—do, please!" said Cathern so earnestly, that the woman, at first disposed to send her rudely away, answered: "Yes, it was a girl; an' she has n't ne'er a one left—boy nor girl. Tell me what you want with her."

"No, no; I must see her! I knows she 'll see me. Do—do tell her!" cried Cathern, pleading very hard.

"Who is it, Ann?" asked a sweet voice, and the parlor door opened a little way.

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"It's a poor child, ma'am, says she must see you, an' I'm tellin' her ——"

"No matter," said the lady, opening the door wider, "let her come in. Come in, child, and tell me what you want."

Cathern stood in a pretty, quiet room, in the glow of a bright fire, squeezing her hands very tight together and looking up at the lady with all the yearning of her search in her little pinched face. After a moment, she said, pausing between every few words, her breath coming and going strangely:

"I come—I come—to ax you, ma'am—oh! I've been a-huntin' an' a-huntin' through the streets—axin' at the houses an' everyw'eres for the mothers—'cause Biddy Dolan don't want me—an' nobody wants me, if—if— An' *she* told me now at the door that it was a girl, an'—I foun' out that you have n't any—any little girl—and I— Oh, ma'am, don't—don't you cry, too! I—I aint like any nice little girl—I 'm only ugly. But I wants—oh, *I wants a mother!* An' they aint any mother in the whole world that wants a little girl like me!"

Her hood thrown back, her hands clasped over her face, she stood, sobbing and trembling, before the lady, who at first, as the child's meaning dawned upon her, drew herself away, turned her face to the wall, and bowed her head, weeping. But when she turned again and saw the weak little frame trembling from head to foot, and heard her desolate cry, she suddenly knelt down, spread wide her arms, and cried:

"Come! come to me! It is as if my child cried out to me from heaven! Put your little head, so, upon my breast, and I will be as true—as true a mother to you as I can. Yes, I will, my darling!"

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# AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY-PARTY.

By Frank R. Stockton.

I SUPPOSE there is scarcely an American boy or girl who has not heard of the great party which is to be given on the occasion of the one-hundredth birthday of our country—a party which will last six months, and to which the whole world is invited.

It is probable that this "Centennial Exhibition" will be the grandest affair of the kind that the world has ever known. In ancient times, it was impossible to have such celebrations, as the different countries of the world had very little to do with each other when they were not fighting; and although we have had several "World's Fairs" in our day, it must be remembered that this is more than an "International Exhibition,"—it is the celebration of a nation's birthday, and so it will not be surprising if it excites, even in foreigners, much more interest and enthusiasm than the great exhibitions at London, Vienna, and other cities.

One thing is certain, and that is, it will excite interest and enthusiasm enough in the people of the United States. I suppose there is scarcely a person in this country old enough to care about such things, who will not go to the Centennial—or want to go.

The United States is not a very old country—Iceland recently celebrated its one thousandth birthday. But then we have done so much more in one hundred years than Iceland has done in its thousand, that we feel very proud about our birthday, and proud that all the world is coming to help us celebrate it. Even England, who did not want us to have our first birthday, and who fought so hard to prevent us ever becoming a nation at all, is among the first to accept our invitation, and seems to take almost as much interest in the matter as if she had been fighting on our side all through the Revolution.

And we are happier to have England come than any one else. For we can never forget that she is our mother-country, that her language is our language, and that, in great part, her blood is our blood. The British lion is a noble beast, and we welcome him warmly when he comes to us in jolly good-humor, wagging his tail with gladness to see us. This is very different from the way he came growling and roaring a hundred years ago. He is a terrible animal to fight. I doubt if any national bird or beast, except the American eagle, could have torn itself away from the British lion, as our bird did in the last century.

From almost every land the people will come—from countries that have always been our friends,

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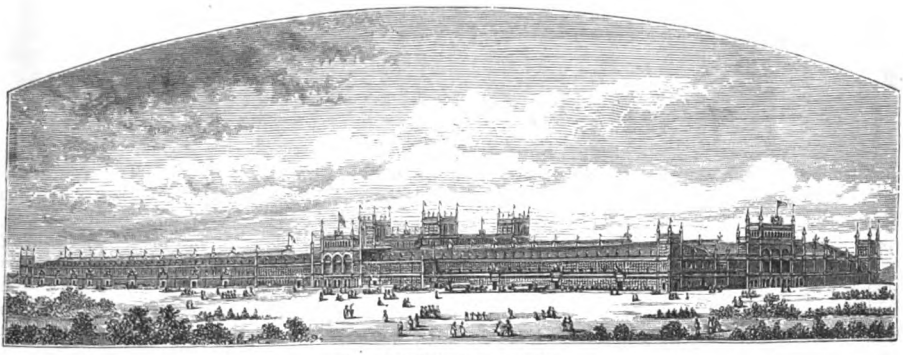
and from countries that have only recently made our acquaintance. Even Japan, who for thousands of years has shut herself up from the rest of the world, and who, only twenty years ago, would not think of such a thing as allowing commerce or intercourse between her people and the rest of mankind, has sent architects and carpenters to build a house for her people on our Centennial grounds.

Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica will send to America their representatives, who will come laden with specimens of the products of their soil, their labor, and their ingenuity; so that at our great birthday celebration we can see gathered together the productions and manufactures of every land, as well as the people who dwell therein.

And now we will take a glance at the preparations we are making for this Birthday-party.



THE MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Philadelphia was wisely selected as the most fitting place for the celebration, for in that city the nation truly had its birthplace. There, as soon as the Declaration of Independence was signed in the Old State House, the little baby "United States of America" opened its eyes, and began to cry and kick. It was not a very strong little baby at first, but it cried pretty loud and kicked pretty hard, and very soon let the world know that it was alive, and intended to live. "Faneuil Hall" in Boston is called "The Cradle of Liberty," and it is true that our baby was well rocked and cared for there, and that from North to South he received the greatest support and attention until he grew up to be a stout fellow. But he was born in Philadelphia, and so there his birthday is to be celebrated.

On the outskirts of Philadelphia is a magnificent park called Fairmount Park, which contains about three thousand acres of land. There are meadows and grassy hills, and beautiful groves, and smooth, wide roads, and lovely shady walks, and through the whole of it runs the placid river Schuylkill.

More than two hundred acres of this park have been appropriated for the Centennial buildings and for Exhibition purposes generally.

There are five principal buildings on the grounds, the largest of which is the Main Exhibition Building, which is truly immense. It is difficult to make any one, who has not seen this building, understand how large it really is. It is 1,880 feet long and 464 feet wide. Three such buildings, set end to end, would extend over a mile. Boys and girls who live in the country will appreciate its size when I tell them it covers a space of over twenty acres, all in one room! Twenty acres in some parts of the country is considered a snug little farm; and when you think of the whole of such a farm,—house, barns, barn-yard, wagon-houses, vegetable garden, lawn, wheat-field, corn-field, potato-patch, pasture-lot, and everything under one roof,—you can imagine a pretty big house.

If you live in the city, in an ordinary four-story house, the comparative size of your house and this main building may be inferred from these two black marks:

The little mark is your house; the large one is the Main Centennial Building.

This great house is constructed almost entirely of iron and glass, and when the sun shines it is nearly as light inside as it is out of doors. There are rows of iron pillars running up and down the building to support the roof, but these are so slender and so far apart that they do not interfere with the view of the interior. When I last saw the building, it was just finished; and as I stood at



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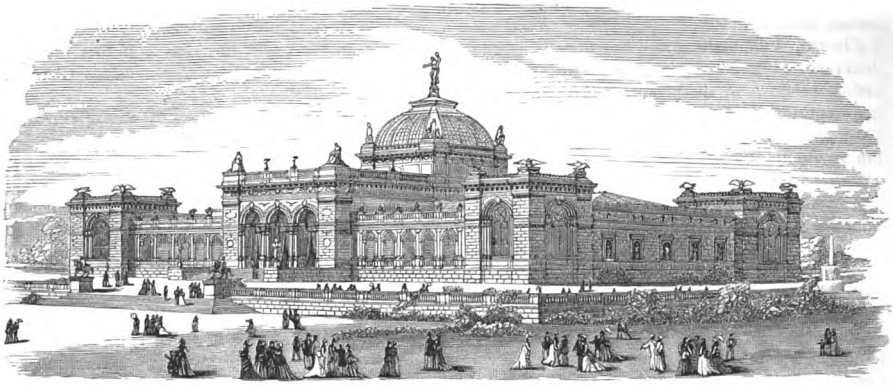
one end and looked over the immense, smooth, and vacant floor, I could see that off in the distance the roof was higher, and there were great entrance-doors to the right and the left; beyond that there did not seem to be much. In reality, however, that higher portion was the center of the building, and beyond it was a vast stretch of floor as great as that which I was looking over. But that distant half of the building was so far away that the central portion seemed to be the end of the building.



MEMORIAL HALL, OR ART GALLERY.

In this great hall will be exhibited goods and manufactures of every possible kind, from all quarters of the world. There will be wide passage-ways up and down the building, and cross-ways intersecting these, and all the rest of the space will be filled with the curious, beautiful, and wonderful things that man's ingenuity has taught him to make or adapt to his needs. If a person were determined to see everything in this main building, and would therefore walk up one side of every passage and avenue and down the other (and that would be the only way of seeing everything), he would have to walk at least ten miles!

Near this building is another, very much like it, but not so large, covering over fourteen acres, which is called Machinery Hall. In this will be exhibited all kinds of machines, the greater part of which will be in operation, so that visitors can see what work they do, and how they do it. Steam-boilers and engines are to be set up in this hall to provide the power to set all this machinery going.

I expect there will be machinery in this hall which will do almost everything under the sun that a machine can possibly be made to do. I will not try to imagine, in advance, what will be there, for the reality will be far more astonishing than any one's imagination is likely to be. Just think of fourteen acres of machinery, all in motion at once! There you will see printing, weaving, grinding, sawing, pounding, rolling, stamping, with the buzz and the whirr and the clash and the clatter of thousands of wheels and belts and levers and arms of every kind—of iron and steel and brass hard at work doing all sorts of things and making all sorts of things.

At a short distance from the Main Building, which stands on a line with the machinery building, is a beautiful edifice, quite different from either of these. This is Memorial Hall, or the Art Gallery. It is an imposing structure of granite, which cost a million and a half dollars, and is intended to remain always as a memento of the Great Exhibition, and to serve as a permanent art gallery. It covers an acre and a half of ground, and is built entirely of stone and iron, so that it is absolutely fire-proof. It would not do to have a building in which will be placed so many valuable paintings and statues, exposed to any danger from fire.

Over the center of this structure, which is of a higher order of architecture than any of the other buildings, most of which are temporary and intended to be taken down when the Great Exhibition is over, is a magnificent dome one hundred and fifty feet high. On the highest point of this dome stands a colossal statue of Columbia.

In this great hall will be collected together thousands of the finest pictures and statues that the artists of the world can produce. The building itself, with its galleries and halls and pavilions and arcades, will be a grand sight in itself. It is estimated that eight thousand people can assemble in this building at one time, but I hope that when

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you and I are there to look at the pictures and statues, there will be not quite so many spectators present.

To the northward of the three buildings we have already seen, and separated from them by a beautiful little valley with a romantic little stream running through it, stands a very peculiar edifice, built in the Moorish style. This is of marble, iron, and glass, and is called Horticultural Hall.

In the other buildings will be exhibited the wonders of man's art; here we may see the wonders of nature.

Here there will be fruits, flowers, trees, shrubs, and plants from every part of the world. Growing in a climate as soft and mild as that of their native land, may be seen oranges, lemons, palms, and all manner of luxuriant tropical plants; while in parts of the great building will be the most delicious and lovely fruits and flowers, filling the air with their fragrance. In the central portion are four large garden-beds, which are to be filled with the loveliest things that gardeners know how to cultivate; and these gardens can be dug, and raked, and hoed, and weeded, and enjoyed in all weathers; for they are under roof, and protected from all rain and storm. There are many boys and girls, I think, who would consider it a grand thing to have a large garden in the house; one in which they could work at any time in the year, and in all weathers.

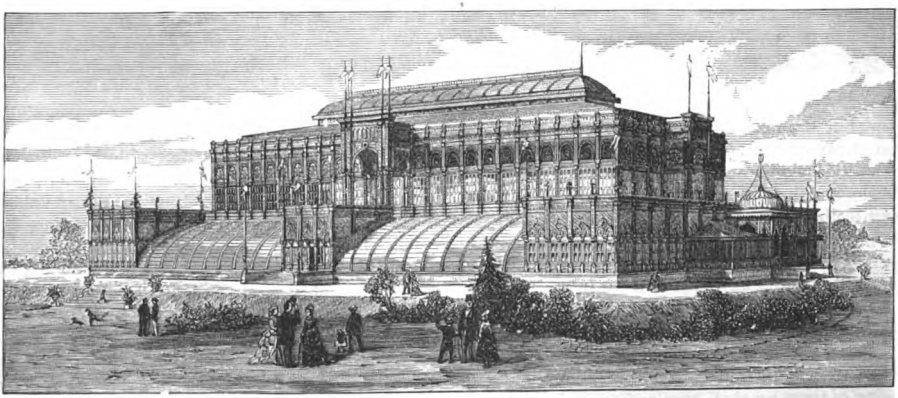
Horticultural Hall, like the Art Gallery, is a permanent building, and will be maintained as a grand public conservatory for the citizens of Philadelphia.

The last of the five great buildings is Agricultural Hall. This covers over ten acres of ground, and will be filled with everything that relates to farmers' work all over the world. We know that people in other countries farm in many peculiar ways—different from each other, and from our plans of working. And even in the various sections of our country farm-work and farm products are so entirely different, that it will be of great interest to the people from Maine to see how sugar and cotton are grown, and what they look like in their various stages. There are things, too, which grow in the North which will be quite novel to the people of the South. And we shall all be interested in the farm products of China, Persia, Tunis, Siam, Hawaii, and other far-away countries. We are familiar with the productions of some of these countries, but only in the condition in which they are ready for our use.

This building looks like a great cathedral, or four or five churches crowded into one, and is one of the most peculiar structures on the ground.

Besides these five principal buildings, there are many others, large and imposing in themselves, though inferior in size and appearance to those that we have described.

The United States Government has erected a building which covers more than an acre of ground, in which a great many things appertaining especially to our National Government will be exhibited. There will be, of course, a large collection of materials of war; and already there stands near one entrance of this building a great cannon into which a small boy could easily creep. It is about long enough to accommodate a moderate-sized infant-class.



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Then there will be a Woman's Pavilion, where all sorts of things, illustrating the work that the women of the world are doing, will be shown.

Buildings have been erected by Great Britain

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and other countries for the use of the Commissioners who have been sent over to attend to their interests, and many of our States will have separate houses for their officers.

One of the most curious edifices on the ground is one erected for Japan. This has been built entirely by Japanese workmen, and in its construction not a nail or a screw has been used. The boards and timbers are all fitted together in such a way that they need not be screwed or nailed; and yet the building is as firm and strong as any other frame-house, and the joints are all very tight and neat.

It was a curious sight to see the Japanese carpenters at work. They did everything in their own style, just as they were accustomed to work at home. In Japan they do not *push* a plane or a saw, but the workman pulls them toward himself. So these carpenters, when they used American saws, tied cloths around the lower end of the saw-blade, and held the saw by that end, so that the saw-teeth would cut into the wood as they pulled it toward them. They seemed to do everything hind-part foremost. I suppose that if they had used nails they would have driven them in heads first.

There will also be buildings for photographers, carriage-builders, and many other exhibitors who desire separate accommodations. Six large restaurants will be put up on the grounds, and in some of these we shall have a chance of seeing how the French and other foreign nations cook and serve meals. It is supposed that there will be over two hundred buildings in all, making quite a little town out in Fairmount Park.

Just outside of the Exhibition grounds, a tall observatory, one hundred and fifty feet high, has been erected. Visitors can go to the top of this in an elevator, and then they can see the whole Exhibition spread out before them, and have, besides, a view of the city of Philadelphia and all the beautiful scenery round about.

There are a great many other preparations, either completed or nearly so, for this great Birthday-party which our country is about to give; but I cannot begin to tell you all about them now. It is expected that millions of people will visit these grounds and buildings during the Exhibition, which will continue from the tenth of May until the tenth of November.

The most extensive arrangements have been made for accommodating these vast crowds from all parts of the world. A company has been formed to find board and lodgings in private houses for all visitors who do not want to go to hotels, and a person living in Constantinople or Rio Janeiro, or any other city of the world accessible by railroads or steam-vessels, can buy tickets furnished by this company, which will take him to Philadelphia, where he will be met on the cars, just before he reaches the city, by a messenger, who will conduct him with his baggage to a comfortable room in a house where his meals and lodging will be provided for him for as long a time as he has bargained for.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

Of course, it is expected that a great deal of money will be made by those who supply all these people with what they need. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been paid for the privilege of setting up eating-houses, &c., on the grounds, and one man paid seven thousand dollars just for the privilege of selling pop-corn during the Exhibition!

Apart from the vast number of curious and interesting things which may be seen at this Centennial Exhibition, it will be a wonderful thing to

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see the great multitude of people of all nations which will be collected together there.

To those of us who are not able to travel in foreign countries, it will seem as if those foreign countries had come to us. And surely this is the next best thing to traveling one's self.

And there will be more to see for people who live outside the city of Philadelphia than the great crowds and the great Exhibition. For there, in the city itself, is the Old State House in which Independence was declared, and there is the very room in which the Declaration was signed, and around the room the very chairs in which the signers sat, and on the walls their portraits are hanging. There is the table on which the great paper was signed, and there is the old silver ink-stand which was then used by John Adams, who wrote his name so boldly, and by Stephen Hopkins, whose hand trembled—on account of palsy, not fear—so that he could scarcely write at all, and by all the rest of those brave men. In another room of that Old State House may be seen all sorts of relics of our forefathers: Letters written by Washington, furniture and china and glass-ware used by him; clothes worn by the patriots of the Revolution, and swords and guns carried and used by them, and many other things of the kind, which carry one back to those old days better than the pages of the best book of history that ever was written.

There, too, is to be seen the Old Liberty Bell which was rung when our nation was born, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

It is well worth seeing, this grand old bell. It will never ring again, for it is broken; but it has done its duty. We do not need it now, for liberty *is* proclaimed to all the land.

But I cannot tell you about all the curious and interesting things, some belonging to old times and some to new times, that may be seen in Philadelphia. There is one thing, however, that I must mention, because every boy and girl will care to know something about it.

This is the Zoological Garden, where all kinds of animals are to be seen, not shut up in narrow cages, but many of them in such commodious and extensive quarters that their condition must seem to them to be the next best thing to being free. To be sure, the lions and tigers and other savage beasts are in cages; but then they have very large cages, where they can run and jump around and have a good time.

In one of the cages is a large leopard, who is named Commodore Perry, because for three days he commanded the Chesapeake. The "Chesapeake" in this case was a schooner in which the leopard was brought from Africa. He got loose while the ship was lying in the Delaware River, on its arrival at Philadelphia, and everybody speedily departed from the vessel, leaving him in sole command. The schooner was towed out into the middle of the river and anchored. Every plan was tried to coax the leopard on deck and into a cage, but he would not go. Boats rowed around the ship night and day, to kill the animal if he jumped overboard and tried to swim ashore. For three days he held the vessel, but, at last, another vessel was brought near the Chesapeake, and a cage containing a little pig was put on board. The Commodore was very hungry by this time, and, hearing the pig squeak, he bounced on deck and into the cage, the door of which was immediately pulled shut by persons on the other vessel. I do not know whether or not the little pig was jerked out of the cage before the leopard reached it, but I hope it was.

Besides all the wild beasts in the various houses—and most of these have out-door accommodations in warm weather—there are many animals who live altogether in yards in the open air. Five or six big buffaloes roam about in a half-acre lot, and there is even an inclosed stream where the beavers live and where they have built a dam. In another place, with a wire fence around it, is a whole colony of prairie dogs. It is amusing to see these little fellows, sitting up on their hind-legs at the entrances of their underground dwellings, the doors to which are always at the top of a little mound like an enormous ant-hill. In other large inclosures are beautiful deer and antelopes; and there are three great stone pits for the bears, who climb up posts which are planted in the middle of the pits. Then they seem quite near you, but they can't jump from the posts to the edge of the pit.

But if I go on telling about all the things that are to be seen here, there will not be room for anything else in the magazine.

If possible, you must all attend America's Birthday-party. You are all invited, you know. And it will be a hundred years before there is such another celebration.

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How d' ye do, my dear April fools? No, no! I don't mean that—I mean, How d' ye do, my dear friends? The fact is, somebody asked me to tell you this month all about April fools' day, and I said I was sorry, but I would n't and could n't; and so, you see, my ideas got slightly mixed. I don't want to blight your young lives with dry details of "Days," and their whys and wherefores, especially when ever so many other things are pressing close and whispering: "Tell the children about *us*, good Jack—tell them about *us!*"

By the way, just for a change, I think I 'll begin with

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S FALL FROM A BALLOON.

THIS is n't told about in all the books. The latest biographies of Her Majesty, for some reason, ignore the incident altogether; but if you happen to meet with a volume called "Paskin's Adventures of Royalty," with a preface by Sir Walter Scott, you 'll find an account of this affair, with a full-page illustration of the exciting scene.

### A WOLF OR A FOX?

OF the letters sent by my boys and girls, in reply to the picture-query in the February ST. NICHOLAS (page 260), the little schoolma'am says the following should be printed. If there were room to spare, the good answers of Addie Howard, Arthur Walker, Daniel B. Bidwell, and Willie Locke should also appear in Jack's pages, though none of them step this time into the "Young Contributors' Department."

Geneva, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1876.

DEAR JACK: You ask us to give an account of foxes and wolves—their habits, looks, and dispositions.

The fox is an exceedingly crafty animal, nearly allied to the dog species. It seeks its food by night, and is fond of poultry, hares and rabbits. Foxes emit an odor, which enables dogs to scent and follow them with readiness. These animals adopt a great deal of cunning in eluding the pursuit of dogs. They differ from wolves in these particulars, namely: they have a smaller body, smaller and shorter feet, and much finer fur. The silver fox's fur is rare and costly. A fox ran into one of our men's stone houses, near Geneva, last winter, for refuge from the hounds. They are scarce in this part of New York State now, although formerly they were in plenty.

The wolf is also nearly allied to the dog family, and is generally at his growth about two and a half feet high. He is naturally of a fierce disposition, while the fox is simply cunning. The form of the wolf is gaunt and thin, and he has an emaciated look. He carries his tail nearly straight. The common species are gray, and they are to be found in both Europe and America. A species of black wolf was common in North America a few years ago, but I do not know if many still exist or not. Captain Franklin mentions seeing white wolves in his voyage to the polar seas. They prey on sheep, deer, &c., and, when pressed by hunger, will even attack man. The wolf looks much more like a dog than the fox does.

The picture in the February number was a fox.

Yours very respectfully, E. L. V.

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Calera, Ala., Jan. 30, 1876.

DEAR JACK: "Which is it?" Why, it is a fox. The difference between a fox and a wolf is this: The fox's nose, or snout, is longer and more tapering than the wolf's; his ears are more upright and pointed, and his tail more bushy. He belongs to the genus *vulpes*. He burrows in the earth; is remarkable for his cunning; and preys on lambs, geese, hens, and other small animals. The common fox of Europe is the *vulpes vulgaris;* the red fox of America, the *vulpes fulvus*.

The wolf is a carnivorous animal, of the genus *canis*. So is the dog. The common wolf of Europe is *canis lupus*. The common American wolf is *canis occidentalis;* the prairie wolf, *canis latrans*. Wolves are very fierce, and often attack man and large animals. They usually go in droves. I suppose all of us have read, in one of the school readers, of the Russian woman who was followed by a pack of wolves, and, to save her own life, threw out her children to them. Such a story of a mother is hard to believe. I am glad there is no "Brudda Wolf" about here to pay *me* a visit.

Yours truly, CLIFTON B. D.

### WHIPPING THE SEA.

YOU 'VE heard about Xerxes? Of course you have; every history scholar that comes into my field to study talks about Xerxes of old, and his great armies. Well, I heard a very queer story about this same Xerxes the other day—picked out of one of the big books, you know. In one of his wars he wanted his soldiers to cross a piece of water a mile wide. So he caused a bridge of boats to be made. But before his men had crossed, a storm came up and destroyed the bridge; whereupon this brave general flew into a passion, like a little boy, and ordered the sea to be whipped with three hundred lashes, and a set of fetters cast into it, to punish it for its disrespectful conduct!

Dear, dear! I 'm told the little waves are sobbing on the beach to this day.

### A NEW SORT OF KITE.

SPEAKING of some of the droll ways of those far-off places, reminds Jack of a bit of news about kites that he heard from Central Asia, through a late traveler there. Now, of course, you know all about American kites, and you 've seen in ST. NICHOLAS pictures of comical Chinese kites; but did you ever even hear of a kite that gives out sweet music as it floats in the air? Never? Well, then, you must go to Asia, or make one yourself. As near as I can make out, the musical kite is like a common American square one, with the string and tail fastened to the upright stick, and the cross stick bent back like a bow, and held by a string of catgut. This makes an Æolian harp, on which passing breezes play, and make charming, soft music.

Try it, boys, and let Jack know how you succeed.

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### HOW STRANGE!

"IT is astonishing," said Deacon Green, "how sensitive persons are in some ways and how dull in others. I knew a lady once who went about in high spirits gossiping and telling tales, thereby openly proclaiming herself a gossip and a tale-bearer, and yet she was furious when told that she had not a good ear for music; and I've known men who could tell a lie without a pang, but to have any one 'doubt their word' was more than they could stand."

### DROWNED FISHES.

YOU think there cannot be such a thing as a drowned fish? Well, you may accept Jack's word for it that the thing is quite possible. If you take the air out of a body of water, the fishes in that water will suffocate and *drown*. Any chemist, or, in fact, almost any educated person, can tell you how to deprive water of its proper portion of air. A live fish laid down on the grass on a bright, clear day does n't die for want of water, but for want of air. A little bird tells me that Mr. Brooks will lay this whole matter before you in the next number of ST. NICHOLAS. It is n't an April fool story either. It is, every word of it, true.

### A SUCCESS.

DEAR JACK: I tried the experiment of changing the color of a flower, as you asked us to. I had two carnations, and I bought only five cents' worth of spirits of hartshorn. I poured in a little at a time. I changed the white to yellow, and the red to black.

GERTIE WEIL, N. Y. City.

### THE SLANDERER'S MASK.

WHAT do you think of this picture, my chicks? Should *you* like to wear such a mask as that?—should you like to deserve to wear such a mask?

No, no, no!

I thought so.

On the whole, I 'm glad it is such a hideous-looking thing. It ought to be hideous, if it is for slanderers.

Here is a letter sent you, in Jack's care, by a lady who saw this slanderer's mask in the "Frosch Thurn," or under-ground prisons of Nuremberg, and whose brother made a picture of it in pen and ink, so that you might know just how it looks:

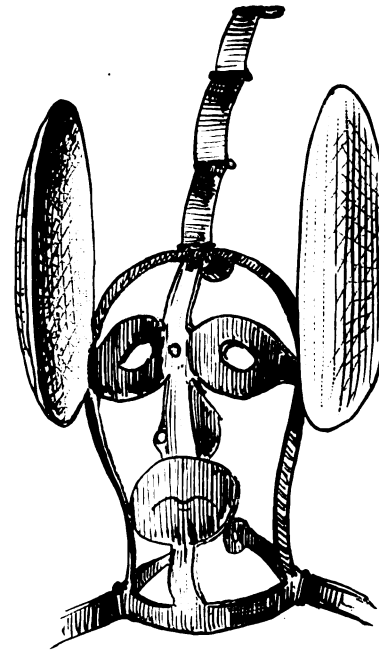
DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: Two summers ago, I was staying for a few days in the quaint old town of Nuremberg. In this ancient city a great number of your toys are made; in fact, it is one of the largest of St. Nicholas's workshops.

All around Nuremberg are high, strong walls, under which are dungeons where, many years ago, people were often imprisoned. Some were held for only a few days, others were never again seen; they either died from the close confinement, or perished in a cruel manner.

One beautiful morning, we were invited to visit these under-ground prisons. On our way, we crossed the bridge spanning the moat, or ditch, which surrounds the city. In ancient times this moat was filled with water, but at present it is planted with trees and gardens.

Soon we came in sight of Albert Dürer's picturesque studio-house, but a short distance from our destination. I have seen a beautiful story about this artist in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS. The entrance to the prison is quite damp and gloomy, and, although it was a warm day, we felt chilled on going in.

In a large corridor were a number of cruel-looking instruments used for torturing prisoners, especially those from whom the authorities wished to force some secret, or suspected plot. There also were contrivances for torturing in punishment of various moral offenses. Among other things, you must know that, several hundred years ago, what some persons now wrongly consider a slight offense, was then very severely punished. For instance, slanderers and gossips were compelled to wear an iron mask about the city for a certain length of time, so securely fastened with iron clasps that it was impossible for the wearer to remove it. This mask had great horns



or ear flaps, to add to its weight and ugliness, while sometimes it was provided with spikes inside that pierced the flesh with every movement of the head.

Imagine how dreadful it must have been to wear this, and how humiliating to walk through the streets with such a sign of disgrace—an object of scorn and the laughing-stock of all! How shamefacedly must the culprit have avoided his family, and dreaded the idea of again following in his former pursuits, or ever holding intercourse with any human being!

If people would only see how a matter is apt to be exaggerated when repeated from mouth to mouth! Many sensitive persons have suffered for a life-time from only "a little piece of news," which some one confided to a "bosom friend," who told a very dear acquaintance, who told his friend in strict confidence, and so sent the story on, until the harmless item stretched to a disgraceful scandal, which tale-bearer number one could never have recognized. Often when it has so grown, the starter of a bit of scandal would gladly recall it; but it is too late. The deed is done.

Slanderers nowadays are not forced to wear an iron mask, but they wear a badge of shame wherever they go, and, sooner or later, they suffer in their own conscience the tortures they have given to others. It is a good rule never to say anything at all about a person unless you can speak well of him.

MARY S. HUSS.

### BARK CLOTHES.

STRANGE stuff for clothes, is n't it? But it is what whole tribes of Africans wear. Hard and stiff? Oh, no! It is soaked and pounded and beaten until it becomes soft and fine in texture, and then it is ornamented with black patterns, drawn on it, which makes it quite "the style" in Uganda, I have been told—I've never been there myself.

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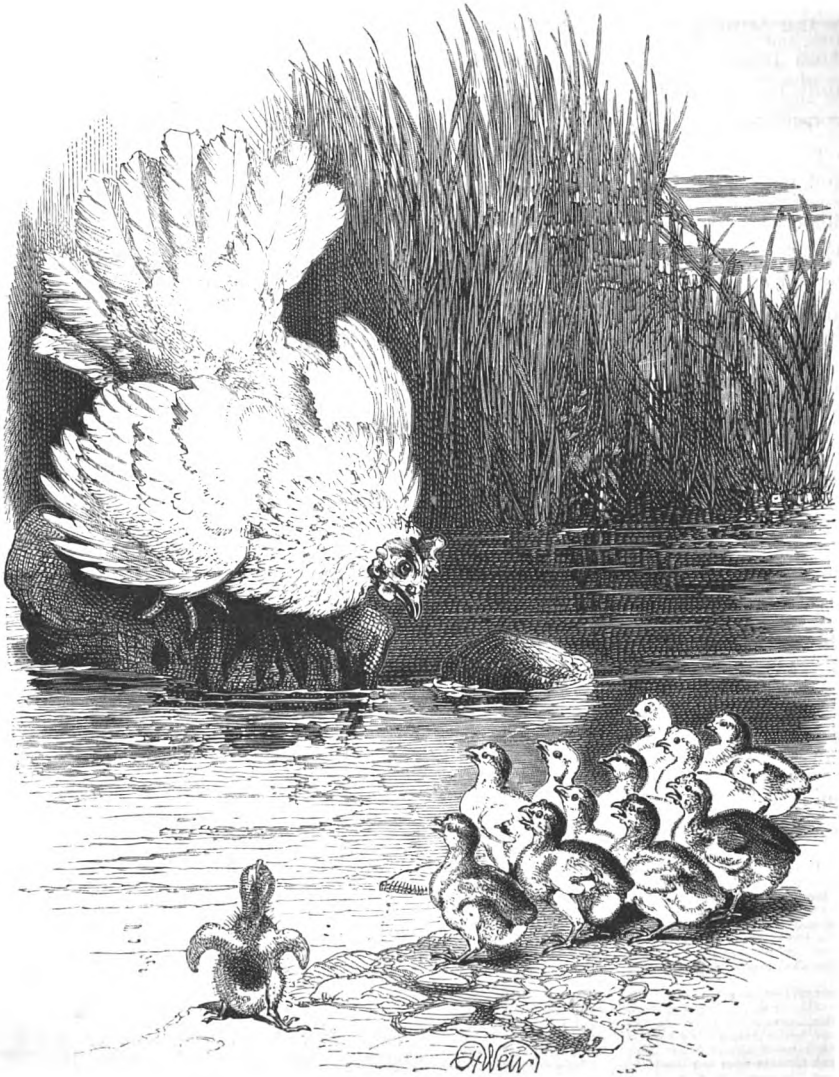
# THE OLD HEN AND HER FAMILY.



THERE was once a big white hen who had twelve little chickens, and they were all just as good little chickens as ever you saw. Whatever their mother told them to do, they did.

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One day, this old hen took her children down to a small brook. It was a nice walk for them, and she believed the fresh air from the water would do them good. When they reached the brook, they walked along by the bank for a little while, and then the old hen thought that it looked much prettier on the other side, and that it would be a good thing for them to cross over. As she saw a large stone in the middle of the brook, she felt sure that it would be easy to jump on that stone and then to jump to the other side. So she jumped to the stone, and clucked for her children to follow her. But, for the first time in their lives, she found that they would not obey her. She clucked and flapped her wings and cried to them, in hen-talk:

"Come here, all of you! Jump on this stone, as I did. Then we can go to the other side. Come now!"

"Oh, mother, we can't, we can't, we can't!" said all the little chickens.

"Yes, you can, if you try," clucked the old hen. "Just flop your wings as I did, and you can jump over, easy enough."

"I *am* a-flopping my wings," said one little fellow, named Chippy, who stood by himself in front, "but I can't jump any better than I did before."

"I never saw such children," said the old hen. "You don't try at all."

"We can't try, mother," said the little chicks. "We can't jump so far. Indeed, we can't, we can't, we can't, we can't!" chirped the little chicks.

"Well," said the old hen, "I suppose I must give it up"—and so she jumped back from the stone to the shore, and walked slowly home, followed by all her family.

"Don't you think mother was rather hard on us?" said one little chicken to another, as they were going home.

"Yes," said the other little chick. "Asking us to jump so far as that, when we have n't any wing-feathers yet, and scarcely any tails!"

"Well, I tried my best," said Chippy. "I flopped as well as I could."

"I did n't," said one of the others. "It 's no use to try to flop when you 've got nothing to flop."

When they reached home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat, and she soon found, close to the kitchen-door, a nice big piece of bread. So she clucked, and all the little chickens ran up to her, and each one of them tried to get a bite at the piece of bread.

"No, no!" cried the old hen. "This bread is not for all of you. It is for the only one of my children who really tried to jump to the stone. Come, Chippy! you are the only one who flopped. This nice piece of bread is for you."

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# SIPPITY SUP.

Words by "Alba (Little Folk Songs). Music by F. Boott.

*Allegro Moderato.*

1. Sip - pi - ty sup, Sip - pi - ty sup, Bread and milk from a
2. Dip - pi - ty dash, Dip - pi - ty dash, Wash his face with a
3. Rip - pi - ty rip, Rip - pi - ty rip, Un - tie his strings with a
4. Trit - te - ry trot, Trit - te - ry trot, Off, off he goes to his

*mf*

chi - - na cup, Bread and milk from a bright sil - ver spoon,
mer - ry splash! Pol - ish it well with a nice tow - el fine,
pull and a slip; Down go his pet - ti-coats on to the ground, And a-
pret - ty cot, Where he falls fast a - sleep with a sweet lit - tle song, Where the

Made of a piece of the bright sil - ver moon! Sip - pi - ty sup, Sip - pi - ty sup,
Oh, how his eyes and his red cheeks will shine! Dip - pi - ty dash, Dip - pi - ty dash,
way now he dan - ces a - round and a - round! Rip - pi - ty rip, Rip - pi - ty rip,
an - gels watch o - ver him all the night long! Trit - te - ry trot, Trit - te - ry trot,

*col. canto.. ..... ...*

*Last verse.*

Sip - pi - ty, Sip - pi - ty sup.
Dip - pi - ty, Dip - pi - ty dash.
Rip - pi - ty, Rip - pi - ty rip.
Trit - te - ry, Trit - te - ry trot.

*f*

*a tempo.*
*ped.*

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# YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## SOMETHING ABOUT PRAGUE.

I AM going to tell you what I saw on the hill called Hradschin in Prague. My father and mother, another gentleman, my brother, and myself went to see the Hradschin before we left the city.

First, we went to see the great library; but it was not open, as the monks were eating (a certain order of monks have this building in charge). Then we went to the Palace, and saw where the old Emperor Ferdinand (who has since died) lived. Next we went to a great hall where, in olden times, the nobles used to hold their tournaments; but now the floor is used to mark out the plan of the new cathedral upon. From there we went into the room where the Thirty Years' War began, by the Protestants throwing three Catholic councillors from the high window. The room is just the same now as it was then, and you can see where the bullets went through the door.

Then we went into two of the largest halls in Europe. In one of them there are 3078 candle-lights. From those halls we went into the place where the Emperor used to hold court, and afterward it was used for Parliament. Next we went to the Cathedral, and saw a plan of the city of Prague, cut in wood, and the coffin of the patron saint of Bohemia, Johann Nepomuck. The coffin was of silver. It had four large silver angels, with wreaths in their hands, hanging by silver chains over it. Then we went into a little chapel dedicated to the holy Wenzel. The sides of the chapel are made of precious stones, and in one place there is a piece of Wenzel's armor. In the side of the wall is a little door that leads to another which has seven locks. The Emperor has one key, the chief of the police one, the mayor one, the governor one, and so on; and you can only get in when they are all together. Then comes another door, with seven locks also, and after that a room, and in that room is the Bohemian crown and the rest of Wenzel's armor. Then we went out of the Cathedral and had a fine view of Prague.

We saw also a big tower that reaches deep down into the hill, and in olden times they used to throw their prisoners down, and give them a piece of bread every day for their food, and there they died of starvation. Now the woman that keeps the castle throws some lighted paper down, and you can see the bones of the prisoners, and whole Bohemian verses scratched into the side of the rock.

After seeing a number of the palaces of the nobility, we returned home. W. G. S.

## THE BUMBLE-BEES' PARTY.

I HEARD a great secret the other day,
And what it was I here will say:
Down in the valley, under the hill,
Where the hawthorn grows, and the little rill
Hurries along to meet the brook,
Into a bumble-bee's nest I'll look.

The bee-queen sits on her dainty throne,
Now and then calling to some lazy drone;
While out in the pantry the little bee-cook
First kneads up her honey, then looks at her book
To see how many dewdrops for this loaf of cake,
And how many eggs for the next one to take.

And what do you think this was all about?
Some very great event, no doubt;
For there was the sparkling dewdrop wine,
And grasshopper molasses all so fine,
And by the light of the silver moon
The bees are to give a party soon.

So ere the light began to dawn,
Or chanticleer sounded forth his horn,
Each little bee was up early and bright,
To secure her friends for the festival night;
And after they 'd sent all their messages out,
Not a bee or a drone was seen stirring about.

At last, when the moon began to peep
From over the hills where the rabbits sleep,
Each bee was arrayed in her pretty brown silk,
And the finest of handkerchiefs, white as milk;
The guests, too, were starting away from their nests
Also attired in their very best.

First came the butterflies, all so bright,
Arrayed in their beautiful robes of light;
And right behind, in a stately train,
The flies and daddy-longlegs came.
And all the guests arrived at last,
Before the hour of seven was past.

The tables were set by the hawthorn-tree,
And everything looked as nice as could be:
But all of a sudden there rose on the air
A tiny wail of intense despair,
And all because some naughty bee
Had spilt the wine by the hawthorn-tree.

They then went to supper and had a nice time,
Although they had not the dewdrop wine.
Then daddy-longlegs proposed a dance,
And over the green sward they all did prance,
Till young butterfly trod on the bee-queen's toe,
And into the hive they must carry her, O!

The little bee fainted, but rallied quite soon,
And bade them put all their fiddles in tune.
They danced till the light began to dawn,
Till four o'clock in the dewy morn;
Then started for home, to get one hour's sleep
Before the sun began to peep.

So this is the end of the great party,
In the moonbeams bright, by the hawthorn-tree.
The hawthorn is there, and the little rill
Runs in the same way over the hill;
And the wind, as it sighs through the branches bare,
Tells what a wonderful dance was there. H. G. W.

## HOW WE WENT JACK-FISHING.

WE had often seen the lights moving about on the river, which was about a half a mile from our house, and knew that they were fishing-boats, and that the men or boys were spearing fish. One day we made up our minds to go fishing. The day we set to go on was a pleasant one about the first of June. There were three of us boys—my brother Will, a school-mate by the name of Bert, and myself. At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, Bert and I started for a piece of woodland that grew on the bank of the river to cut some wood to use on out jack.

When about half way to the woods, crossing a field of underbrush, we saw a couple of snakes. Where is the person who does not hate a snake? I know I do: so we soon killed them with the ax. We had not taken but two or three steps before we saw some more snakes,—it seemed to be the land of snakes. We killed all that we could of them. Some people do not think it right to kill anything, not even snakes, but we do; I hate anything that looks like, or acts like, a snake.

One old fellow, about three feet long, made a spring at me, and caught me by the trousers just below the knee. Bert hollered, "Hit him, Charlie, hit him!" But I was not in the position for hitting him just then; I whirled around and 'round, and at last, by stepping on him with one foot and drawing with the other, I freed myself. He looked ugly, but we sent him after the others, and went on our way rejoicing.

We had now reached the river bank, and we cut our wood and went home to supper.

The sun had just set when we pushed off from the shore about a mile above the place where we cut our wood. We floated slowly down the river and landed by our wood-pile (not daddy's). We built a fire in the jack, which is a sort of basket made of iron. It was about seven o'clock when we pulled out in the river; I took the oars, Bert a paddle to steer with, while Will took the spear. The fish were plenty, but somehow he could not hit them. Then I took the spear; but I do not believe that I came as near them as Will did. Then Bert tried, but without success. We went up and down the river half a dozen times, but did not get any fish. We were surprised every time each of us took the spear. We were sure we could spear fish; we speared at them, and laughed at each other because we could not hit them.

At last we gave up, because it was getting late; and a little after ten o'clock we emptied our fire into the river and started for home.

We did not say anything to the boys at school about fishing the next day; but I did not hear any one say we did not have a pleasant evening. If any one said it was not profitable, we would say, there are all of those snakes; if we had not killed them they might have bitten somebody. To which Will would remark, "Yes, and that old chap might have bitten you if you had not moved faster than you usually do." And I sometimes think that if I was as slow as he usually is, the snake would have surely bitten me.

We afterward learned the reason we did not get any fish. It was because our spear was not heavy enough for the kind of fish we were trying to catch. We resolved that the next time we went jack fishing we would take a spear that was heavy enough, if it was as heavy as Goliath's. C. A. P.

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# THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR MUSIC PAGE.—The pretty song with which the well-known Boston composer, Mr. Boott, favors you this month, is not, as you will see, an easy lesson for beginners. It is a song that children can readily sing; but, though its accompaniment is not difficult, it will require a little practice to play it well and lead the voices. In this way you all can join in producing really good music, which is not the less fine because it is adapted to one of Alba's dainty and simple songs.

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Brooklyn, Feb. 2, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that my father had a cat that weighed more than the cat that Deacon Green spoke about. It was given to him by a lady in Connecticut. It weighed twenty-three, and sometimes twenty-four pounds. This is no exaggeration. Please put this in your magazine

I tried Professor Gobbo's experiment. It was a white pink, and it turned yellow. I hope he will tell some more.

I like the story of "The Boy Emigrants."—Respectfully,

WILLIE H. T.

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Dayville.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am in a new school-house, and enjoy being there very much. Somehow, I can learn my lessons better when I am warm than when I am cold. I am studying physical geography, grammar, practical arithmetic, United States history, and composition. I do not class reading and spelling as studies. A new farm near us has some singular tenants. One of them is a man who said that an evil spirit told him to cut off his hand, and that the spirit of his mother told him not to; but, like most men, he obeyed the evil spirit. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS and SCRIBNER very much. I tried to get out that "Pilot" puzzle, but did not make much headway. I read "The Boy Emigrants" aloud to mother, and we enjoy it. Mother said that when she was rolling out her pies she composed better letters than she ever wrote. I can't say it is the same with me, as I don't roll out pies.—Your friend,

FRANCIS BACHELER.

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CHARLEY B——, who secretly requested information about the "Tower of the Thundering Winds," now writes to thank ST. NICHOLAS for the hint to "take a bird's-eye view of the globe," and says that in doing so (with a cyclopedia for an eye-glass), he finally caught sight of the wonderful tower on an eminence in the vicinity of Hang-choo-foo, one of the chief cities of China. He says also that he found it to be about 2500 years old, and, excepting the Great Wall of China, the only remaining monument of ancient Chinese architecture—all of which he revealed in triumph to his unsuspecting uncle.

We hope the worthy gentleman will pardon us, if ever he should learn of our hint to Charley, and are glad to know that our young friend found the "Tower" without any further aid; though, if he had failed, Charles H. R Benedict, Sidney P. Hollingsworth, S. M. Brice, and Mabel S. Clarke would have relieved ST. NICHOLAS of the responsibility of telling him, since each of them sent in correct information regarding the noted tower.

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A TRUE STORY.

IN a lonely country neighborhood in Virginia, a family of eight or ten children were in the habit of reading ST. NICHOLAS, and through the long winter evenings, as in the bright summer days, it was ever a welcome visitor. Papa and mamma had also their magazine, but money was scarcer this year than before, and the heads of the family, after some consultation, decided, reluctantly, that one periodical must be given up, and it was proper for the children to resign theirs rather than the grown people. When this decision was announced great was the concern in the nursery. They all met together, big and little, these eager boys and girls, to see if any means could be devised for retaining their favorite. They counted up their little savings, and discussed plans for making more. It was just before Christmas, and with the New Year they were to lose ST. NICHOLAS. While in the midst of their conclave, the announcement was made that a package had arrived from an aunt in a distant city. Christmas gifts of course. What was their delight, on opening it, to find the bound numbers of ST. NICHOLAS and the subscription paid for them through the coming year. Such rejoicing and excitement followed, and, one little fellow, jumping upon a chair, made his voice heard above the rest: "I knew it—I knew God did n't mean for us to do without ST. NICHOLAS!"

WE are glad to acknowledge here the excellent answers to the "Pilot Puzzle" sent us by English boys and girls, but received too late for acknowledgment in the March number. The senders are: Charles Harold, of Christchurch, Hampshire; Katherine Gilling Lax, of Fitzhead, Taunton, Somerset; and Mary Cecilia Boyce, Edward Theodore Boyce, and Thomas Riddell Boyce, of Wakefield,—England.

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Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 28th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your stories very much. I think "The Story of Jon of Iceland" and "The Boy Emigrants" are about the best, though all of them are good. I write to find out about that society, namely, the Bird-defenders. I only began to take the ST. NICHOLAS when *The Little Corporal* stopped, so I know nothing about the rules. Would you please inform me of the regulations. Perhaps I would join if you would tell me, and oblige your true friend,

CHAS. H. ELDRIDGE.

If Charles can obtain a copy of ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1875, he will find in the supplement, entitled "Grand Muster-Roll," a full statement of the aim, organization, and "regulations" of the Army of Bird-defenders. We have received several such inquiries, to which we have not space to reply, except by referring them to the supplement mentioned above, which will fully answer all questions propounded. We may also state, for the benefit of those who have sent in their names during the last few months, that another muster-roll will be published very soon.

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New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My attention was called lately to an article in ST. NICHOLAS on the ancient custom of hand-shaking. I go to one of the Latin schools here, and my investigations lead me to disagree with Mr. F. De Grey on the antiquity of this custom. I find that Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," says, "*Cæsar ejus dextram prendit.*" Virgil also, in the first book of his "Æneid," says, "*avidi conjungere dextras ardebant.*" Also, in Tacitus it is spoken of as a pledge of friendship.

Now, as this clearly shows that the custom extends back to the time of Virgil (B. C. 70–19) and Cæsar (B. C. 100–44), which was in the "golden age" of Latin literature, why cannot we, then, with equal right, claim it as a custom as far back as the Heroic Age? It is well known that the Romans copied a great many of their customs from the Greeks, and it seems more than likely that it was a common custom in the times of Achilles and Hector.—Yours,

OWEN STANLEY.

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Washington.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January number of ST. NICHOLAS there was a letter about the number of words that can be written on a postal-card. Did Amos Morse write simply 1055 *disjointed words* on the postal-card, or make sentences and put them in the form of a connected and intelligible letter?

J. S. NEWTON.

We cannot answer the above question, as our correspondent did not send the postal-card, or make any further statement concerning it than that published in the January number. It may interest Amos Morse, however, to know that his feat has been excelled. After reading Amos' letter, Allen Curtis, a Boston boy now living in Florence, Italy, tries the experiment, fills his postal-card, and sends a letter all the way across the ocean to say that his count of the words crowded on that card amounts to 1185! And as if this were not miracle enough, there comes, only two days later, from Harry Cooper, of Philadelphia, a postal-card, the mere sight of which amazes and almost blinds us. On that single small card are inscribed with pen and ink, one short story, two small poems, and two newspaper paragraphs—in all, 1500 legibly written words!

But, young friends, at sight of such mistaken achievements as these, ST. NICHOLAS cannot refrain from protesting against this sort of amusement. Aside from the time wasted in the great and unprofitable labor, the harm done to the eyes of all those who are unwise enough to write or to read such cards, is likely to be very great. A good clear vision, such as most boys have, is too precious a thing to be tampered with, and to injure it in a frivolous competition of this kind is an actual crime against which we cannot too emphatically warn our readers. Eyes are better than spectacles or goggles, young friends: keep those ugly things away from yours, then, as long as possible.

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In the article on "Snow-shoes" in ST. NICHOLAS for March, there are some mistakes. H, and not A, is the toe of the shoe. The wearer's toes are inserted under a strap at D, and project part way over the opening there. As his heel rises at every step, his toes (and not his heel) dip through the hole D, and the shoe is trailed behind him, the front part being raised just enough to clear the snow, while the tail-end slips along over the surface.

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"FRED'S" request in the February number for the words of an old song entitled "The White Pilgrim," has called forth many answers from the boys and girls. There is considerable disagreement, however, among those sent in, since, besides mere verbal differences, some correspondents furnish six stanzas, some seven, and some only five. We print below the version sent by Libbie Lee, and which is the one most generally given. Critically, we do not rejoice in its publication; but those to whom the poem is hallowed by home associations may be glad to see it:

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

I came to the spot where a White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively mused by his tomb;
When, in a low whisper, I heard something say:
"How sweetly I sleep here alone!

"The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roll,
And gathering storms may arise;
But calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

"'T was the call of my Master that led me from home,
I bade my companions farewell;
I left my dear children, who now for me mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

"I wandered a pilgrim, a stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavoring to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

"But when I was distant, and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I caught the contagion, and sank in the tomb,
My spirit ascending on high.

"Go tell my companions, and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly assisted me home."

Similar versions were sent in by Fred Woodworth, "Clarissa and Norah," Mary F. Matthews, Frank H. Stiles, Jennie N. Potter, Benjamin Fletcher, Jr., Wynne G. Woods, Sarah C. Spottiswoode, Clara Williams, Clifton B. Dare, Fannie B. Eller, D. B. McLean, Mrs. O. A. Barto, Lulu E. Bliss, Mrs. S. Rosa Stewart, Birdie Lodge, "Helen," C. Q. Kirkpatrick, Samuel McRae, Charles T. Bennett, Mattie P. Thompson, Olivia M. Bell, Mrs. J. H. Hunter, Mary G., A. D. Brumback, S. R. H. and W. C. R. Kemp.

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LEWIS L. SMITH sends the following list of "popular names" for several of the chief states and cities of our country. Probably many of our readers are familiar with a part or all of them; but there are, perhaps, some boys and girls who do not understand these very common allusions when they hear them:

STATES.—New York: *Excelsior State*. Pennsylvania: *Keystone State*. Iowa: *Hawkeye State*. Massachusetts: *Bay State*. Connecticut: *Land of Steady Habits*. Arkansas: *Bear State*. Ohio: *Buckeye State*. Louisiana: *Creole State*. Kentucky: *Dark and Bloody Ground*. Indiana: *Hoosier State*. Michigan: *Lake State*. Rhode Island: *Little Rhody*. Texas: *Lone Star State*. Maine: *Lumber State*. Virginia: *Old Dominion*. North Carolina: *Old North State*. South Carolina: *Palmetto State*. Florida: *Peninsula State*. Vermont: *Green Mountain State*. Illinois: *Prairie State*.

CITIES.—New York: *Empire City*. Philadelphia: *City of Brotherly Love*. Pittsburg: *Iron City*. Keokuk: *The Gate City*. Boston: *Hub of the Universe*, or *Athens of America*. Lowell: *City of Spindles*. New Haven: *City of Elms*. Brooklyn: *City of Churches*. Washington: *City of Magnificent Distances*. Nashville: *City of Rocks*. Detroit: *City of Straits*. New Orleans: *Crescent City*. Chicago: *Garden City*. Baltimore: *Monumental City*. St. Louis: *Mound City*. Cincinnati: *Queen City*. Indianapolis: *Railroad City*.

Newton, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me why the name "Roman nose" is given to large hooked noses? Is it because the ancient Romans generally had that kind? MINNA E. THOMAS.

No, Minna; the name "Roman" is given to the curved or aquiline nose, because the Romans regarded that form of the feature as the most beautiful one, just as the Grecians esteemed most the straight line from the forehead to the tip, which shape is therefore called "the Grecian" nose.

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Negaunee, Mich.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter about the winters we have on Lake Superior. It begins to snow about the latter part of October, and is quite deep early in November. Then our sleighing begins for the season, and lasts until the first of April. In March, when the crust is hard, you can see the boys and girls sliding on almost every hill that is clear of stumps and trees. The lake is always frozen over, but it is a long way from our house, so my brother Harry has made a skating rink on our croquet ground, and we have lots of fun skating and sliding. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I must close.—Yours, MINNIE MERRY.

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SINCE our acknowledgment, in the January number, of answers to Sarah B. Wilson's riddle, we have received these few additional ones: Rev. J. H. Sweet, Rector of Kilmacow, near Waterford, Ireland, sends the answer "Adrianople," and Stella M. Kenyon the one most generally given, "Litchfield;" while three other answers are quite new and original—"Adramytium" by C. S. P., "City of Rome" by Helen M. Motter, and "Hybla Major" (a city of Sicily) by Olive A. Wadsworth. In connection also with this riddle, "Mayflower" sends word that, as published in Miss Seward's will, it was not complete, but was found, after competition for the prize had been exhausted, to be a curtailed copy of a rebus published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1757, and attributed to Lord Chesterfield.

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can a boy who shoots ducks and blackbirds be one of the Bird-defenders? Whenever we want a really nice dinner, I and my brother Charles take our guns and kill some wild ducks, and then we have a grand dinner. We live in Grant County, New Mexico, twenty miles from Silver City, and we have no little boys and girls to play with, and we do not go to school, so it is quite lonesome. But we take ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much, and we think the stories are very interesting.—One of your friends,

JOHN LACE METCALFE.

It is not contrary to the principles of the Bird-defenders to kill birds for food.

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L. M. sends this problem to the boys and girls. It is not new, but many of our readers may not have met with it:

Mr. A. went into a store to buy a pair of boots. The boots were worth $5.00, and Mr. A. gave the shoemaker a $50.00 bill to change. The shoemaker, having no small bills, went to a neighbor with the $50.00 and received from him small bills in exchange. He (the shoemaker) then gave Mr. A. $45.00 and the boots. Later in the day the neighbor went to the shoemaker, saying that the $50.00 bill was counterfeit, and he must have good money. The shoemaker gave him what he asked. How much did the shoemaker lose?

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Stone Ridge, Ulster Co., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Early last summer, my brother made three bird-houses. We have three trees out in front of our store, so he put one in each. First, there came a pair of blue-birds and looked at the largest house; but I guess it did not suit them, for they left. Next came a pair of wrens. They took possession and commenced building a nest; but a pair of sparrows came and drove them out. They did n't use it themselves, or let the wrens use it; so my brother took it down. Then the wrens took one of the other boxes, and would n't let the sparrows drive them out this one, but built a nest in it, and the female laid four little eggs. After hatching them about two weeks, four little birds came out. Then the father and mother were very busy carrying insects for them to eat. We had a cat in the store, and when the little wrens got about big enough to leave the nest, the old birds would make a great time when the cat went outdoors—fly around her head and scold. One day, I heard them making a great noise. I went out. The cat was sitting right on top of the box. I climbed up in the tree and made her get down. She had not hurt the little ones.

When the little ones left the nest, the father took them away to take care of them, and the mother took the one remaining box and built another nest. It was great fun to watch her. Sometimes she would get a stick so heavy she could hardly carry it; twice she let one fall

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and caught it before it reached the ground. At one time she took a heavy one (for her), and, with a great deal of difficulty, got it to her nest; but when she got there, the opening in the box was so small she could n't get in with the stick crosswise as she had it; so she let it slip along in her bill till she came nearly to the end, and then put it in endwise. Just as she got it nicely in, it slipped back again and fell to the ground. She went back and picked it up, dropped it again, then concluded to let it alone. She flew away off, and came back with a still larger one. Dropped that, then took that same old one, and took it to her nest. After that, she got smaller ones. Then she finished it, and began hatching again.—From a friend,

ANNIE LOUNSBERY.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me, by way of the Letter-Box, some good recipe for making good candy? I have tried several ways, but, somehow, do not succeed very well; so I thought you might be able to tell me.

I have taken you a year or more, and think you are splendid. I liked "Eight Cousins" best, and my brother likes "Jon of Iceland" better than any of your stories.—Your friend, GUSSIE.

"Gussie" will find a recipe for making sugar-candy in the Letter-Box of ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Me and my brother are going to send you a letter, and we hope you will put it in the Letter-Box. My sister Annie says you wont bother with a little girl like me. My brother's name is Harry. He can't even print, for he is only five years old. Will you please make us Bird-defenders; we want to be very much. But we are agoing to eat some turkey to-morrow. Is it wicked? We have got two dear cats; must we kill them? We can't wait to know if you will please to print this letter; we shall be so sorry if you don't.—Good by, from GERTIE LINCOLN.

ALL readers who have enjoyed Mrs. Sara Keables Hunt's contributions to ST. NICHOLAS, will be glad to know that Nelson & Philips, of New York, have just published her first book. It is called "Arthur and Bessie in Egypt," and it shows how children of the present who live in that ancient country pass their time, and how they enjoy themselves among its palaces and gardens and ruins

MUSIC RECEIVED.

CALVARY SONGS. By Rev. C. S. Robinson and Theo. E. Perkins. Philadelphia: American Sunday-School Union.—This new collection of hymns and tunes has evidently been made with scrupulous care, and with an eye to meeting the wants of Sunday-schools and families. New songs and old favorites are wisely brought together, and, in some instances, familiar tunes have been given fresh words, to the gain of the singers.

From S. T. Gordon & Co., New York: Dream of the Sea Waltzes—Le Beau Monde—Who is this Little Maiden?—Speak to Me—Rienzi March—Indigo Polka-Mazurka—Beauties of "Madame L'Archiduc"—La Belle Galatheé—Over the Beautiful Stars—Who's at My Window?—The Children's Carnival.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and leave a diamond puzzle: 1. A liquor. 2. Blemishes. 3. Birds. 4. To filch. 5. Cunning.

The following form the diamond: 1. In ST. NICHOLAS. 2. A household utensil. 3 An admirer. 4. A beverage. 5. In literature. CYRIL DEANE.

## CHARADE.

FIRST.

WHERE late the forest grew and shed balsamic breath,
No tree remains, nor anything but black and awful death.
Thou, wanton fiend, with ruthless touch and cruel haste,
Hast changed those sylvan shades into a barren waste!

SECOND.

To mount, on some fair morn, on mighty soaring wings,
And gain one lofty view of earth's most wondrous things!
Or on some tranquil eve, with pinions strong to rise,
And spend one glorious hour adrift in sunset skies!

WHOLE.

One of a multitude of merry little dancers—
He flashes out a gleam, and then another answers.
How they do dance o' nights away down in the meadow!
While they can flash around they 'll never go to bed O!

A. O'N.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A juvenile. 3. A classical author. 4 An affirmative. 5. A consonant. G. and T.

## BEHEADED RHYMES.

(Fill the first blank in each stanza with a certain word, the second with the same word beheaded, and the third with same word again beheaded.)

PEGGOTTY and Barkis, walking in the ——,
She a charming sweetheart, he a knightly ——
Sweetest sweetness of the sweet, how it bubbles ——!

All the birds are quite in tune, earth and sky are ——;
E'en the heifer at the bars keeps a friendly ——;
All the joy, the damsel thinks, to the day is ——.

"Peggotty," the suitor sighs, "do you tire of ——?"
She her home-made blanket is most diligently ——.
"'T is for you my hands are strong in the tasks of ——."

"Barkis!" 'T is not on her lips, but the meaning ——
From the blushing eloquence of her downcast ——;
What were words compared with this more than smoke and ——!

Barkis answers to the glance: "Oh, you puzzling ——,
How you love to worry us with token and with ——!"
Quick the maiden finds her speech: "How is it with you ——?"

But the honest love no jest can avail to ——;
So the swain his cottage seeks, and the maid her ——;
Hand in hand, and heart to heart, home they lead each ——. E. L. E.

## EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. COMES from a distance. 2. Part of the body. 3. Part of a much-used verb. M. A. J.

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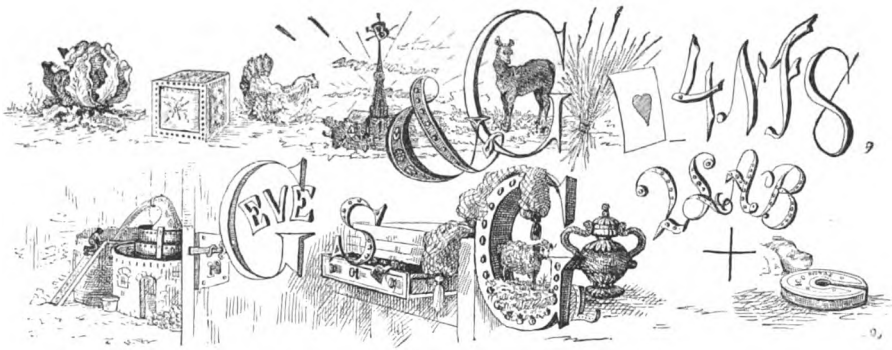
## REBUS.



## MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

(Read this by pronouncing the names of the musical signs wherever they occur.)

LAST evening, an aged musician of considerable (1) started out to attend a concert. He had a new (2) in his head, and so hurried off without his (3) His eyesight is not very (4) and when he tried to (5) a corner, he stumbled over a (6) that some one had left in the way, after using it to (7) a (8) of wood. He attempted to (9) himself, but lost his (10) and fell (11) , at the same (12) striking his head a (13) blow. A neighbor saw the accident, and it was but the work of an instant to (14) the fence, and (15) to his assistance. It was but (16) that the old gentleman should be vexed, for he was obliged to return home, in order to get some one to (17) up his wounded head. He said he did not wish to cast a (18) upon any one; but if the (19) fellow who left that (20) on the walk, were where he could (21) him, he would (22) the scamp till he could not (23) I (24) this true statement with my own (25)

ALLE—GRETTO.

## CHARADE.

My first in the kitchen garden grows,
'T is known to poetry and to prose,
To poverty, but not to wealth,
To physical pain, but not to health.

My second is seen in river and sea,
In leaf and flower, valley and lea,
In the water, but not in the sky,
Strange to the lip, yet dear to the eye.

My third and last in darkness, not light,
But appears in morning, noon, and night,
In the heart of a friend, but not of a foe,
In happiness, honor, but not in woe.

My whole is a friend worth having, I ween,
As generous a friend as ever was seen;
Whenever I seek her, in day or night-time,
She gives me a song or a story or rhyme.

She 's small, but important; in fact I may say
She 's a wonderful creature in every way;
Without her you 'd have no magazines,
With fairy stories and pictured scenes.

And dear ST. NICHOLAS never would come
To gladden your heart and brighten your home.
Now guess who my queer little friend can be,
Short, stiff, and black, formed of letters three.

M. R. C.

## CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Is the other robe a more beautiful one? 2. How can I tell, Annie, when I have not seen it? 3. If you wish, I 'll send for it. 4. I would like to wear one to the lecture. 5. I told Sam a riot would occur if we did n't go. 6. Sam is a good doctor, I think. 7. I bought the robe of Tom at one o'clock. 8. He lent you the one you have, I think you said.

Concealed in the above are seven words, one to each sentence, having the following signification: 1. A ray. 2. A girl's name. 3. Elevations. 4. To choose. 5. A well-known operatic artist. 6. Queer. 7. A vegetable. 8. A girl's name. These words will form a double acrostic, the initials and finals naming two monsters.

CYRIL DEANE.

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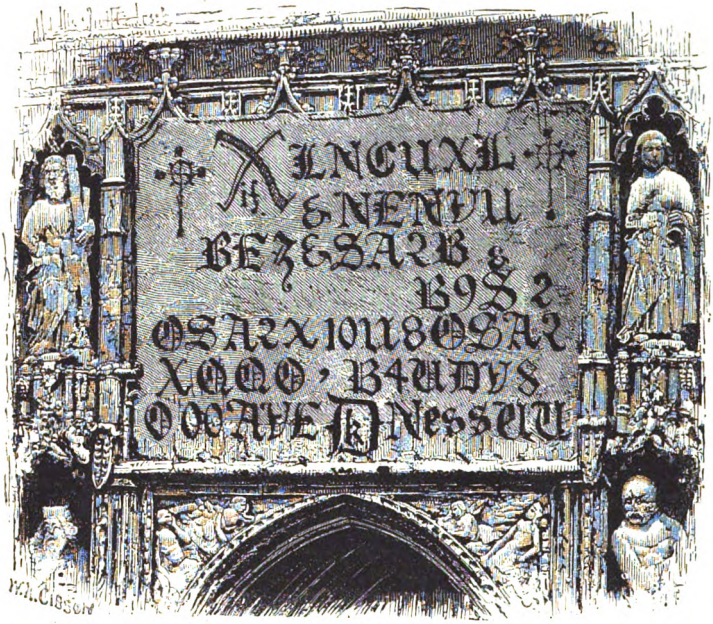
## PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Read the inscription on the tablet.)



## SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SPRING visitor. 2. A musical drama. 3. To deck with gems. 4. A girl's name. 5. Titles.

J. P. B.

## EASY ENIGMA.

WHEN the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is not 6, 7, 8, 9 to count his money, he feels 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

CYRIL DEANE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

T
A R M
T H U M B
T R U M P E T
T A P E R
M E N
T

CLASSICAL PUZZLE.—Achilles.

LOGOGRIPH.—Carbine, cabin, Cain, can.

CONCEALED BIRDS.—1. Stork. 2. Owl. 3. Eagle. 4. Swallow. 5. Petrel. 6. Dove.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Supper—upper. 2. Dinner—inner. 3. Four—our. 4. Six—ix. 5. Seven—even. 6. Marches—arches.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"The spirit of truth dwelleth in meekness."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 18, from Mabel S. Clarke, Katie A. Nicholls, Willie Abbott, "A. V. C. S." Brainerd P. Emery, Frank Malven, Allie B., Madeleine D. W. Smith, "Gussie," Anne Rhodes, Mary B. Whitney, Charles H. Tibbits, Jr., Carl F. Heyer, "Q. M.," Ray Marsh, Kittie L. Roe, "L'étoile," E. B. Brinton, Edward W. Heath, Fannie S. Humphrey, Lehman Dorr Schäffer, "Florida," Nellie B. O., Arthur H. Brown, Allie Anthony, Sol K. Lichtenstein, Florence W. Ryder, Madeleine B. Achison, Laura Copeland, Johnny Flagg, "N. O. Body," Frank H. Burt, Mattie O. McCarer, "Mabel and Jennie," Nellie S. Smith, Nessie E. Stevens, Thomas Hunt, Lizzie Hannaberg, Minnie Hood, Norton D. Mosher, Alice B. Moore, John T. Loomis, Walter Kobbe, Eddie Aston, Julia D. Hunter, Annie A. Butts, Lucy A. Patton, Mark W. C., Susie A. Hutchison, "Red Hook," Willie Dibblee, Mary C. Goodwin, Alfred Mestre, William Glover, Charles Glover, Etta B. Singleton, Ethel Todd, Maria and Eddie Stevens, Henry M. Beal, James Sheldon, Bennie Swift, Lucille G. Freeman, Carrie E. Hinds, Horatio P. Pierson, Lucy D. Denison, Harry L. Ford, Mary A. Gluck, Carroll Lindsley, Clive Hathaway, Jessie L. McDermut, Nellie Emerson, Tommy W. Fry, William C. Delanoy, Edward Ring, Léon Marié, Willard G. Lake, Arthur D. Smith, Elizabeth L. Marquand, Minnie Lake, Stella N. Stone, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Mary Knapp Metcalf, Edith Carpenter, Fannie H. Smith, G. Brady, Blanche Nichols, Harry K. Morrison, Halbert H. McClure, Clarence H. Hall, Mary J. Tilghman, Fanny H. H. Kennedy, Susie E. Avery, Nellie Hudson, Frank Bowman, "Florence," Emma P. Morton, Carleton Brabrook, Carrie L. Hastings, Charlie W. Wolcott, Kitty H. Chapman, Agnes and Arthur Hodges, Nellie S Colby, Robert L. Parsons, C. W. Hornor, Jr., Archie C. Wellington, Marie Krackowizer, H. Engelbert, Sophie C. Johnson, F. E. Hyde, Eddie H. Eckel, Anita Hendrie, Harry Nyce, Sallie C. Scofield, Annie W. Hayward, Mabel Chester, John C. Robertson, "Golden Eagle," Launcelot Miner Berkeley, Mary C. Croswell, Nellie Kitchell, H. B. Ashmore, and Bessie Semple.

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